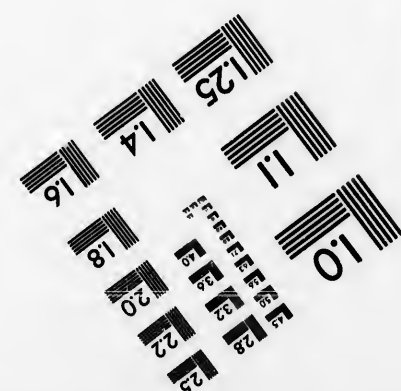
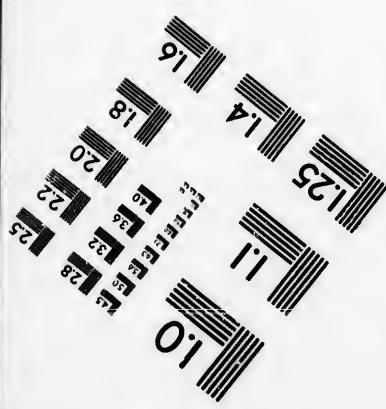
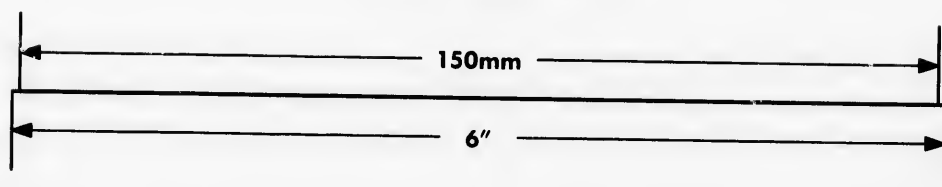
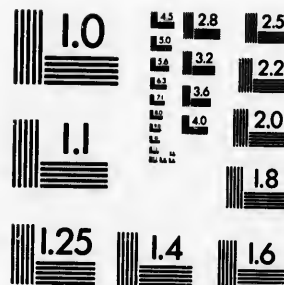
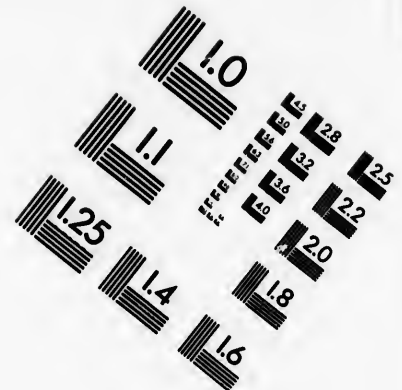
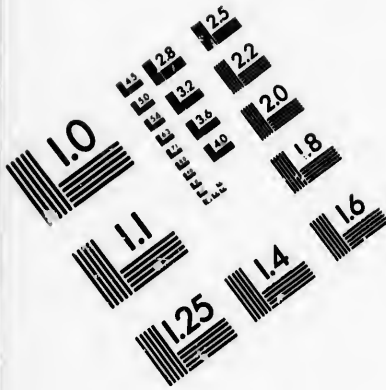


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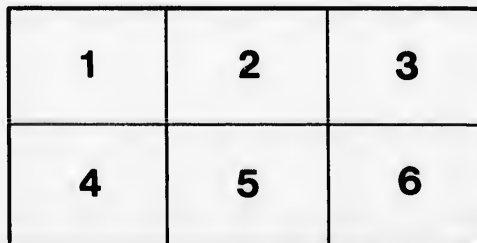
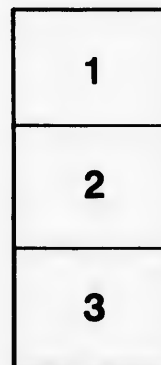
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RICHARD BRUCE

OR

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By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps," "Overcoming the World," "His
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PREFACE.

This story was prompted by a desire to make my church service in the evening intensely interesting. I said to myself, "How far would you go to hear yourself preach? Suppose you lived four or five blocks from a church, had a good room, an easy-chair, an interesting book; or a Sunday paper, and it was uncomfortable weather, and you felt a little tired and under no obligation to go to church because you were not a member—supposing all that, what would have to be the character of a Sunday evening service to draw you out of that chair and away from that book or paper out into a disagreeable night to walk four blocks to a church?"

Endeavoring to answer that question has created this story. I cannot claim any merit for its literary plot or its style. It has been written under great pressure, in the midst of many other duties and much other writing of a desultory character. But it has been written with a tear in the eye and a real prayer in the heart—"O Lord, my Master, giver of 'the Life more abundantly,' help me to reach men with this story, and may the end of it find very many souls nearer their Father God than they were at the beginning."

I have also been blessed in the course of my work on this series by the thought that a sermon is a flexible thing, capable of wider definition than is commonly given it in the work of the pulpit; and many methods of presenting truth have been suggested which I hope will be blessed in after years.

The story was read one chapter at a time to my Sunday evening congregation, beginning September 7th, and closing November 22nd, 1891.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Central Congregational Church,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

RICHARD BRUCE

CHAPTER I.

For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world,
and forfeit his life?—Jesus Christ.

He was a typical American. That is, if there is any typical American yet, he was one. His grandfather and grandmother were born in the heart of New England, of what we call Anglo-Saxon ancestry. The blood of the Puritan and the pilgrim had seemed to flow together in his father and mother, and the result had been in his own case a reverence for truth and a love of it. The strong and the beautiful had grown up together within him, as if one had thrust a keen sword blade into a polished scabbard twined about with flowers.

In person he was slightly above the average height, a well-knit figure, breathing that most charming of all things, the blended repose of health and the nervous energy of action in health. He would have made a splendid nurse in a hospital, especially for the massage or movement cure practice. He was young yet, just out of college, poor, and with one genuine all-controlling passion—to win his way in the world as a writer of fiction. Such, in brief, was this man as we begin to unfold his life. His name was Richard Bruce, and this is the first time his history has ever been written.

He sat in a dingy little room in Chicago at the top of a tall brick building used for offices and storerooms. The two windows looked out on a dirty, newspaper-scattered court, surrounded by smoke-grimed brick walls pierced by windows, which had apparently not been

washed by anything except rain and fog since the buildings were made. Within this room were a well-worn table with many papers scattered over it, two chairs, a bed, an old lounge with a faded cloth cover which looked as if it had once done duty as a window curtain, and a small bookshelf in a corner. Richard himself was writing. It was a gloomy day, cold and raw. That was the reason he had on his overcoat. For an hour he wrote steadily, with few pauses for corrections. He seemed to be laboring under some unusual excitement. Finally he threw down his pen, rose from his seat, and walked over to the window, ran his fingers through a very bushy and tangled head of hair, and exclaimed, apparently talking to a couple of city pigeons just lighted on a chimneypot :—

"Finished at last !"

He walked back to the table and picked up a pile of soiled manuscript and handled it with evident affection.

"It's the best thing I've ever done," he muttered to himself ; and then he sat down and looked thoughtfully around him. He was not in the habit of talking aloud to himself, but he seemed on the point of delivering some kind of speech when a step sounded along the hall outside, there was a peculiar rap on the door, and before Richard could say, "Come in," in did come a young man of about his own age, who exclaimed heartily as if he felt quite at home :—

"Well, how goes it to-day, Dick ?"

"It's finished."

"Good ! I congratulate you ! Shake hands upon it !" and the visitor reached out a strong hand and the two shook hands as only true friends can.

"Tell me all about it, Richard," said the newcomer, as he took the other chair. "Hullo ! What have you done with your stove ?"

"Sold it," replied Richard. "What is the use of a stove when a man has an overcoat ?"

and sympathy to help make the world better. Why should

"Yes; I suppose you will be selling that next. But where am I going to put my feet? You don't seem to think of my comfort at all!" And his friend looked comically over the table at Richard, who burst out into a laugh at his visitor's pretended annoyance.

"Really, Tom, I never once thought of that when I sold the stove. But I had to have some paper, and after all the stove never did amount to much. It didn't hold more than one good-sized coal, and when I put another one on top of it, it put the fire out."

"Ah, Dick, I'm afraid you're proud and hard to suit," said Tom with a look at his friend that showed how well he understood that knightly nature in the old overcoat. "But let's have the last chapter. I'm eager for it. It must be good to compare with the rest. So read it off, Dick."

Richard began at once and read steadily for half an hour. His friend interrupted several times with exclamations like "Good!" "Couldn't do better myself!" "That was fine!" but when the reader finished and looked over the table his visitor was silent.

"Well," said Richard quietly, "what do you think of it, Tom?"

Tom reached over and dealt the table a blow that threatened to upset the ink bottle.

"Think of it! Why it's a remarkably good piece of work. But"—

"Well"

"But it strikes me it is *too* good. I'm afraid you can't get people to read it. And, after all, that is the main thing, of course, to write a book that people will buy and read. Now, your story is splendid. It has the true ring to it. But the question is, will it sell?"

"I don't think that is the main question," replied Richard quietly. "The main question is, Is it *true*, and ought it to be written? Whether it will sell or not is a matter of secondary importance."

"Why, you princely millionaire, what on earth are you writing the book for?"

"Because I cannot help it. Because I *must* write it. Because I feel the way Paul did when he said, 'Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel!' Woe is me if I write not this book! Shall there be no high ideals in authorship as well as in preaching or in art or music? I tell you, Tom, I would sooner starve than write trash that will sell just because the reading public will not buy anything else."

"Well, I believe you would. And freeze to death at the same time. You appear to be pretty warm over the subject. You couldn't lend me your overcoat, could you, until you get cooled off?"

"Ah, Tom, you know me well enough." And Richard rose and took a turn up and down the room. "What am I living this sort of life for if not in defense of my own sacred ideals? You know since my mother died, Tom, and I was practically alone in the world, nothing has seemed quite so real to me as an ideal. I would die for mine. Why should I not be allowed to have a passion for the truth? How can I act a lie to what I know is the right thing? No I cannot contradict my own nature. If I do, I am no longer a free man. I am in bondage to that father of lies, the devil."

"And meanwhile you live in this hole, sell your stove for writing paper, eat indescribable bills-of-fare at five-cent restaurants, cut yourself loose from society, and make a guy of yourself in that old overcoat which you outgrew in your freshman year, when you might use your talents to make a decent living in my profession. Why can't you be in bondage to that father of lies for a little while until you get started, and then run away from him and be a free man the rest of your life? People don't want *ideals*. What they want is news, sensational literature, photographs of passing events, paragraphic condensations of men and things. This isn't an age of ideals. Dick. It is an age of amateur photography in literature."

"But I am not obliged to buy a camera and go into the business, am I? No; I will use an old-fashioned canvas and oils. It is slower but more artistic."

There was silence for a moment. Richard picked up his manuscript. "I wonder if Press & Company would publish. I believe I will try them. It would be a good house."

"First-rate. I wouldn't say a word to discourage you, Dick, and you know it. But you read me so quickly I know it wouldn't do any good to disguise my real sentiments, and, truly, old fellow, I don't believe Press & Company will give the book a reading. They would put it into the hands of their man, and he would glance at the first page and throw it down. You have started out too high up. If you could work in a mysterious chamber, or a forgery, or a sensational death scene, it would make the book sell—but I forgot. You don't want the book to sell. You would be disappointed if it did sell, and turn out to be the book of the season!"

"No, I wouldn't. And you know it. If the book sold and the people read it, I would be the proudest and happiest man in this city. I am not one of those who feel satisfied simply to proclaim what is true whether there is any audience or not. If I were a preacher I would not be contented with anything less than a house full all the time. I want my book to be read. That is what I have written it for. And if I could find a publisher who would publish for what he could get for it and not give me a cent, I would let him have it."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," quoth Tom with a shrug of his shoulders. "That's Christian doctrine."

"Yes, and the Son of Man came into this world 'to give his life a ransom for many.' That's Christian doctrine, too. And if there are any degrees in doctrine, I believe my doctrine is more Christian than yours. Tom, men give money and the labor of their bodies and time

not a man give the fruit of his brain if he feels that that is the best thing in him?"

"Most men don't, though. Wouldn't you take money for your book if it was offered to you?"

"I certainly would. But that isn't what I wrote the book for."

"I don't believe you did. But the world won't believe you. Ah, Dick, the world isn't ideal. You don't know it half so well as I do. If you were connected with one of the city dailies, as I am, you would soon find out that the life of the world is very practical, and what it is after is hard, money-making facts. This is an age of facts, Dick, and it doesn't care much for anything else. That is the reason your book will be a failure. It is too good. It is too ideal."

"Maybe it is," said Richard thoughtfully. "But look here now. This newspaper world of yours doesn't know the facts when it sees them. Did I ever tell you about the article I sent The Daily Condenser about a month ago? I was down on Lombard street hunting up a character for a story when I ran across a pitiful sight—a deformed child wheeling another in a small cart. The child in the cart was blind. The deformed boy had reached a corner, when half a dozen lads ran up and began to make fun of him, and finally one of them attempted to upset the cart in the gutter. I stepped up at that point and gave the youngsters a good overhauling. I really forgot where I was for a while, and before I knew it I was delivering an outdoor sermon to quite an audience, and when I paused for breath one of the boys said: 'My! but aint he a corker!' I really felt proud to receive such a high compliment from a city urchin. But the crowd cheered and we took up a collection for the blind baby, and the corner groceryman donated two oranges, and the last I saw of the cart it was going down an alley with the deformed boy and the blind child both in, and the boys drawing it in a sort of triumphal procession. Well, I went home and wrote up the incident, tell-

ing it, of course, in the third person, and trying to make the point that there existed in children, even in the ignorant and vicious, a chord of humanity which might be struck, which would respond to the proper touch. And the article was returned with the comment written in blue pencil across the front page of manuscript, '*Highly improbable incident. Not within the region of facts.*' And that is your fact-loving newspaper world!"

"Oh, well, that's nothing," said Tom, unabashed. "Let me have your story. I'll sell it for you to any one of half a dozen papers. You didn't go to the right one. But why didn't you go into the ministry, Dick? You would make a splendid preacher."

"I *am* in the ministry."

"What!"

"I say I *am* in the ministry; a ministry of service to the world. Isn't my profession as sacred as that of any man, yes, even the man that stands in a pulpit and preaches the gospel? I tell you, Tom, the profession of writing books is the most terribly abused profession in the world. What do most men write books for nowadays? For fame and money. What serious purpose governs the average author? Isn't it evident to the reading public that the divine use of the printing press has been sunk out of sight under a heap of trash that fairly sickens one to think of? When a serious book is written who reads it? A little handful of thoughtful readers clap their hands in approval, but the applause is drowned out by the public clamor for the one hundred thousandth edition of a book that has it an Indian massacre, a duel, an assassination, two bank robberies, a conspiracy, and a family dishonor."

"It's all true. That's the reason your book will not sell. Why, it hasn't even a ghost in it. It will never sell, Dick, and you have just given the reasons for it yourself."

"It may be," replied Richard, as he looked wistfully at the big pile of manuscript. "But I have tried to be

true to my ideal in writing the book, true to my thought of what a book ought to be. And if the story does not get a publisher, I shall not regret the part of myself that has gone into the book. It has been a cannibalistic story any way. It has *that* sensation. It has devoured a part of a man, and alive too."

Tom stared, not just comprehending the force of the last remark. But he did not say anything for a moment, and the two young men looked gravely at each other in silence until Richard said :—

"By the way, Tom, to-day is Saturday. Let us go and hear John King preach to-morrow night. I went to hear him last Sunday, and he said something that made me think hard all week."

"I heard that sermon," said Tom a little evasively. "I went in my capacity as reporter to take him down for the paper, but before he had spoken ten minutes I was listening to him without scratching a mark. Yes, I'll go with you. I'd like to hear him again. Somehow he did me good."

Richard looked at Tom as if waiting to hear him say more, but Tom pulled out his watch, jumped up with his wide-awake air, as if he had come back from a little doze of unusual meditation, and exclaimed :—

"Half-past four ! I must be going. If Press & Co. won't take the book, try Blackman Brothers. Perhaps I can help you a little. But you know me. With all my faults, dear Dick, I never flatter—my friends. I save that for my enemies. All I can say is, I hope you may realize your ideal, or rather I hope *other* people will. I'll come around to-morrow evening, and we'll go to King's together. Farewell !" And Tom fled out into the hall and down the dark staircase as if the spirits of the great daily Press were pursuing him for "copy."

When he was gone, Richard tried to look over his pages and revise some of his work. But feeling restless after his talk with his friend, he went out and strolled across the river and watched the crowd, a habit of which

he never grew tired ; went into a restaurant near by and dined quite heartily in honor of the new book, and then went back to his dingy quarters, where he worked late into the night in the laborious task of revision. A neighboring clock in a church steeple warned him that the week was nearly out and a new one begun. With the simplicity and directness of a habit which had become so true to him that the most skeptical person could not have called it cant, he kneeled down by his bed and prayed aloud for just what he wanted :—

“ O my Master, Truth and Light of this great needy world, wilt Thou not bless the book I have written ? I have written it thinking of Thee many times. I have desired with a true desire that it might be powerful in bringing young men to the Truth. Thou knowest of how much pain and weariness it is the product. Also of how much joy and praise it has been the source. Keep me true to my own keen consciousness of the right. If my mother is beholding me at this moment and sorrowing at all because of any privation or suffering she thinks I am enduring, wilt Thou not, Thou infinite Lover of souls, comfort her, and wipe every tear from her face, assuring her that I am happy in the love of God and the sweetness of a pure life. Help me to bring Tom to Thee. He does not call himself a Christian, but Thou knowest if he is not very near to the kingdom in his heart. If Thou wilt use me to draw him into it that he may see its glories from within as well as from without, it shall be to me more than fame or wealth. Thou knowest my heart, my blessed Master. I love Thee. In the sweet repose of my forgiven soul I rest this night, and if I wake with Thee in Paradise or with Thee in this world, I will adore Thee ever. Amen.”

The two friends went to hear the famous preacher the next day as agreed. There was a crowd at the doors, but they succeeded in getting good seats. The order of service did not particularly impress either of the young

men, but the moment the speaker arose and gave out his subject they leaned forward and were soon absorbed in his delivery. His text was "For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?" And his subject he announced as "*The Divine Standard for Human Existence.*"

The opening statements were philosophical and abstruse. Richard was disappointed. He glanced at Tom. Tom was sitting in his usual careless manner and gave no sign of any particular feeling. Richard turned to the speaker again, determined to follow the course of his argument, but vaguely wondering how the great majority of the large audience could get anything from such philosophical statements. The man next to him was evidently a workingman. So was the man next to him. The preacher must have some power not yet displayed—the power probably that roused him a week before. Richard never could tell how it happened, but in a few moments it seemed to him that he was all alone with the preacher, and he was talking to him so plainly, yet so lovingly, that he knew he loved him personally.

"Young man, I know what your temptations are in the big city. And among them all, the great consuming temptation for getting rich in the things of this world at any cost is a temptation that surges up and over you, and dashes your finer feelings, your ideals of sturdy honesty, your clean-cut conscience in business matters upon a rocky promontory which breaks them into fragments of floating wreckage, and the first outgoing tide carries them out into the ocean, and no one cries out that a noble ship has gone ashore and all on board perished, because it is so common. Next to the temptation to yield to passion, this is the most terrible enemy of your soul in this age—the losing sight of the divine image within you, the loss of your own knowledge with yourself that you are a Son of God. I recall now a crisis through which a friend of mine once passed in that bitter struggle for existence which so many young men experi-

ence, and where so many of them make wreck of the divine image. The opportunity came to him to make a vast sum of money by a technical deceit which would not have injured a single person in reputation or property, so far as he could judge, except himself. I remember the struggle he had with what he afterward called his 'upper conscience.' He had lived all his life in embarrassing poverty. At that very time he was in great financial distress. It seemed to him that he *must* have money. But something in him assured him that if he yielded to that deception he would lose something in himself of immortal value. He resisted. The opportunity went by, never to return. The money was forever lost to him, but he saved his life. Not one business man in a thousand would have blamed him if he had yielded. Most men would have called him a fool for letting such a rare chance go by. But I remember the look on his face as he told me of his struggle, and it was the face of an angel; it was the same look which Jesus Christ might have worn when he told the devil to get behind him after offering him the kingdoms of this world if he would but fall down and worship him. He walked the streets next day like a prince. He felt as if he could look God in the face and say to Him, 'My soul is pure, even in Thy sight, Most Holy One.' That man is a poor man to-day. His struggle has continued up to the present moment. But if you find a happier man in this great city of suffering and opulence it will be somebody who has fought the same kind of a battle for the immortal jewel of his spotlessness, and come off victorious. O, all young life before me now, ye hardly tempted ones, ye clerks and hard-handed workingmen, do not trample the ideal in you out of sight in the coarse competition for the better physical life! 'For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?' That is, life in the sense of divinity. You have all felt it, that stirring in you, when, as if the heavens parted, you saw into the glories of that other world, and beheld then what the standard of life

really was. To live as God would live if He were a man—is not that what we are here for? And if that means to us a life of constant struggle, of devils in the wilderness, of unpopularity with the leaders of society, of nights of prayer upon the mountain, of days of weariness beside the sick and sinful, of desertion in Gethsemane, of trial before the world, yea, of crucifixion amidst execration and indignity and insult, what though it means all that?—it shall also mean to us the Resurrection and Ascension and glory in the realms of light and love forever. For every Calvary there is a Paradise. For every devil overcome there is a ministering angel; for every tear a jewel in the crown; for every loss here a compensating gain hereafter. O men, brothers, made in the God-image, fight for your ideals! Live life in the right proportions. Don't be enthusiastic over the things that are not worth it. Measure the value of money and ease and good raiment and houses and lands and fame and popularity and honors given by men, with the value of a pure life, an existence of service, a forgiven soul, an immortal progress in spiritual growth, a daily companionship with God. 'For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' Eternal! The life the human race has lived on this old globe is but a microscopic mote dancing into a sunbeam and dancing out again compared with the life to which we give that awful title, 'eternal.' Say that to-morrow your soul shall be ushered into that condition where only the spiritual part of you shall be conscious. *How* conscious would it be of the great, great love and sinlessness of God?"

This is but a fragment of the sermon, which closed with a tender appeal to all that was most noble and aspiring in man to live the upper life of the Master, the Son of man. The great audience was moved deeply. It was not so much the language as the *man* that stirred them. It was the exhibition of a heart which had been caught up into a very close and true companionship with spiritual realities, and had then been compelled by the

blessedness of that experience to reveal its friendship with its Friend.

Richard and Tom discussed the man, not the sermon, as they walked toward Richard's room. Tom was evidently more than usually touched. As the two parted at the foot of the office block, Tom said :—

"I would like to believe as that man does."

"Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," replied Richard. "I suspect the secret of King's belief is right there." He wanted to say more to Tom, but the time did not seem just right for it, and he said good night and went up to his lonely room. Each remembered afterward that the sermon had driven out of their minds all conversation about the new book. The next morning Richard took his manuscript and started out to find a publisher.

CHAPTER II.

Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.—Jesus Christ.

A book is a very peculiar thing to sell. A farmer takes a load of potatoes or wheat into town and goes to the market and says to the buyer : " How much will you give me for my load ? " Or he goes to some mill or store where potatoes or wheat are always bought and disposes of his load with the certainty that comes from having done the same thing many times before.

But a book is a very different thing. The average author is not at all sure of his market. He cannot walk into a publisher's office and say : " How much are you giving for books to-day ? " He must go begging with his precious bundle of manuscript and count himself very fortunate even to find a house that will intelligently read his book. And then, even if the book is printed, there is no fixed market price for brain products as there is for farm produce. All this and much more Richard learned that week as he walked into offices and endured the steady scrutiny of well-dressed clerks who stared at him from behind office desks as if to say : " And who are you with that big bundle, and what business have you in here ? "

He was a stranger to all the publishers and knew absolutely nothing as to the methods of getting a book before the public. It seemed to him the frank, straightforward, manly way to walk right up to a firm that published books and tell them that he had one and would like to have it printed. One instance of the way in which he did this will answer.

It was the firm Blackman Brothers, to which Tom had alluded. The senior member of the firm was seated at a desk, writing, as Richard went in.

"Is this Mr. Blackman?" asked Richard.

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, looking up, not unkindly.

"I have a book to sell. Or rather a book I would like to have published," said Richard, coming at once to the point, "and knowing you to be a publisher of this kind of material, I have come to see if you would buy my book and publish it."

The old man laid down his pen, wheeled about in his chair, and looked at Richard keenly. At one glance he seemed to include the shabby overcoat, the stalwart figure within it, the brave, dignified look on the face of the young man whose eye looked directly into his own.

"Let me see your book," said he abruptly. "Take a seat." Richard handed over the manuscript and sat down.

The publisher glanced at the title-page, at the short preface, and then turned over the pages a dozen at a time, giving them comprehensive glances. Richard anxiously watched him. His face betrayed no signs of feeling. Suddenly he looked up and said with the same abruptness:—

"This is your first book."

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't tell me so. I know it. Well, it has some merits."

"Thank you, sir," said Richard, flushing up a little.

"But it will not sell. It is not popular. Besides it is somewhat out of our line. Sorry to say so, but the fact is, it would be altogether out of the question for us to attempt to publish."

Richard rose at once. He was too proud to urge the matter or even defend his story. He quietly gathered up the manuscript and said:—

"I thank you, sir, for your courtesy and for the time

you have given me ;" and walked out. Mr. Blackman looked after him, seemed on the point of calling him back, hesitated, shook his head, and finally wheeled about in his chair and resumed his writing.

If Richard had only known it, he had accomplished, even though he had been defeated in his main object, a feat which more experienced authors seldom succeeded in accomplishing, namely, he had succeeded in getting the elder member of the firm of Blackman Brothers to look at his manuscript, and that was more than he had done for many promising and well-known authors. If a new book came in it was generally submitted to a "reader," who passed judgment on it, and with his approval or disapproval it passed into the hands of the firm for final acceptance or rejection.

But of all this Richard was ignorant. His experiences throughout the day were varied. But the result of them was all the same ; no one wanted to publish his book. It was a dull season for publishing, or the book was unfortunate with its title ; or it was not popular. At any rate, he felt that the day had been a failure and he carried the manuscript home with a little sinking at heart and a feeling that possibly he had mistaken his business in life. His room looked cheerless and cold. He placed the manuscript on the table and walked up and down thoughtfully. He was a little tired with the day's tramp, but did not feel like sitting down. He was suffering from the reaction following the production of his story. It had been the work of eight months' most intense application. And it had told on him in spite of a splendid constitution familiar with much real hardship.

But now a genuine trouble seemed to be ahead of him. He had no money left to pay his rent or get any food. His college debts were in such shape that they could wait a year more without hardship to any one. Meanwhile he must live. There had been a small sum saved from his old home at the death of his mother, and after paying out what was owed by the family, Richard had enough left

to support himself meagerly for six or seven months. He had at once attacked the work of writing his book. He was rather singularly placed. With the exception of his old college chum Tom, he had no acquaintances in Chicago. His old home had been in one of the newer smaller western places, a hundred miles from the city. He had come to the city feeling that the materials for his story lay there and he must be near them. And with all the enthusiasm of his healthful nature he had put into his first effort the best of himself. He had expanded his ability regardless of cost. His book really did contain, as he had told Tom, a good part of himself.

But now the question stared him in the face, "How am I going to live?" It was not a new question to Richard, but it came to him at that particular crisis with a new meaning. He had a strong body, a good intellect, was possessed of more than ordinary ability, was of unquestioned Christian moral character, and yet he was conscious that he stood alone, or nearly so, in a city of a million people, who would not care if he starved to death; and he had just ten cents in his pocket, and his rent, five dollars a month, would be due Saturday night, and he had not the remotest idea of how he could earn five dollars, or half that sum.

Let the comfortable, well-to-do, well-fed, and clothed man or woman blame Richard Bruce for getting into the condition in which we now find him; let them say he might have avoided it by teaching school for a year or two, until he had earned a little money; let them say he was a fool to suppose that he could live on books; let them say he was suffering from his own lack of common sense or good judgment or want of thrift and shrewdness,—the fact remains that he was in this condition of poverty; and as he walked up and down in the gathering dusk of his bare room that evening and reviewed his life since leaving college he found no condemnation of himself in his breast.

"I did what I believed I ought to do," he said to

himself stoutly. "There is no condemnation in me of myself. Something true in me told me to write the book. It was just as much a call as if I had been 'called' as a foreign missionary to Africa, or 'called' to preach the Gospel from a pulpit. And I had to obey it. If worst comes to the worst, I can work as common laborer on the street. O my Father!" cried Richard, breaking out of his meditation into a prayer, "God of my mother! I do love Thee! I believe that Thou wilt help me! I do trust Thee! Give me strength and wisdom now. I will give it all back to Thee in service. For Thou hast given me everything. And I do adore Thee!"

And in the darkness, and through it, it seemed to Richard a sweet voice answered, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world!"

He slept soundly, after eating the fragments of a small lunch he had brought up to the room that noon, and waking early, determined to make an attempt at Press & Company, a place he had not ventured to approach, through a strange feeling of contradictory modesty. The house was the largest and most famous in the city, and although he had the firmest belief in the value and power of his own literary production, he still had hesitated to submit it to the greatest firm in the city.

"I'll try them, though, this morning," he said decisively. And after going out and getting a cup of coffee at a neighboring restaurant, he went back to his room to get his manuscript. At his door he found Tom just writing a card and tacking it on the middle panel.

"Good morning, King Bruce!" cried Tom gravely. "I was just about to leave my card and ask you to dine with me to-day. Look at the bill of fare!" And Tom fastened the card to the door and pointed to a miscellaneous list of eatables, most prominent among which were "canvas-back duck, terrapin soup, Chinese bird's nest, and nightingales' tongues served to music."

Richard laughed. "It will give me great pleasure to accept. Wait till I put on my dress suit, will you?"

And he reached inside the door, pulled down his old overcoat, which hung on a nail near by, and struggled into it, while Tom helped him with mock gravity, as if he had been some royal personage.

"And how about the book?" he asked, abruptly changing his manner to a serious tone.

"I'm going to take it to Press & Company," replied Richard, going into the room for his manuscript. He came out with it, locked his door, and on the way downstairs with Tom, related his experiences of the day before.

"Just as I told you. Too high up. Won't sell. But you must get the book into the hands of the readers. Now I happen to know Press a little. In fact he is a distant relative of Uncle Joe, of whom you have heard me speak; and I might have a little political influence with him, just enough to prevent our being kicked out of the office, you understand," explained Tom with a gesture of conciliation.

"I shall be glad of any honorable assistance to get the manuscript into the hands of a good publisher," replied Richard, a little formally.

Tom looked at him quizzically as they walked along.

"You wouldn't take any help from anybody if you could help it, would you?"

"It's my weak point; very true. But I would take a favor from you, Tom, and you know it very well."

"Would you," asked Tom, a little doubtfully.

"Would you take money?"

"Not unless I needed it pretty badly."

"What do you mean by 'pretty badly'?" growled Tom, who never had much patience with Richard on the point of accepting a loan from a friend. Richard didn't believe in it, never had practiced it, and had strong views on the subject. Tom borrowed of everybody who would lend to him, paid up when he had it, and was very easy with money matters generally. He was beginning to get good pay

for his work on the great daily, and he was impatient to help his friend. He did not know Richard's circumstances exactly, but he shrewdly guessed at them.

"Yes ; I think if I was starving I would send for you to buy me some nightingales' tongues served to music," replied Richard, answering Tom's question.

"I don't believe you would. I would be willing to wager all I've got in the world that you haven't money enough in your possession to buy a decent meal," said Tom, hazarding a guess at the state of his friend's finances.

For answer Richard put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a nickel.

"How long do you think a man could live on that ?"

"If he bought oatmeal and cooked it himself, I suppose it would keep him going a couple of days," replied Tom with a meditative air. "Is it your last nickel ?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes," said Richard simply. "No," he said, in reply to a sympathetic movement of Tom's. "I don't need any help from you that way. We'll talk it over after we dispose of this," and he pointed to the manuscript.

The two walked along for a block in silence. Tom was debating in himself the feasibility of summoning the nearest policeman to arrest Richard on a plea of insanity, having him locked up, and then released only on condition that he go into journalism, when they reached the publisher's office.

"Here we are," said Richard. "Will you introduce me ?"

"Yes," muttered Tom. "I'll introduce you as the most stubborn, high-souled, generous-minded, stiff-willed, princely-natured, genius-gifted creature in America."

"I'll stand out in the hall until the adjectives are well out of the way and then I'll come in," replied Richard soberly.

Tom grinned, but said, "Come on. I'll do it handsomely. But you are the most exasperating man in the world to deal with sometimes."

Mr. Press was in. He would see the young gentlemen. They were ushered into a comfortably furnished little room which opened from the larger front office. Mr. Press was a pleasant-faced gentleman of sixty, well preserved, and with a very strong and even handsome contour. He greeted Tom heartily, as if he had met him before; shook hands with Richard as Tom introduced him, and motioned the young men to seats.

"You see, Mr. Press," began Tom, with the abruptness born of the reporter style, "my old college friend has gone and written a book and he wants a publisher. He doesn't want anything for the book; in fact he would feel hurt if you offered him anything for it; but all he wants is the glory, the *ad astra per aspera*, you know."

Mr. Press smiled at Tom's outburst, but he did not reply to it, and Richard spoke up.

"My friend is quite right about my having written a book. But as to the rest, I am not so sure. It is true, though, that my greatest longing is to have the book published and read. I would be much gratified if it could be given to the public through this well-known house," said Richard, feeling that he must make some effort for himself, hard as it was for him to beg even for justice.

Mr. Press gave Richard a quiet but careful glance, and said:—

"I see you have the manuscript with you. If you will submit it to us for examination, we can let you know our decision within a week."

Richard didn't know what to say to this. He stammered out a "Thank you." It was rather sudden. Coming as it did after all his failures to get the book read, the publisher's offer sounded almost like a purchase. Mr. Press led the talk into a general discussion of literature, in which he showed himself to be thoroughly at home. The two young men were delighted with his con-

versational powers, and when they rose to go, Tom ventured to say:—

"You will give Dick's book a fair show, won't you, Mr. Press?"

"I shall do him the honor of being a very severe critic," was the answer.

"Indeed, and that is what I wish, sir," replied Richard. "Anything but a book published for any other reason than because it must be published. I want the word 'necessity' to stare people on every page."

"I agree with you, partly. Shall be glad to have you drop in again, Mr. Bruce, in about a week for the manuscript. Yes, you may leave it here. Good morning. I will send the manuscript to your room in case we cannot take it, if you will leave your address."

Richard gave him his room number in the block, and the two went out.

"What do you think of that, King Richard?" asked Tom as soon as they were once more on the sidewalk.

"I think it is very encouraging that Mr. Press keeps the manuscript. I believe he will be honest in his decision."

"Of course he will. And if he takes the book he will give you something for it worth while. If you get a thousand dollars, I'd like to borrow a hundred."

"Five hundred, Tom, and welcome," replied Richard, trying hard to repress his excitement. He could not help feeling hopeful, he had such faith in his book. He knew it was young work, but it was good, he said to himself, without a particle of egotism or conceit, only the commendation which he would honestly have paid any man's work. And why should not a man be conscious of a good thing when he does it himself as well as when some one else does it? He walked along forgetting his utter poverty. He seemed to see the book in print and people buying and reading it.

"By the way," said Tom, interrupting his friend's meditation, "we have disposed of the precious book for a

week, at least, and meanwhile, how are you going to live on a nickel? The financial question is the question of the hour, Dick. What you need is more silver."

"Tom," said Richard, slowly, "I'm in a peculiar situation. You know how proud I am on this point, but I am going to say this: if you will let me board with you until I get some work, or until the fate of the book is decided, I will accept that help from you as frankly and whole-heartedly as if we were brothers; and I won't offer to pay it back, either," he continued.

Tom gave him a look of relief. "All right. I won't dun you for it. But what are you going to do?"

"I have a plan," said Richard thoughtfully, "and I'll let you know it if it succeeds. At any rate I shall not starve, with your help and the body that God gave me. Where do all these people get a living? How do these men that we pass in this great stream of humanity keep body and soul together?"

"Some of 'em don't," replied Tom. "See that man!"

The man he pointed at was seated on a coal wagon which had stopped just at the corner of the street, owing to a momentary blockade of street traffic. He was dressed in what had once been a very cheap and shoddy suit of clothes, but nearly all semblance to a suit had vanished and the man sat there on the load of coal literally wrapped about with indescribably dirty rags. Notwithstanding the cold, raw day, the man had nothing thicker than a torn blouse thrown over his under coat. He was shivering and crouching upon the coal in a dejected heap. A glance at him was all that was necessary to show that he had consumption. As Tom and Richard paused near the crossing to wait for a stream of wagons to flow on, the man coughed terribly and gathered his few tattered rags about his breast and throat. His face was ghastly. His whole manner showed unmistakably that he was a victim marked by Death for a near conquest.

Richard pulled off his overcoat, handed it up to the

man, who sat near enough so that he could touch him, and said with an indescribably sweet and loving grace :—

"My brother, take this in the name of humanity. You need it more than I do. It is all I have to give you."

The man was so stupefied by the words and act that he never said a word, only looked at Richard as one looks who just awakes out of a dream. Richard seized Tom's arm and pulled him out into the street and between the vehicles and over to the other side of the crossing, without looking back. As they walked along, something like a tear glittered in Tom's eyes, but he growled at Richard :—

"Now that was a sensible thing to do, wasn't it? Don't you know that the surest way to pauperize the masses is to yield to our feelings and give things to the poor without teaching them how to remove their poverty? We learned that in our sociology lectures in college."

"A good deal that we learned in college was a lie!" exclaimed Richard, almost fiercely. "I know very well that it is not true charity to give to every tramp that comes along. But there are cases and cases. All the social science text-books in creation never will do away with the necessity of sometimes helping a fellow creature spontaneously and at once by giving him something for nothing."

"You didn't ask him to return the overcoat if he didn't like the style," said Tom, trying to be funny, and making a failure of it.

"Don't talk of it any more, Tom. My heart aches. Think of a man, a fellow-man, in his condition working at that horrible business. I can't bear it. Why don't Christian people stop it? Why doesn't the church in this big city do something?"—

Richard paused abruptly.

"There goes John King. See that, will you?" The two paused to look at a little scene which only themselves and a policeman, apparently, were conscious of.

A little crippled girl had come up to the curb of the crossing and was waiting for a chance to cross over. The great preacher had come up at the same moment. He looked down at the wan, diminutive little figure with the crutch, then stooped and picked her up and carried her across the street, set her down, gave her a smile that had the sunshine of God in it, and went his way, his tall form the most conspicuous of all in the ceaseless throng that hurried up and down. The incident was a simple one. It was only one out of a thousand in that busy thoroughfare, but it had a grace of its own. It was like a rose from a bridal procession dropped into a muddy street and picked up by one of the children of the people.

"If any other man had done that, I should have felt like thinking it was done for effect," remarked Tom.

"John King is a genuine man. I wish he were a friend of mine," said Richard.

"Do you suppose he ever had any temptations? He talked last Sunday night as if he knew all about it." Tom asked the question rather carelessly, but Richard could detect a real interest in it.

"I've heard that his personal history is as remarkable as Paul's. But I never heard what it was. Shall we go to hear him again next Sunday?"

"Yes; I don't care if we do. But my work takes me down to the lake side this morning. I turn down here. Can't you go along? Well, I'll meet you at the boarding-house at one. Don't forget to order nightingales' tongues for two." And Tom shot off at a right angle, going down the street with a swinging gait that betokened perfect and superabundant health.

"Dear old Tom!" thought Richard to himself. "If he had a personal Christian faith he would be different in many ways. And yet he has the true moral graces now. What a splendid foundation for the higher structure."

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He walked back to his room to think over his plan for work to earn a living. The thought of his rent coming due at the end of the week and no money to pay it troubled him. He knew that Tom would take him in and share his room with him, but for special reasons he wished to keep his own room till the week was out. He sat down and went over his circumstances. For two hours he confronted the chimney-pots, and at last seemed to arrive at a definite conclusion. "Yes, I'll do it," he said.

He went out, dined with Tom in a noisy boarding-house, half restaurant and half private hotel, where everything was very good but served in a hasty way as if to do all in its power to keep the American nervousness and indigestion up to the national standard. Tom was in good spirits; excused the absence of the nightingales' tongues by saying that they were getting tired of them, they had them so many times lately, and with the good tact born of a knowledge of his friend's personality he forbore questioning him about his plans of work. They separated after a hurried meal, and Richard went back to his room, promising to meet Tom again for seven o'clock dinner.

That afternoon as he walked through the streets, Richard Bruce met with a genuine temptation. He had just passed by the office of the Weekly Comet, and some headlines posted conspicuously on a bill-board caught his eye. They were descriptive of a thrilling story just begun in The Weekly Comet. The title of the story was sensational. There came into Richard's mind, as he went on, a little chat he had with one of Tom's acquaintances one day when they had all three happened to dine together at the same restaurant. This acquaintance had mentioned The Weekly Comet as a promising paper for certain sensational literature of a more than ordinary style, and told them of a story of his own just accepted by The Comet for which they had paid twenty-five dollars.

"Why shouldn't I earn some money that way, just to pay my rent and keep me going until I can sell my book?" The question flashed into Richard's mind and burned there. He had once in college, while editor of the college paper, attempted a style of fiction which was of a sensational order, and had succeeded wonderfully. The publisher of a well-known syndicate of literature had chanced to see the story, and had written to Richard to enquire who the author was. Richard never answered the question, and never wrote another story of the same kind, feeling that it was a dangerous power to possess.

But now the thought that he might exercise that old gift to provide for his actual physical needs crowded in upon him and would not be set aside. It was absolutely impossible that he should write anything bad, but he suddenly felt capable of writing a powerful sensational story such as *The Weekly Comet* would print.

He had the afternoon before him. His plan for work which he had mapped out in the morning could wait till the next day for its execution. How could he tell whether his plan would succeed? Did he not owe it to himself to earn some money at this crisis? What would be the harm if he wrote a story of a high order, even if it were highly sensational? Had not great authors written just such stories?

The result of his debate with himself was the seizing of his writing materials and the beginning of a story, which was founded mainly upon the incidents of his previous trial in college. But it was entirely reconstructed, and was practically new and far more thrilling than the other. The mood was on him, and in a sort of frenzy he wrote for four hours. But he needed a little more time to finish. He remembered his promise to take dinner with Tom, and went out for that. But he came back at once, and wrote on until after midnight. It was one of those moods of inspiration which sometimes seize writers, the results of which are very often brilliant, but destructive. Richard felt that he had drained himself of

mental strength, and would not be able to write anything worth while again for several days. When he completed the story he was so tired that he threw himself down on his bed without undressing and slept until eight o'clock.

When he read over his manuscript in the morning he was astonished at himself. He placed the paper in an envelope, wrote his address on it, and took it to the office of *The Comet*. He handed it in with the request that if the story was not accepted he did not care to have the manuscript returned—in fact he had no stamps to leave with it—and then he walked out feeling almost guilty of something wicked. And yet he had only written an exceedingly exciting story, which a person who had once begun would never drop until the last word was reached. And he was absolutely destitute, in debt, and suffering for clothing.

He took breakfast with Tom, and then started out at once for the river and was gone the rest of the day. He came back at dark and seemed uncommonly tired, thoroughly exhausted, in fact. Tom was curious to know what he had found to do, but Richard said with a smile that he would tell him in time, and with that Tom was satisfied. What Richard was doing we cannot reveal just yet. Enough to say that every night he came in to a late dinner with Tom and each day bore the marks of some exceedingly hard work.

When Sunday night came it found Tom and Richard in the church of John King's parish. There was the same immense audience of all sorts of people, the same strained, eager attention to the preacher's sermon, the same impression of his personality upon the audience.

His text was : "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." And Richard started as he recalled the echo of those very words in his own heart the past week.

"It was the same world then as now," said the preacher, as his loving, earnest glance swept his audience; "the same world. There were sin and sickness and sorrow and heartache and temptation and loneliness

and betrayal and avarice and cowardice and ignorance and brutality then as now. The world has not changed since Jesus of Nazareth walked through the plain of Esdraëlon, and paced the banks of blue Galilee, and paused in contemplation or in tearful compassion on the slope of Mount Olivet. We think the modern progress of the age has changed the world: only in the outward marks of a sometimes brutal civilization. The real world of men's hearts is still unchanged. It sings the ceaseless song of greed for wealth, of avarice in its possession, of injustice and wrong and cruelty and selfishness. And this was the world *He* overcame—the world of this big city. Brother, you have had a temptation this week. You are poor, you are in debt. Your wife or little ones cry for bread. Your soul rebels at cruel poverty. But be true, be true! Remember Jesus Christ. Be of good cheer. He overcame the world. The same world as yours, it was. And He was a poor man. He had not where to lay His head. He pillowed it on the rocks, and waked to find His garments dank with mountain mist. He was tempted at all points *like* as we are. The devil faced Him in His hour of hunger, and He who had the power to create refused to make bread in the wilderness. Is it nothing that He who had the power let it alone? Men say it was no credit to Jesus Christ to resist temptation, because He was more than a man and had diviner strength to use. But does it count for nothing that He who had also a miraculous power to use, such as mortals do not have, refused to use it. Does not that make Him exactly our equal in the resistance to temptation? What He might have gained by His superior person He lost by His surrender of the power which went with it. And He overcame the world. Think of that! Only thirty-three years old at the utmost; without a cent of money; without an acre of land; without a house to live in; a wandering preacher; a native of a nation subdued by the most powerful military machine of the world; on the eve of His own death; with only a handful of followers; with

the rich and powerful His enemies; with the certain betrayal by one of His own disciples; with the cross looming up in His prophet's vision—He, despised and rejected of men, rose into full manhood's height, and said, with a certainty and calmness that astonish the world, 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world!'

"And He said it that we might have courage. Ah, the heartache of the brambly wilderness through which we yearly sometimes stumble! The poor and despairing; the crippled and ugly; the uncared-for and forgotten! The world! That commingled ball of evil, the devil's own, sometimes it seems, and he kicks it before him toward the goal of his own hell, and it rolls along with the momentum of its misery and wickedness, and we are but feeble straws before it, when suddenly the world's Conqueror arises. He advances. He smites all of this vast iniquity back. He overcomes it. And He says, 'Be of good cheer!' Blessed Jesus Christ! I can go out into the blackness of this night and feel the throbbing of this great metropolis with its possible gigantic capacity for Satanic wickedness, and all about me the stars shall throw down their glad light and the night wind shall whisper peace to me, and all without and within shall breathe courage, and courage, and courage! For He overcame the world! And He said for my help, 'Be of good cheer!' Brother, take up your burden again; God will help you carry it. Son, face that temptation and conquer it; Jesus is fighting for you. God is stronger than the devil. The two have fought together, *but the devil never won a single victory over the Almighty!* All he ever had to do with the Divine was to fight Him! But he never once gained a victory. 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

Richard felt this sermon personally. The discussion between him and Tom was fragmentary as they walked back to their rooms. Tom seemed inclined to say very little. They parted with a single good-night, and Richard

went slowly upstairs, and, being very tired, went at once to bed. He was getting ready to go out the next morning to his new work when a messenger brought a package and almost at the same moment the postman brought a letter.

He recognized the package as his own manuscript. There was a note enclosed with it. He opened and read as follows :

"My Dear Mr. Bruce,—I regret to say that I feel obliged to return your manuscript with the adverse criticism that the firm of Press & Company deem it unwise to attempt its publication. The chances are all against the book from a business point of view. I will say for your encouragement that I enjoyed reading it myself. It is interesting, it is even fascinating at times, but it is not a book that will sell, and, to be frank, that is the kind of book we must send out. It is possible that you could rewrite the book or throw the general plot of the story into such shape that it would become popular. As it is now, the firm is of the opinion that the book would fall flat on the market and result in a dead loss to all concerned.

"I am, very regretfully, but very truly yours,

"A. B. PRESS."

It was a bitter disappointment to Richard. He had counted too much on the slight encouragement Mr. Press had given him. He sat down and buried his face in his hands. He felt that he had done his best and been defeated. And the humiliation was more than he could bear at the moment.

Then he lifted his head and saw the other letter on the table. He tore it open, saying to himself, "I might as well get all my bad news at once." A crisp check fell out and fluttered to the floor, and Richard read the following note with a heightening color and quickening pulse :

"Office of The Weekly Comet, CHICAGO.

"MR. RICHARD BRUCE :

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find check for fifty dollars, in payment of your story recently submitted. Permit us to add that any more of the same kind will be well received at the office of The Weekly Comet. You have made a decided hit.

"We are, very respectfully,

"EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY COMET."

Richard stooped down and picked up the check. He looked at it earnestly, and then rose to his feet. A moment later he was hurrying down the street in the direction of the office of The Weekly Comet.

CHAPTER III.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.—Saint Paul.

Richard Bruce was not a morbid young man in the least. He had a perfectly healthy, happy organization. And he felt within himself as he walked toward the office of The Weekly Comet that whatever he did there would be simply what he ought to do. The disappointment of getting his book back and the thrill of having his sensational story accepted and paid for so handsomely had brought a revolution on in his mind, and his action at the office of The Weekly Comet can be understood only as we understand his true thought of what his fidelity to his own ideal ought to be. It all surged in upon him at once. He had set up for himself a highly throned ideal in authorship. He had defended it against Tom's good-natured attacks. He had stoutly declared that even if his book were not sensational, it was something better.

Then he had yielded to a passing temptation to try what he could do with an exciting type of composition. He had found himself possessed of a remarkable power in that kind of work. It was evidently possible for him to make money at it as a business. His book was apparently a failure. The temptation had presented itself to him all at once as he read the letter from The Weekly Comet. He could earn his living and write what people would read, not what people *ought* to read. What was the use of his ideal any more? Tom was right when he said people did not want ideals. All this passed through

Richard's mind as he read. But before he had stooped to pick the check up from the floor he had fought the battle with himself and won it for his higher self.

He went into the office and asked to see the editor. The mailing clerk looked at him carelessly, noticed his shabby clothes, and said, "What name?"

Richard wrote his name on the back of one of the advertising cards lying on the desk. The clerk leisurely picked it up and read it. Evidently the name made some difference with his manner, for he looked curiously but respectfully at Richard, asked him to come inside the railing, and, opening a door at one side, called out Richard's name to some one. "He says, Come in," nodded the clerk, and Richard walked into a small room where the chief editor of The Weekly Comet sat, with his hat on the back of his head, smoking a very long cigar, and writing at a small desk.

He wheeled around as Richard entered and looked sharply at him.

"So you are the author of 'The——'?"

"Yes, sir," replied Richard with his usual military directness, coming right at the point. "I am the author of the story you have lately accepted, and I have brought back the check with the request that you give me the manuscript."

"What?"

"I have brought back the check; here it is; and I would rather not have the story printed."

"Why, young man, this is a queer thing to do. What's the matter? Isn't the check good enough? Are you crazy?"

Richard smiled. "Look at me and see if you think I am. No, sir; I'm as sane as any man in this city. But if it's all the same to you I would like to have that story, for the simple reason that I am ashamed of having written it, and do not care to see it published."

The editor of The Weekly Comet took his cigar out of

his mouth and stared at Richard in undisguised astonishment.

"Why, young man, do you know what you're ashamed of? The finest sensational story that any paper in Chicago has ever printed. I happened to be the first reader of it myself, and, soaked as I am in sensational stuff, I sat up here and read that story until it made me afraid to go home. Why, young man, your fortune's made if you can keep that up right along. Do you think this paper can afford to give fifty-dollar checks for common work? No, sir! You must be a fool to bring it back here. I've seen some queer things in this business, but yours is the queerest of the lot!"

Richard looked at the man and hesitated. He wondered if he would be able to understand his real motive in bringing back the money. Then, prompted by his natural love of open, frank-hearted dealings in all matters, he said:

"My object in bringing back this check is personal, but in brief it is this: I have an ideal as to what literary work ought to be. In composing and writing that story I degraded that ideal. I feel that I ought to have some higher object in writing than to please readers and make money."

"Oh!" exclaimed the editor of The Weekly Comet. "Well, I'm beat! Never thought I should live to see a saint."

Richard laughed. "You don't see one now. Only an obstinate individual who has a good reason for his action with himself. If I return the check, I suppose you have no objections to giving me the manuscript."

"None at all," replied the editor. "You're welcome to it. But as for the story not being printed, I'm afraid it's too late."

"Why?" asked Richard, a little sternly.

"Because it's in type by this time, and the paper goes out this afternoon."

Richard felt annoyed. When one has made a sacrifice

he likes to have it as complete as possible. But he did not see that he could do anything. If the story was printed, he could not very well demand the suppression of the entire afternoon's edition of *The Weekly Comet*. He gravely laid the check on the desk.

"I'm sorry the story is printed," he said, not doubting the man's truthfulness. "You may as well destroy the manuscript then. I don't want to see it again."

The editor of *The Weekly Comet* seemed to consider the interview at an end. It was not true that the story was in print; in fact, it had been retained to go into the next week's issue; but this little deception was not likely to be detected by Richard, and the story was too good to be lost to the paper on account of the whim of a sentimental fanatic. So reasoned the editor of the paper, and better men than he have done as mean things.

Richard walked out upon the street with some disappointment at the result of his interview; but, on the whole, he felt that he had restored his own higher estimate of himself.

"The man probably thought I was a fool," he said to himself. "Of course he could not understand it. But my mother would know exactly how I feel." The thought seemed to bring much comfort to Richard, and he walked on more at peace with himself than he had been for a week. He recalled John King's sermon of the Sunday before, and felt that he could really say that he had overcome a part of the world at least. As he went by the office of the great daily with which Tom was connected, who should come springing out but that individual himself.

"Which way you going?" asked Tom, after good-mornings were said.

"Straight ahead," replied Richard.

"Good. So am I. What a morning for a walk! Work takes me down to the river again. Got to write up on the new coal barges. Expect I'll be black in the face with the effort. I tell you, I feel well, don't you,

Dick?" And Tom executed what would have been a good-sized Indian war dance if it had been allowed more room than usually exists on a crowded city sidewalk. The animal part of Tom was perfectly healthy. He was a stranger to dyspepsia and headache and bad feelings. It was worth a barrel of medicine to see him walk. He felt so elastic and exuberant that he wanted to thump the people he met and ask them if they didn't feel well such a frosty morning. He told Richard his feeling, and Richard said:

"You can thump me, if you want to. It would be less dangerous."

"I don't know about that. Not if you hit back. What are you doing to keep up your muscle? You look terribly strong for a fellow that is so awfully good."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, don't you know that good people are not generally very strong? They're weak-chested and nervous, and have to be careful about what they eat."

"People like John King, for example," said Richard slyly.

"Oh, well, John King is a famous exception. He believes in gymnasiums and regular systematic exercise and sensible ways of developing the animal system. I've heard him say so. But most preachers would make very poor prize-fighters."

"I should hope so," said Richard with a laugh. "And yet I believe the insurance tables show that men in the ministry live longer than almost any other class of men. Preachers, as a class, are very strong men, Tom. They have to be to do their work."

"I won't argue with you, Dick, because you have an alarming fund of information on almost every conceivable subject. Why, oh, why were you not a reporter? You would make a splendid success at it. By the way, how about the book? Suppose you haven't heard anything yet?"

"Yes. I received a note from Mr. Press this morning by messenger."

"Containing a thousand-dollar check? Richard, you won't forget about that hundred you owe me!"

"Mr. Press sent back the manuscript, and said he was sorry, but the book would not pay to publish. He said it was not popular."

"Too bad! But that's what I told you. Cold comfort, eh? What will you do now? Write another?"

"I don't know," replied Richard slowly. "I can't help thinking I'm right and all the publishers are wrong. It sounds egotistical, but it really isn't. It's only the faith I have in my own ideal."

There was a pause as the two friends picked their way over a dirty crossing. When they reached the other side, Tom said suddenly:

"I say, chum, do you remember that story you wrote for The College Student once? It was the most thrilling thing I ever read. Why don't you try that kind again? I know papers that pay fairly well for that kind of work. Remember what Ned White told us at the Holly Tree Inn a while ago, about getting twenty-five dollars for a story in The Comet? Why don't you try it, Dick? You need an overcoat awfully bad."

Richard was a little taken back by this unexpected thrust from the unsuspecting Tom. He hesitated a moment and then decided to tell Tom frankly what he had done. He detailed the account of the letter and check, and drew a semi-humorous picture of his interview with the editor of The Weekly Comet. Tom listened with open-eyed wonder.

"Well, you are the most—I wish I had a dictionary here to do you justice, Dick! And you actually gave back to that man fifty dollars that you earned fair and square! I should like to have seen his face while you were talking to him. He must have thought his Weekly Comet had struck a meteor or something!"

"Well, Tom, I had to do it to preserve my own stand-

ard of right. Suppose I have a high ideal of an author's profession ; suppose I desecrate that ideal : isn't it just as much a dishonor to myself as it would be for another man to desecrate his lower ideal of right? I must be true to my own better and higher self, Tom, or else I am a liar. I may be mistaken in holding the estimate I do of an author's profession. But, holding it, I must be true to it. You don't know how much more of a man I feel since overcoming what was a real temptation to me. What if most men would say there was nothing wrong about writing the story and taking money for it? If I have a feeling in me that tells me I have violated my higher self, must I not act accordingly? Am I not bound to be true to what my own being tells me is true, even if all the world would have acted the other way?"

"Perhaps you are morbid."

"No, I'm not!" replied Richard firmly. "I have a perfectly healthy moral nature, Tom, and you know it. I believe God blessed me with a good, wholesome, hearty, happy constitution, and my moral fibre is free from taint of disease. There isn't a less morbid man in Chicago than I am."

Tom looked at his old college chum with undisguised admiration.

"That's true. But you're not like other men. Perhaps the rest of us are morbid. At any rate, if anybody calls you a fool, except me, I'll knock him into the middle of Lake Michigan."

"But I don't want *you* to call me a fool, Tom. Is there nothing real in acting out our Christian belief in the teachings that Christ gave the world about the value of money? What if we consider that our strength and our talents were given us simply to make fame and wealth? What if we never recognized the fact that it is possible for a man to despise money by the side of character and real inner life? How much Christianity is there, Tom, in the eagerness with which the race is heaping up pos-

sessions and struggling after office, and forgetting its spiritual possibilities?"

"Mighty little," muttered Tom. "There's lots of preaching, but not much practice. I don't believe there are ten people out of the million and a half in this city who would call you anything but a fool for what you did, Dick. They wouldn't understand it."

"I don't know. I like to think there are at least seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal," replied Richard.

They had reached the river front and Richard paused.

"I go down here," he said.

"I've got to go across first; then I come back."

Tom looked at Richard as if he would like to ask him what he was doing. But he knew Richard's frank nature quite well and did not feel hurt at not being taken into his confidence, feeling sure that if Richard did not reveal his secret it was for a good and sufficient reason.

"Good-by! See you at dinner to-night?"

Richard nodded, and Tom plunged across the bridge, which had been swung open to allow a tug through, and almost before it ceased trembling from its return he was on the other side.

Richard walked rapidly down a narrow passage, past two lumber yards and several coal and warehouses, and went into a small building which had the words "Barge Office" over the door. He changed his clothes and came out so transformed that hardly his nearest friends would have known him. It was a rough canvas suit, which made him look even larger than he was. He walked down to the river and aboard one of the coal barges and at once went below, after exchanging a brief good-morning with the man in the engine house.

In order to understand that Richard Bruce was not insane or a crank it will be necessary to go back to the day when he saw the man upon the coal wagon and gave him his overcoat. We must remember that Richard had a keenly sensitive and somewhat romantic nature.

Joined to this was a most passionate but strong and vivid love of the truth. Added to this, also, were a genuine love of mankind and a real desire to know the facts of men's lives. On the day that Tom and he had seen the man on the coal wagon the thought came to him, "What do I really know of that man's life? He is one out of thousands in this city who earn their living by hard physical toil. What kind of toil is it? How hard is it for the pay? Suppose sometime I want to write something in a book about the hardships of such a life, what would I know about it?" These questions came to him rapidly. At the same time he was revolving in his mind what to do to make a living himself. The result of all this was that the day after writing the story for *The Comet* he went down to the river, and after half a day spent in vain search for work he succeeded in getting a position at one of the offices as workman in the coal barges. The foreman saw that he was an unusually strong young man, and put him to work at once, without asking him many questions. The work consisted in rolling the iron car or scoop upon the track laid in the barge, loading it up by the use of a new and ingenious apparatus just put into the barges by an enterprising firm, and then guiding the scoop back to its elevation, where it was dumped into the company's coal boxes on shore. There was only one part of the work that called for much physical outlay; but that one part was a severe strain on a man unaccustomed to physical labor. At the close of the first day Richard was so lame and tired that he almost felt like giving up. There was something horribly distasteful to his keen, delicate, almost womanlike sensitiveness in the dirty, dusty, monotonous toil with a gang of men who had no companionship for him. But he thought to himself, "There are hundreds of men working at this labor week after week with nothing else to do; and if they get sick or injured, there are a hundred men to take their places. What should I be if such an existence loomed up ahead of me all my days?"

He continued at his work through the week, getting a dollar and ten cents a day for it. Through the kindness of the foreman he succeeded in getting his breakfast and lunch in the barge office, and at the end of the week he was able to pay his rent, and by selling two or three valuable text-books from his scanty college library he managed to pay for his breakfasts and lunches.

He went to work this Monday morning after his talk with Tom wondering what Tom would think of him if he could see him in the dim light of the barge, where the dust and heat, in spite of the cool, crisp morning, were almost intolerable. He wondered if he were not really making a fool of himself in doing such work when he was capable of teaching Greek or writing poetry or composing literature. "But no!" His sturdy, healthy nature asserted itself again. "I am doing this to know better how my fellow-men live, and if my Master will use me it is possible I may do some real service to mankind through this experience." So he prayed as he worked. It was about nine o'clock when he heard his name called by the foreman of the yard.

"Bruce, you're wanted out here."

He came out on the barge deck.

"One of the drivers has been sick for a week, and you're wanted to drive his wagon," said the foreman, looking at Richard a little curiously. It had been impossible for Richard to conceal the fact that he was not an everyday laborer.

"All right. Shall I go right along?" said Richard quietly.

"Yes. Here's the order slip. You know the number?"

Richard took the dirty little square of paper and read on it: "Rev. John King, No. 56 Plain Street."

"Yes; I know where it is," he said, a little surprised at the address.

He climbed up to the seat of the wagon, which was all loaded, and drove out of the yard. His nearest way

would take him directly through some of the busiest streets in the city. For a moment he was tempted to go by some obscure route; but he drove right on, smiling grimly to himself as he went directly past the office of *The Weekly Comet* and down by the fashionable stores and imposing business blocks. Nobody noticed him. Who notices men who drive coal wagons? Besides, his disguise was nearly perfect: he was black and grimy. And by the time he reached the preacher's residence he felt quite composed and ready to do anything.

John King's residence was a plain, modest front in a row of brick. Richard went in at the back entrance, and a servant told him where to unload the coal. He was obliged to carry it in with a basket. He had unloaded about half of it and had set his basket down on the sidewalk, and was just shovelling into it from the wagon, when a strong but very sweet voice said, "You can drive your wagon into the court and get nearer the cellar if you want to," and there stood John King, his earnest face looking up at Richard from the sidewalk. He had evidently been at work in his study, and from the window had seen Richard unloading the coal, and had come out to speak to him.

Richard had never met the great preacher to be introduced to him. "He could not possibly know me as one of his evening audience," thought Richard. The idea of meeting him on this occasion had not occurred to Richard. He had admired John King at a distance. Sometimes he had been tempted to go up and thank him after the service, but had never done so.

"Much obliged," he said. "I hadn't noticed the gate."

Mr. King opened it for him, and he drove the wagon in close by the cellar way.

"I noticed you were a strapping young fellow as I looked out of my window, and I said to myself, It's a pity to waste such strength. I thought the servant hadn't told you about the gate and the court."

All this was said in the most simple, straightforward manner. Richard felt as if the man regarded him as an equal in everything.

"No; she didn't say anything about it. I thought the only way was to carry the coal in from the sidewalk."

"It's hard work. Don't you find it so?"

"Yes; I do."

"Must be hard on the lungs. Wish I could help you. If you have the coal check, I'll sign it." Richard had forgotten it. He pulled it out and the preacher wrote his name on it and handed it back. As he did so he looked at Richard a little more closely and said, "Haven't I seen you before?"

"Well," replied Richard, coloring even through the coal dust on his face, "maybe you have. I have heard you preach almost every Sunday night for two months."

"Have you?" The question was put in a tone of pleasure. "Then we ought to be good friends. You must come up and tell me so next Sunday night, will you, my brother?"

Ah! those words: "My brother!" How simple they look on paper, yet how thrilling they sound when uttered by one who scorns all the false standards of human aristocracy and sees in every man an equal on the possible spiritual side! Richard felt that he could die for this man. He felt drawn to him as he had never been to a single being before. Those who knew John King a little said he had a marvellous gift of magnetism. Those who knew him well said it was not magnetism, but a genuine love of men that gave him his wonderful power over men. And I think they were right.

"I shall look for you," said John King. "Excuse me if I have hindered your work. Good-morning!" And he went into the house.

Richard drove back to the yard tingling all over with a new feeling. He felt the dignity of labor and the value of the individual. He had been treated as an equal in a certain way by the most powerful public man in

Chicago, even when he was disguised as a common laborer; had been called brother, and asked to make this man's acquaintance. It was a delightful experience for him, and did more good than even he himself could know at the time.

As he drove back into the coal yard whom should he see but Tom, talking with the foreman. In the course of his "write-up" of the new style coal barges, which had effected such a revolution in the lake coal traffic, Tom had reached the firm that employed Richard. As Richard jumped down from the wagon the foreman called him by name and asked him something about the kind of coal he had taken out. Tom turned around, and his keen newspaper glance detected his friend at once.

"Will you shake hands with a hard and horny-fisted son of toil?" asked Richard, walking up to Tom and thrusting out a very grimy paw.

"I will if you'll furnish soap and water and towels," responded Tom promptly. But he seized Richard's hand and shook it hard. "What on earth and under it are you doing in this business, Dick? First you know I shall arrest you for being dangerously insane."

"Tom," said Richard with a dignity which not even his dirty face could lessen much, "I'll tell you all about it to-night."

Some one called him from the barge and he had to go, leaving Tom standing in the yard looking sober and almost vexed. But he had to be content with his old chum's answer, and after a short interview with the foreman he left the yard to complete his assigned task.

That afternoon as Richard worked he recalled the fact that the driver who had usually driven the wagon he had been called upon to take was said to be sick. He asked the foreman about him, and he gave him his name with the number of the tenement where he lived. The two happened to live in the same block.

"Pretty hard case, too," said the foreman, who was not a hard-hearted man by any means. "Bill is a goner

sure; been ailing all winter, more or less. He'll never get up to drive that team again."

Richard said something about going to see him.

"You can't do him no good," said the foreman. "He's a hard one, Bill is. We shall miss his swearin' in the yard. Bill could almost swear a load of coal into a wagon. But he's near his dump now. Oh, yes, you can get to see him if you want to. Married? Wal, yes. His wife ain't no more like him than soft coal's like hard. Three children. My wife's looking after 'em. You see, Bill's wife's 'most crazy with hard work 'n' watchin'."

On his way to Tom's boarding-house Richard determined to go that evening and see the sick man, and, if possible, to get Tom to go with him. So after dinner he went up to Tom's room, which was in a private house near by. Tom listened gravely to Richard's account of his experience at the coal yard, and simply said, when Richard had finished:

"You know, Dick, that I would share my last cent with you until you could get something to do. Why won't you come and stay with me here, and get a position on some paper? Or write another book? I don't believe it was meant that you should work as a coal-heaver. It makes me mad to think that a man of your powers should be ignored or passed by while hundreds of inferior men are making big money and fame. How long are you going to experiment with humanity in this Quixotic fashion?"

"I don't know. Until I know something about it, perhaps. I'm earning a dollar and ten cents a day now, and it's more than I've earned since I left college."

"Earned it? Put a man that can write Greek poetry and prize English orations to dumping coal off a river barge! What is the world coming to?"

"Coming to a study of mankind!" exclaimed Richard, getting up and walking around the room, a habit he had when excited. "Tom, you newspaper fellows seem to think the world was made to fill your columns up with

news. I don't deny the great educating and civilizing power of the press, etc., but I say that the newspaper world and the collegiate world and the church world and the business world are largely blind to a need of studying and learning to love humanity. The next great movement that will mark the progress of the human race will be a movement that will have for its reason an intelligent knowledge of men and love for them. I feel just as sure of it as I do of the fact that I am right here this moment. And, oh, Tom, I want to be in that movement? Before God, and in the sight of my sainted mother, I say the love of money and fame has no place in my bosom before my longing to help redeem this world from its sin and selfishness. And if God will so use me that I may help in that redemption I will feel satisfied, even if all that men count as success is denied me."

Tom sat by the table in silence for a while after this outburst. Finally he said, in a voice that trembled a little:

"Dick, I wish I had your personal Christianity. My mother was not like yours. She was a woman of fashion and society. My father brought me up to tell the truth and live pure and be a gentleman. But the personal devotion to a Saviour that you seem really to possess is as unknown to me as a new language would be. The great things in the world seem to me to be success in making money or a name, in gaining power over men, and commanding admiration or applause. The great things with you don't seem to be any of those. And yet, Dick, we both walk through the same world. We have the same kind of a brain and a body, we feel the same in other things, and we both claim to be healthy, natural beings. What is the source of your actions, Dick?"

Richard paused before he answered. He felt that Tom was really struggling at times after the higher spiritual life, and that he had in him great possibilities for wonderful development if he were once Christ's man. He answered slowly:

"The source of my actions, Tom, is the Jesus Christ of history, and the Holy Ghost of the present century."

Tom listened in silence. Richard made no movement to break it. His excitement had subsided, and he had taken a seat. Something seemed to tell Richard that it would be better not to say very much to Tom at this time. The room had been getting dark. Tom went to a closet and took down a lamp. As he lighted it Richard noticed that his face was thoughtful and his eyes bore marks of tears. Something in his look reminded Richard of the sick man he had planned to visit. He told Tom of it, and asked him to go with him.

"All right. I'll go. My work is in such shape that I am not needed at the office to-night. Doesn't happen very often, I can tell you."

The two went out and took a cable car, which went within two blocks of the tenement.

They stumbled up a narrow staircase where plastering had fallen upon the steps and been trodden into them, and paused before a cracked door, through which a light feebly shone. Richard knocked, and a woman came to the door with a dirty kerosene lamp in her hand.

"Does William Inness live here?" asked Richard.

"Yes," said the woman, looking at the young men suspiciously. "What do you want?"

"I am one of the men who has been at work in the coal yard where Mr. Inness has been employed. This is a friend of mine, and we have come to see him, if he is able to have visits from anybody."

The woman placed the lamp upon an old table, and said wearily, "Come in, and welcome."

There were two chairs in the room. Richard sat down on an old box near the rusty stove, and motioned Tom and Mrs. Inness to take the other seats.

The sick man, who lay on the bed close by the stove, began to cough terribly. His wife went over to him and gave him something that seemed to give him a little temporary relief.

"Bill," she said, "two young men from the yard to see you." Richard went up to the bed and took the man's hand. The minute he looked at him he saw in him the man to whom he had given his overcoat. Death had surely marked him for his own. That was only a week ago, and now the man lay with the seal of the great angel on his forehead.

"My brother," said Richard gently, "I wish I could do something for you. But the love of the great Father is all yours." It seemed hard to say anything. Never before had Richard seemed to feel that his own abundant health was a reproach to any one. It seemed to him as if it filled up the little room and crowded upon the sick man.

The man looked at Richard and attempted to say something. But he immediately fell into a coughing spasm so terrible that Tom, whose sympathies were like a child's, rose from his seat, and, coming over to Richard, whispered to him that he was going for a doctor, when a gentle knock at the door was followed by the entrance into the room of John King. It seemed natural somehow that he should be there; and Richard, in thinking it all over afterwards, was reminded of the fact that at the time he was not in the least surprised to see the preacher come in. He recognized Richard, and shook hands with him quietly. Then going up to the bed he gazed at the dying man with an expression of most wonderful compassion. He took up the man's hand a moment, then placed it down, and without speaking to him at once kneeled down by the bed and prayed in a voice so quiet and yet so persuasive that it seemed as if the Person he was talking with must be in the room.

"Blessed Master," he said, "Thou who didst walk this earth in tears and sorrow for a lost and suffering world, here is a child of Thine who has reached the end of this life, and will soon be looking into the face of many things unknown to him here. Forgiving Saviour, Thou knowest all about him. He has been a rough, sinful

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child. He has not prayed much, nor gone to church much, nor lived a very good life here; but he has truly lifted up his feeble soul to Thee of late. He has told me that he was a sinner. He has asked me to pray for him. Do Thou comfort his soul then. What can I do, my dear Lord, except beg of Thee to deal with him as Thou didst with the dying robber on the cross? Didst Thou not say to him, 'Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise?' And wilt Thou not say as much to this poor sinner? He has had a hard life, dear Lord Jesus. He has felt the bitterness of existence more than the sweetness of it; and Thou knowest how much of the bitterness has been poured into his cup by other men. But now all that is past. We feel sure that Thou wilt welcome him as he comes stumbling toward Thee repentant, and temper the great light of the eternal mansions to him, so that he may behold Thy love only shining into his face. O Thou Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, this is one of Thy children! Lift him up into newness of life, where there shall be no more sickness, no more crying, nor pain, nor trouble, nor death any more. We commit him with his needs to Thine everlasting mercy. Jesus, merciful Jesus, receive him to realms of happiness and glory! Amen."

The room was very still. The poor woman sat crouched down in her chair, completely exhausted by lack of sleep and trouble. John King rose and looked into the face of the man. One glance showed him that during his prayer, and, indeed, before it was ended, death had come in and heard the sweet "Amen," as he laid his chill hand on that rough face and gave it the majestic imprint of royalty. The preacher beckoned the young men. Awed at the suddenness of the event, they gazed at the form. They were neither of them familiar enough with death to look at it unmoved, and, indeed, what thoughtful man is? Slowly the poor wife, stupefied as she was, awoke to the knowledge that the sick body was no more conscious. The shock seemed to stun her

into a deeper misery. John King, with a calmness that seemed born of nights of prayer and days of service, comforted her, and did all that mortal man could do under the circumstances. Richard wanted to do something, and the preacher said he might stop and ask the foreman of the yard to come up with his wife as he went down. So the young men went out, Richard giving his message by the way.

"How did John King get away over in this part of the city?" asked Tom as he and Richard walked slowly and thoughtfully back to their rooms.

"I don't know. He's a wonderful man. Seems sometimes as if there must be two or three of him."

Tom was silent until they reached Richard's doorway. Then he said :

"I shall not be satisfied, Dick, until I am a Christian. Help me, won't you?"

For reply Richard grasped Tom's hand. He could not say a word. Tom turned away, and they parted after a day which had been crowded full of incident and experience for them both. But God sends such days sometimes, perhaps to show what possibilities for good or evil may be put between two sunrisings, that men may be more careful when they say :

"To-morrow I will do so-and-so."

Sunday evening found Richard and Tom in John King's church. The week had been more than usually busy and full of thought to them. Tom was going through an experience of struggle which had not assumed the definite shape of a pitched battle; Richard had passed a week of hardship, and wanted something helpful; both young men faced the preacher with a new and personal knowledge of him, which gave an added interest to what he said.

His subject this evening was, "The Neglected Factor in Education," and he read the whole of Paul's thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians.

"We boast," he said, after a few opening remarks on

the historical setting of the chapter—"we boast of our colleges and universities, of their splendid equipment for training men in language and science and art and music and oratory and literature and medicine and law. But where is the institution of learning in our land that teaches love to mankind as the most important branch of all? We send hundreds of young men out of our schools every year into all the professions, into every department of business, well equipped for making money and making speeches, and writing newspaper articles and winning fame, but how many of them come out of these schools burning with a flaming love of men, gained and fostered by an intelligent and enthusiastic study of mankind, its needs, its sufferings, its wrongs, its powers, its sins? If the most important thing in this universe is love; if, as the apostle says, it is more important than languages or all knowledge, if to be without it is to be nothing, why is so little attention paid to it in our schools of learning? Is it something which cannot be taught except indirectly? Why is it that so many scholarly men are devoid of human sympathy? Why is it that so many students know so little of mankind? Because mankind is not taught. We learn almost everything about men, we are familiar with their languages, their accomplishments, their inventions; but about man we know very little. I feel like uttering my solemn cry against a system of education which neglects the very foundation of all true education. We are a progressive age; but never since the days of Jesus Christ have we in some quarters so shamefully neglected the very first principles of human growth. What if I can compute the distances to the stars and weigh them as merchandise? What though I can talk with the eloquence of angels and pour out knowledge without stint, and am at the same time indifferent to the wants of my neighbor or the cry of the oppressed and weak, I am nothing! Love! That is what the world needs. It is not learning that the age demands—it is a heart. Humanity cries for bread, and we give it

a stone—the stone of our knowledge. The truly educated man in God's sight is the man who loves most. I don't say it alone : Paul says it, Christ says it, John says it; the best humanity in every age says it. The world groans to-day in its misery. Men die every minute in this city with no care or love from the great mass of even so-called Christian people. O Men, if ye be men! O brothers, if ye are worthy the sacred name! how many hours will ye toil to-morrow to gain knowledge ? to add to your already greedy riches ? to increase the world's knowledge of the number of hairs on a butterfly's wing, or the exact number of curves necessary for a perfect piece of architecture ? while all around the human creature holds out its beseeching hands, and ye go your ways more eager over a change of fashion than over the destiny of an immortal life! In this church—it shames me to speak of it—I heard a woman for fifteen minutes express the utmost interest in the number of buttons to be used on an article of dress, while the news that a poor child had been run over in the street and was dying in the next house provoked her into saying, 'Too bad!' and that was all. Do not tell me that what we need in this age or any age is more culture, more money, more civilization, more education. What we need is more of the eternal love of God in our hearts ! We are dying for the need of it. Our educational methods are neglecting the one factor that can make all other attributes of a man worth anything. We grow proud with our learning ; we grow contemptuous of the ignorant ; we feel above the lowly : while God would have us gather up the riches of learning and civilization and pour them out at the feet of the world. Oh, it's hunger for love, if we did but know it! What shall it profit us to gain all things and miss that ? And if we miss it, do we not miss all things, yea, heaven itself ? for what is heaven but God, and what is God but Love ?

After the sermon Richard, obedient to his promise, went up and shook hands with John King and took Tom

up and introduced him. The great preacher spoke a word to each of them. "Come and see me," he said with a heartiness that left no doubt as to its meaning. They went out feeling the thrill of his presence and roused by the personal touch with the man which was something better than sermons or words.

"Are you going to call?" asked Tom.

"I'd like to. But he must be a very busy man. Suppose we go together. He told me he was at home always, when possible, Saturday night."

Tom said nothing. Finally, "What did you think of his sermon? Wasn't it rather sweeping in its statements about modern education?"

"Yes; but so is Paul."

Tom seemed on the point of discussing the question when they were startled by an alarm of fire. They happened to be just passing an engine house. The horses were just tearing out of their stalls. In a marvelously brief time they were attached to their places, the men were in position, and out the whole thing rushed with a whirl that made the crowd gathered about the doors flow back upon the sidewalks.

"Come on," cried Tom, "the fire is over your way."

Richard ran with Tom and they made good time. As they turned the corner into the street where Richard's room was, Tom exclaimed:—

"I believe it's your block!"

"So it is!" said Richard.

As they drew nearer they could see that the whole building occupied by the rooms for offices, among which was Richard's room, was in flames. It was past saving, though the rest of the block might be rescued.

"You'll have to stay with me to-night," said Tom, who didn't seem to feel very badly over the conflagration.

"Lucky you don't have much to lose, isn't it?" "Blessed be nothing" isn't a bad motto at a fire."

Suddenly Richard exclaimed: "My book is in that fire!" It was the cry of a parent.

"Too late to rescue it now," replied Tom, holding Richard back, for he had made an involuntary movement forward, as if in the thought of rushing into the burning building.

"My poor book!" said Richard, gulping down almost a sob. "Come, Tom, let's go. I can't bear to stay here and see it cremated. I feel too much like a near relative."

"What will you do, Dick?" asked Tom, who felt for the misfortune as if it had been his own.

Richard looked up as they walked along, and a tear glittered on his cheek. But he answered quietly:—

"I will write it over again, Tom."

CHAPTER IV.

In Him was life.—Saint John.

No one except a person who writes much can understand just what was meant by the burning of the manuscript of Richard's book. It had been the work of eight months' incessant labor. The pile of paper itself was nearly a foot thick. Even supposing he could remember every word just as written, it would take Richard at least six months, writing over five hours a day, to reproduce the book. But although the general plot and characters were familiar to him, he knew it would be impossible to recast the scenes and incidents as first written. He could not recall them, and at first it seemed to him, in spite of his brave answer to Tom's question, that he must abandon the thought of attempting the task again. Besides, what hope was there in rewriting a book that had been refused by so many publishers? It would only be a waste of time and strength. But, then, he had such faith in the book! Talking it over with Tom after getting to his room only strengthened his purpose, although Tom pretended that Richard was obstinate in his determination to rewrite the book and ought to take the fire as a dispensation of Providence and a sign that he ought not to write it over.

"What will you do with it when you get it written again, Dick?"

"There are publishers in New York as well as in Chicago," replied Richard cheerfully.

"I have heard there were publishers in Shanghai and Bombay. Why don't you try them, Dick? It would be a great hit. And I should think at a dollar and ten

cents a day heaving coal you could earn enough in six months to pay postage on the manuscript both ways."

Richard looked at Tom and laughed.

"You may poke fun all you wish. But the child of my brain is very dear to me. Yes," he went on, talking to himself more than to Tom, "I may be called the prize egotist of Chicago, but I do believe in my book, and if I never get a publisher, I shall believe in it clear to the end of every chapter. If a man doesn't believe in his own work, Tom," he said, coming out of his meditation, "how can he maintain his self-respect?"

"Can't, of course. I admire your grit, Dick, and if you forget some of the finer passages in the book when you get to work on it again, perhaps I can supply a few original ideas that will do just as well."

"Much obliged," replied Richard, with his usual gravity at Tom's absurd speeches.

Then the talk about the sermon so rudely interrupted by the fire was resumed, and from that it was an easy transition to the preacher himself.

"Suppose we go and call this week Saturday," said Richard.

"I don't care, if I can get off. Wonder how it would do to report the call for the morning edition," added Tom, his reporter instincts coming to the front. "It wouldn't look bad, would it, to get half a column called 'John King at home! A Glance Into the Famous Preacher's Study! His Methods of Sermonizing?'"

Richard bristled up at this.

"Tom, if you take a note, or breathe a syllable into the paper of our call, I will cut you off with a nickel. I will never loan you that hundred dollars when I get the thousand-dollar check for my book."

"It will be a pity, though, to let such a good chance go by. King is a hard man to get into the papers, and yet no man furnishes such good copy. All right. I won't do anything. Of course it wouldn't be fair. Shall we go in evening dress?"

"Tom, you'd better go to bed. Who ever heard of calling on John King in evening dress? Besides, you know all my clothes, such as they are, are devoured by the flames."

"It's lucky we both wear number fifteen and a half collars, isn't it?" put in the irrepressible Tom. "And if you'll sharpen up the old razor, I'll let you use half of it."

Tom was in high spirits at the prospect of having Richard with him again. It had been a source of vexation to him that when Richard came to the city he had refused to room with his old chum. He had good reasons for it. He needed a room all by himself, where he could think and talk aloud, and walk up and down, and write at the book, perfectly secure from interruption. So he had taken his own room. But now that the fire had thrown him upon Tom's boundless hospitality and he could not help himself, he, as well as Tom, felt a glow of pleasure.

"This is like the old times, isn't it, chum?" said Tom. "If we only had that old student lamp we bought in our freshman's year! Do you remember what a curious trick it had of going out without a second's warning and for no apparent reason, leaving us totally in the dark and generally without a match in the room?"

"Yes, and do you remember the habit you had of filling the old thing while it was lighted?"

"Yes, I guess I do. And how you used to retire into the closet until the explosion was over. But I don't remember that it ever blew up but once, and then it scorched off my first moustache. How long ago that seems, Dick!"

And so the two talked late into the night, until Richard said he must get his sleep for the morrow's work.

"All right," said Tom, rising and taking down his Bible. "You read," he said to Richard.

It had been their regular college habit and it seemed very natural to Tom that the custom should be observed to-night. In the old college days Tom sometimes read a

portion of Scripture, but he never offered prayer.

Richard read a part of the One Hundred and Third Psalm and then prayed as naturally as he talked. It was the way his mother had taught him to do.

"Gracious Master," he said, "Thou hast been good to us. We have been spared this day. We have health and power of body and mind. And if some things have happened, nay, Lord, not happened,—I did not mean that,—but if we have been unable to know why some things have been allowed, we feel quite sure eternity will be long enough to explain them in ; and we can wait. One thing we know. We love Thee. As we sleep we commit ourselves to Thy care, that slumbers not, neither sleeps. If the morrow has its hardships or temptations, dear Lord, shall it not also have its escape from them or its strength through them ? We can trust it all with Thee. Our greatest desire is to do Thy will. Make us strong to do it. And may our night's repose be that of those who lean as hard as they need on the divine right arm, and our morning waking be that of those who behold in every turning of the earth about the sun another and a newer opportunity to bless the race of men and glorify the name of God. In Christ's name. Amen."

Nothing of special interest occurred during the week in the history of the two friends. Richard continued his work at the coal yard, and at Tom's earnest request remained at Tom's room with him, taking his evening dinner as before. When Saturday night came the two went to call on the preacher.

John King was up in his study. The servant told them to go right up and knock at the first door at the head of the landing. A strong and cheerful voice said :—

"Come in !" and they entered, their interest in the coming interview with the great preacher heightened by the very first thing they saw.

What they saw was a long and rather narrow room, not very high, surrounded on three sides by books and pictures and at the farther end what looked like a car-

penter, shop and a chemical laboratory. John King was sitting by a bench bending over a retort. He said as the young men came in :—

"Just sit down a minute, gentlemen, and I will be at leisure soon. I am experimenting on some chemicals for my night school."

Richard and Tom sat down and watched the experiment and the man who was making it. Truly they spoke the truth who said Nature had dealt kindly with John King. He had the figure of an athlete, a little stouter than one would be who was in training for a race, but a rugged frame withal, a royal head crowned with black curly hair, and a general air of superabundant vitality that made one feel rested with him.

After a moment he seemed satisfied with the precipitate in the vessel, and laying it down on the bench, greeted his visitors with a heartiness that made them feel as if they had known him a lifetime. That was one of the charms about John King—he had no secrets from men; he wanted to share everything with them: and that was one reason all sorts of men trusted him.

"This is the reporter, is it?" he asked as he shook Tom's hand.

"Yes, sir. But I am not a reporter to-night. I promise not to put you into the paper."

John King smiled. "Do you know," he said, "I consider the newspaper profession one of the noblest on earth, almost next to the ministry for its opportunities. I came very near going into journalism myself."

"You would have made a good one, sir," said Tom, wondering at himself for his familiarity with the great preacher.

"What makes you think so?" asked King, looking amused and pleased at Tom's frankness.

"Because you stick to facts so closely in your preaching," replied the unblushing Tom.

John King laughed. "Let me show you a specimen of my early reporting." He went to a desk, opened a

drawer, and pulled out some papers. "I began life as a reporter on a city daily when I had been a year out of college," he continued, as he looked over the papers; "and I have here the very first item of local news I ever worked up. Ah! here it is. I remember at the time I was bound to succeed. The editor of the paper, in his instructions, told me to ascertain facts and write nothing else. The first day I went out on the street I heard of an accident to a small boy. I inquired about the particulars, and being anxious to work up a good thing, I wrote up the affair as follows:—

"Serious Accident.—Yesterday afternoon, as a little son of Henry B. Slater was playing in the road, he was run over by a wagon load of bricks and his right foot and ankle badly crushed. The Rev. John McGaw happened to be passing at the time and carried the boy home. Drs. Smith and Jones were summoned and set the broken ankle. The boy is in a precarious condition, and fears are entertained concerning the chances for his recovery."

"This was printed in the next morning's paper. The day after the editor received the following letter, which he handed to me without any comments:—

"Dear Sir,—Permit me to correct a little item of news in your issue of yesterday. It was an item headed 'Serious Accident,' and described the running over by a load of bricks of a little son of Henry B. Slater. It was a good description of a load of bricks, but after that the narrative lacked reliability. Allow me to say that the boy's name was not Slater, but Silver, and his father's name was not Henry B., but Hanson P. The boy's foot and ankle were not injured. The flesh was torn from his little toe so that the wound was painful, but not serious. I suppose I am the person referred to as Rev. John McGaw. My name is McGrath, and I am a minister. Drs. Smith and Jones were not present, but Dr. Rob-

inson, who happened to be going by, dressed the wound and the boy will be playing on the street in a day or two, ready to be killed again. I am, very respectfully, yours for accuracy,

JAMES (not JOHN) McGRATH."

"That ended my journalism with that paper," said the preacher, with such a good-humored look at Tom that he won his confidence at once.

Richard sat thus far in silence, feeling a little embarrassed, wondering if John King remembered him in his capacity as driver of the coal wagon. He was not long left in doubt. John King had a good way of coming right to the point.

He turned to Richard with a look of frank inquiry.

"It is none of my business, but I have been curious to know how a young man like you happens to be driving a coal wagon."

Richard looked into John King's clear, earnest gray eyes, and then told him the whole story. He said afterward he couldn't help it. It seemed to him that stalwart figure sitting by the bench in that unique room demanded the story of him. So it all came out, the history of the book and all. And by the time Richard finished, the man who sat opposite had had a good look into the young author's inner life and feelings. He had interrupted with a question or an exclamation now and then during the narrative, and when Richard spoke of his motive in going to work on the coal barge he nodded as if understanding it. When he reached the account of the fire and the burning of his book, John King leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands over the back of his head; and when Richard said quietly that he meant to write the book again, the preacher rose and walked up and down the room. "Just the way you do, Dick," whispered Tom.

The preacher paused in his walk close by Richard and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My brother," he exclaimed, "I thank you for telling me your story. It reminded me of much in my own younger days. Some time I will tell you about it. But I want you to do some work for me. You must leave your work at the coal yard and teach the boys in my evening school."

Richard looked thoughtful. Tom broke in :—

"I think it's a shame Dick is in that business. Mr. King, he's as obstinate as a Rocky Mountain burro. But I'll tell you how you can get him to do something else. Offer him less pay. Then he'll think he ought to do it, sure."

"Very well," replied John King with an honest twinkle of the eyes, turning to Richard. "What are you getting now?"

"One dollar and ten cents a day," said Richard.

"Well, I cannot offer you more than one dollar an evening. The board will not allow more for the special night schools just started."

"There you are, Dick. Better accept the offer. Nobody could say you changed parishes for the sake of the salary," put in Tom, unmindful of where he was. The fact was, Tom felt as completely at home with the great man as if he had known him always.

"What is the work?" asked Richard, feeling that a crisis of some sort was ahead of him, but quite ready to rely much on this new friendship of the strong man who had drawn him so completely out of himself.

"You will have to teach the common branches to a school of boys picked off the street; from seven to nine in the evening. Rough work. This school I have in mind I call mine. It is simply a school containing boys that I have been able to get to come. I want the right young man for a teacher. I believe you could do the work admirably. Then you would have more time for the rewriting of your book."

Richard exclaimed, "I hadn't thought of that! Well, sir, I'll do it. When shall I begin?"

"You can start in next Monday night. I'll go with you and launch you into the work. Now that's settled, tell me more about the book."

Richard described the general character and plan of his creation. John King listened intently.

"By the way," he said, "when you finish it again, why not try the papers or magazines and have it come out in chapters? It seems to me from your description that it would take best in that form."

"Hadh't thought of it," replied Richard.

"Would the papers print what all the publishers reject?" asked Tom.

"That depends. Sometimes they will. At any rate it is worth trying. If it were mine, I would offer it to the papers."

The talk drifted into literature in general. Names of famous authors came up. "That makes me think," exclaimed King, jumping up. "You, Mr. Reporter, will be interested in my autograph book of letters from great men."

He took out of the desk a wide, well-worn scrap-book, and handed it over to Tom, who at once began to break the Tenth Commandment the minute he began to read. Tom had a passion for autographs and had in some ingenious manner succeeded in getting several famous ones. But here was a feast. It was not every day in the week that one saw such well-known men represented all together in penmanship. There was a brief note from Gladstone; another from Spurgeon; another, even more rare, from Tennyson. Walter Scott's well-known signature and Charles Dickens' familiar name looked out from the same page; while Frederick Robertson, Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks, with a score of other well-known writers and orators and preachers made up a collection probably unequaled in America. Tom drew long breaths as he gazed at the names.

"Is this book for sale?" he asked.

"Not yet," answered John King, with a genial look

at Tom. "When my body dies I hope that collection will pass into the hands of some one who will appreciate it as much as you seem to."

There was a little more discussion of noted men, and John King told one or two anecdotes of famous people he had met, telling everything in the most simple, child-like way, but causing Tom and Richard to listen breathlessly, perfectly carried away by this actual nearness to the great man of history. Richard was the first to make a move to go.

"Come, Tom, it is after nine o'clock, and Mr. King is the busiest man in the city. Will you forgive us, sir, for taking up so much of your time?"

"Perhaps just such calls and acquaintances as this to-night are among the most important things that *make* me busy," replied John King. "No, sir, you needn't offer any apology. Apologies weaken. Yes, come around to tea with me Monday at six and I'll go with you to the school. I shall look for your faces Sunday night. God be with you both, my brothers! The life that now is contains the germ of all the rest that shall be. Don't forget that, will you? Good-night!"

"I say, John King is a brick—a whole load of bricks!" said Tom, calling the preacher's story of reporting to mind as the two walked home.

"He certainly is a wonderful man. I believe I told him every secret I had," mused Richard. "How did I happen to?"

"Magnetism, hypnotism, or something of that sort, probably. Why, Dick you told him things you never spoke of to me! I don't feel hurt; but I shall take lessons from John King on hypnotism and then worm every inmost thought out of your bosom."

"It wasn't hypnotism," said Richard thoughtfully; "it was a real interest in me as another human being—an interest all alive with the best feeling in the world, love for all men. I believe that is the true secret of John King's power."

This call made a deep impression on both young men, and when they faced the preacher again on the Sunday evening they had a feeling of pleasurable pride in thinking of their acquaintance with him, for John King was at this time the best-known man in America. Famous people on both sides of the water called him friend: and yet through all the adulation and flattery, and criticism of friend and foe, he moved along with a simplicity which was real greatness, his one great passion being a love of men.

His sermon this evening was entirely different from any that Tom and Richard ever heard him preach before. Usually his address was devoid of what men call oratory or even eloquence. This evening he seemed to come out of a communion with an unseen but powerful presence that inflamed action and swept his thought along like a prairie fire with a raging wind behind it.

His text was in the first chapter of John's Gospel, the fourth verse: "In him was life." And after showing that the writer must have had in his mind something far more searching than the conception of physical or even moral existence, he went on, face and form and voice growing in intensity of expression to the close.

"The life that flows through our existence is but a sluggish ditch compared with the full, deep, powerful current pressing both banks full to the brim which flowed through the being of our blessed Lord.

"Some time when your body is entirely free from weakness or disease of any kind, when you are on terms of the most loving intimacy with God and man, when the air seems like the fabled food of the Greek gods, and the arching firmament is a curtain of amethyst adorned with silver-encircled diamonds of light, when it is exquisite luxury to breathe and an unspeakable delight to love and a profound joy to pray, when you think of God as a Father and man as a brother—then you may know something of the meaning of life as a tide setting in toward the shore, rising over dead seaweed, wash-

ing the dull pebbles into a brighter color, filling every little nook and inlet and splashing its crested foam even over the high-water mark of an ordinary sea rising. But even all that must be far below the existence of Christ, who lived on the manward side as we never do. Nay, in him it was not alone a tide, ebbing and flowing; it was the ocean itself, causing tides of human movement, itself the source and fountain of all most heavenly, most divine.

"In Christ was life, because his moral fiber and tissue were free from disease. Every faculty of his soul worked without friction. The parts were all perfectly adjusted. They moved in due harmony of proportion. The benumbing hand of sin was never laid on his pure existence. Temptation he knew, but not the shame of yielding. Sorrow was his guest, but never Remorse. Prayer was his daily breath, but never a prayer of repentance. The vision of his soul was clear. The beating of his heart was true. The grasp of his thought was firm. Woe to us if Christ were not sinless! He could lay no claim to the possession of a unique life if he had once let that robber, Sin, break into the sanctity of his person. He has broken into every other soul. He had robbed us of air and light and other jewels of full-adorned existence; but he was not able to overcome our Lord and Master. And the life that was in him suffered no loss, but was rich with a wealth that never knew theft or repression. The wages of sin is death, and in Christ was life because he never knew even the slightest shock of that paralysis which the human race has all felt since it first chose freely between good and evil.

"But, also, in Christ was life because of the life He could give to others. That is to have life indeed! To have enough and to spare—that is the wonder of it. To be able to give out so abundantly and continuously and yet reserve the greatest exhibition for the very last—that is power! For He rose of Himself from the dead. He said He has power to lay His life down, and power to take

it again. No one saw Christ's resurrection. It was a sight too awful in its unparalleled solemnity and tremendous mysteriousness for even the glittering angel who rolled back the stone and sat upon it—even for him to behold. And yet He was so like a frozen flash of light in His majestic splendor that, as He suddenly shot down out of a clear sky, the fifty or sixty hardened, brutal, stolid, indifferent, yet military machines of Roman soldiers fell like dead men in their fright all around the tomb. No, not even this heavenly messenger, who had doubtless seen many a wonderful sight in heaven's regions before the presence of innumerable other beings like himself—not even he was permitted to witness the coming to life of our Lord and Saviour. Alone, the spirit of warmth and color and motion came back into that form once racked with torture on the cross. Was it a gradual arising, a glow of transformation, gentle, almost imperceptible, like the rosy flush that sometimes creeps over the scattered clouds resting near the sun-rising? Or did the form rise at once, the Jesus of life, the same yet different, the print of the nails in the hands and the spear thrust in the side yet visible, but the form itself passing out of the cold, dark sepulchre into the peaceful perfume of that garden, so different from Gethsemane, now rolled away into the past, but never to be effaced from the heart or memory of redeemed mankind? How shall we ever know *how* it was done? Enough for us that it was done. The Lord of life and glory conquered the last grim enemy. How he must have fallen in impotent rage on hell's black threshold as Christ shook off his clammy fetters and swept them into the farthest corner of the tomb, folded the garments of his burial with a calmness which betokened no hasty terror of his grisly surroundings, and with the first breath of his newly created being dissolved once and forever the icy chill of Death's embraces! 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Eternal Life has driven thee out of thine own stronghold. Henceforth thou art doomed to skulk

through the world, no longer a terror to the Christian. Thou smiter of the body, thou raging but powerless enemy of the body—smite that, if thou choosest! What care we? Canst thou touch the soul? The Christ who took our nature went to meet thee for our sakes, and far from finding thee a formidable foe, after letting thee do thy worst, after three days of contact with thy coldness and stillness and darkness, He rose again, and thou couldst not prevent it, although all hell were summoned to assist thee. Truly in Him was life!

"We read the story of Christ. We carelessly discuss the words. We pick here and there a blossom from this plant of twenty centuries. But still we have not swept more than one string of the instrument that shall hereafter sing His power. I expect to know Him sometime as He was on earth. It will be a part of eternity's lesson to study the Incarnation. But until that more perfect time shall come, before heaven's gates of pearl shall swing open to disclose the beauties of that celestial throne of God to my enraptured soul, Christ shall be to me my life, a foretaste of heaven on earth, a breath of being which shall grow into an eternity of existence like His."

The service closed with an earnest prayer that men might not reject the life so freely offered them in the Saviour. The great audience scarcely breathed. At the close many crowded around John King. Richard looked at Tom. "No, I can't see him to-night," he said in a strained voice. Richard went out with him, and little was said that evening. Tom buried himself in a new book and Richard read his Bible, thinking of Tom, and praying that the struggle in him might be soon followed by that life in him which was in Christ. But he felt that much wisdom was required. As well as he knew Tom, and as freely as they discussed every topic, he felt that there was a point where even friendship could do little. Tom must fight out the battle of his soul alone. It was best so. The next day Richard notified the foreman at the coal yard that he had found a new job. He had been

working by the day, and was under no obligation to stay any longer than he chose. The foreman expressed his regret. "You're the best hand I ever had at this job. Sorry to lose ye. There'll be more swearin' when you're gone. The boys kind o' let up when you're around. They have an idea you don't like it. But they've been on a terrible strain, an' 'tain't in nature to keep from swearin' in this business very long. Well, good luck to ye! Come an' see us. My wife don't forget the little present you gave her to give to Mrs. Inness. She was mighty thankful for it, I can tell ye."

Richard was surprised to find how much attached to the foreman and two or three of the men he had grown to be. He shook hands all around, and as he went into the barge office to get an article of clothing and came out and walked away, he felt a tear roll down his cheek as the foreman waved a grimy hand at him in farewell. He had come in touch with a very rough and dirty humanity, but under its grime and hardness beat a heart that throbbed true to feelings of tenderness and justice and brotherhood; and he felt that his experience there in that old barge had given him something which all his college course did not supply. He was not sorry that he had worked there. He knew men better for it, and loved them more.

He took tea with Mr. King that evening. The preacher lived with his sister, a pleasant but very quiet lady, who worshipped her brother, and regarded his slightest wish as law. If he had given the house and all in it to the first stranger that came along, she would have considered it all right, and gone out into the street with her brother without a word of remonstrance or objection. The most remarkable gatherings of people met around John King's table. Distinguished persons, whose names were in the papers, and who were known around the world, sat down by the side of John King's neighbors who had hardly gone out of the ward in which they were born. It was not an uncommon thing for a

poor, everyday workingman to have an invitation to John King's house to meet a famous author or platform orator or scientist. King said, "My Master, Jesus Christ, used to eat with fishermen and day laborers, and He was a king. If my guests will not associate with persons who would be the companions of Christ if He were again on earth, then they are no guests of mine. My house is His. If Jesus were to come in as a carpenter, and the most famous man on earth refused to sit beside Him, I would show that famous man to the door." So it came to pass that the company at John King's was often a remarkable assemblage of rich and poor, of authors and preachers and laborers and inventors and poor students and struggling young doctors and world-renowned statesmen and next-door neighbors. For most men this would have been a dangerous experiment. The difficulties in the way of making the different kinds of people mix up well would have been almost insurmountable. But King managed somehow to harmonize the most heterogeneous company. It was his overflowing love for men that made it possible.

This evening Richard was the only guest; but it was a wonderful treat to him to meet this man in his own home on terms of such intimacy. The hour passed all too quickly, and before seven o'clock struck Richard was won to John King. He would have followed him around the globe.

"Well, suppose we start along to the school," said the host as the hour struck. "We'll have just about time to walk over there."

As they walked along King explained the purpose of the night schools. They were supported by the city, the Board of Education renting and warming and lighting the various rooms and selecting the teachers through an advisory board, of which King was chairman. The particular school where he wished to place Richard had been the terror of every teacher in charge. The boys and young men who attended were, for the most part, the roughest and wildest in the city. It was only the week

before Richard's call that the man in charge of the school had given notice to the board that he could not supply the place any longer. The minute John King saw Richard he said to himself, "You're my man." When he heard his story about the book he was sure that Richard could make himself very useful in the charge of those boys.

The schoolroom was an old warehouse near the river. It was well lighted and warmed, seated with comfortable benches, and supplied with blackboards and several good maps. It was a fair-sized room, seating about fifty. The room was filling up rapidly as they went in. The snow was falling, and as Richard passed along the little corridor, two very hard snowballs whizzed by his ear and struck the wall by the door. He did not even look around, but quietly followed John King into the room. When the seats were filled the preacher struck a small bell on the desk, and spokè. There certainly was a fascination about John King when he faced any kind of an audience.

"Boys," he said, speaking very quietly and lovingly, "I've brought you a young man as a teacher that you will like; I know you will. His name is Mr. Bruce, and I want you to treat him well. You have not been fair to the other teachers. Remember you are fifty to one. What would you think of one of your own number getting forty-nine other boys to help him lick one small fellow? And yet that is just what every one of you does every time he sides with the school to make it hot for the teacher. I don't want to think that one of my boys here is a coward. Make the most of your opportunities here. Remember what the good God made you for. There isn't a brighter set of boys in America. Don't let me have reason to be ashamed of you. I love you, boys; you know I do; and I want you to make me proud of you, too. We will take up the regular lessons, and I will stay and help Mr. Bruce to-night."

Richard never forgot that first night of his night-school experience. It was worth a good deal to see the

famous preacher, with infinite patience and the most loving sympathy, bending his tall form over some coarse, dirty, ragged urchin, teaching him the very first rudiments of learning. The boys were noisy, and the room grew close and uncomfortable, but there was no disturbance to speak of. The whole school was under the influence of King. There was one boy, however, whom Richard picked out at once as a ringleader, a "tough" in every sense of that much-abused epithet. He went by the name of Con. His face was the worst face in a room full of coarse, hard faces. Richard wondered what there was in it to redeem it, and during the evening studied it to find a good point somewhere, but failed. Going home he mentioned this face to the preacher.

He nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I know that boy. He is the only boy I never had any influence over. I have sometimes been tempted to believe that he is simply a devil in human shape. He has a satanic face. Perhaps you can touch him somewhere, Bruce; he may be yours to redeem. Think of that as a possibility."

The words made a deep impression on Richard, and helped him greatly in the trying scenes that were to follow.

He went to his work the next night with some misgiving. But he opened his school with singing, and soon found that his boys could sing like a tornado. They liked it, and Richard felt encouraged. It was a hopeful sign. After singing "Marching through Georgia" and "John Brown's Body" and "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," some of the boys, led by the boy Con, began to stamp their feet. Richard did not appear to notice it, and when the song was finished he gave out a popular street tune of the day, singing the solo part himself and asking the boys to join in the chorus. Richard had a good bass voice, and the boys listened to him quietly, joining in the chorus with a heartiness which made everything in the old room rattle. There was the same dis-

turbance from the quarter where Con sat, but Richard paid no attention and at once began the lessons.

As the time drew on toward nine o'clock, the school grew restless, the noise increased, and the fifty boys seemed bound to torment Richard to the full extent of their ability, which was something enormous. Richard went on with the classes, keeping his eyes on the room as much as possible. But as he was stooping over one of the younger boys to show him a sum on his slate, a stone flew by his head, just grazing his temple, and struck with a crash on the bench behind him, making a deep dent in the wood. He had the thought in his mind, "Great God! If that stone had struck me in the head, it might have killed me!" But he straightened up and looked at the school in silence. There was an instant hush. Richard spoke slowly. "Boys, you do not know me. If you think I have kept from punishing you or saying anything yet because I am afraid, you are mistaken. I shall never strike a boy while I teach this school; but if you think I am afraid of you, look here." Richard seized the biggest boy in the room, shook him out of his seat with a suddenness that completely stupefied him, grasped his two wrists together and held them with one hand, and asked the boy to get away if he could. The boy squirmed and twisted, and even kicked at Richard savagely. There were shouts of "Roast the dude!" "Mash his mug for him, Jimmy!" But Jimmy might as well have tried to get out of a bear trap. It was not for nothing that Richard Bruce had been called the strongest man in college, and held his own single-handed against every other champion in the intercollegiate games. He felt confident of his great strength of hand and arm now, and held the boy as easily as most men would hold a baby. When he was satisfied that the boy had had enough he let go of him and told him to sit down, and turning to the school said in tones of inexpressible affection and sadness, "Boys, I love you. I want to do you good. Why don't you let me? I am

not your enemy. I am your best friend. Won't you believe it? School is dismissed."

The boys went out quietly for them. Jimmy was the butt of every possible slang sarcasm. But the act of Richard had its effect upon the boys. They were beginning to respect him. They were puzzled, too. The fact that a man as strong as that did not mean to do any licking was a mystery. "My! couldn't he do some whalin' if he started in!" said one small boy, who had looked on with open eyes when Jimmy was pulled out of his seat. It seemed to him like a sheer waste of material not to put that muscle into practical use.

Richard walked home in a thoughtful mood; but he was determined to win over that school to a boy. It was almost as plain to him as if he had seen it that Con had throw that stone at him. If Con were really a devil, it would really be a victory worth while to conquer him by the weapons of love.

But the next two nights were a trial to Richard. The boys had only partly understood his speech. It was only by the exercise of tremendous will power that he succeeded in keeping even fair order. Con led off in all sorts of deviltry. More than once Richard was tempted to strike him or throw him out of the room. The school at times boiled with that restless confusion characteristic of the feverishness of street life in big cities. Going home Thursday evening Richard narrowly missed being knocked down by a heavy billet of wood thrown at him. It struck him on the shoulder and tore off skin and flesh, tearing his coat badly.

He asked Tom to bathe the wound when he reached the room, not saying much about it, but told his chum a little of his contest with the boys. Tom boiled over with indignation.

"If it was my school, I'd turn in and lick every last boy in it until he couldn't stand up. You know you could do it, Dick. I'll go with you and see fair play."

"Tom, isn't love stronger than the devil?" asked

Richard; but Tom fumed away, stormed up and down the room, and asked Richard if it wasn't all right to shoot the devil at sight.

"I'm not going to win this fight that way, Tom. I've an idea that the boys don't understand me yet. That Con is not a human being, apparently. I am thoroughly convinced that he threw that club at me. It was a cowardly thing to do, in the dark and behind one's back, but shows the boy's depravity. I'm going to win him. Tom," after a pause, "do you remember the exhibition we gave once before the Reform School in Blackville during the college recess? Will you help me give it again to my school on Saturday night?"

"Old man, I'll do anything for you. Can you remember all those sleight-of-hand tricks again?"

"Yes, I think so. We can practise them to-morrow evening. I will see John King, and he will get me some apparatus I need, I am quite sure."

"All right. But there'll be a row if there's any throwing of bricks during the performance. I'm not going to have my head knocked off by a lot of city toughs without hitting back."

"Tom, you'll be careful, won't you? Remember my object in giving the exhibition. I wish to win the boys' respect. But if there's any fighting it will simply destroy the whole effect of my action so far."

"All right. I won't fight any," muttered Tom; "but if that Con throws any of his missiles at me I will throw him out of the window without going to the trouble of opening it."

The next evening the two practiced their program, Richard with great hope. When Saturday night came Richard and Tom started for the school, carrying between them a large valise containing the apparatus for the performance. Richard had given notice of the exhibition the night before.

"There will be a full house," he said.

When he and Tom entered, they were greeted by a

crowd that filled up windows and aisles. As the two friends marched in and crowded their way to the platform, Richard was aware of one face, uglier, more Satanic and cruel than any face in the room—the face of Con ; and he knew by his look that he had come to make trouble. Richard offered up a short prayer for help and faced the school with an earnest, loving gaze. It was the look of Christ.

CHAPTER V.

For verily the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom many.—Jesus Christ.

Richard's object in giving the exhibition to the school was twofold. He wished to show the boys that he knew something besides the studies of the schoolroom, and he had a hope that he might touch the boy Con somewhere by the performance. He began by a short preface on the history of juggling, and told of one or two good stories of famous performers. Then he passed at once to a trick which he felt quite sure the boys had not seen performed by any street pedlar. It consisted in seeming to create a neat little bouquet in his buttonhole. It was a simple thing and was done by previously passing an elastic cord, which was fastened to the lapel of his coat, down his coat sleeve to his hand. To the end of the cord was attached a small artificial bouquet of colored rubber which Richard held in his hand. When he let go of this, the tension of the cord drew the artificial flowers up his sleeve, and the bouquet appeared to fly upon his coat lapel from the air, or to grow there suddenly. The boys were very quiet, and seemed disposed to enjoy the show for a while at least. Richard thought he had better take advantage of his fickle audience in time, and proceeded with one of his best tricks, which required the use of Tom.

Tom was in a belligerent mood to-night. He had not recovered from his indignation at the injury done to his old chum, for whom he had almost the tenderness of a lover. He knew that this evening Richard was suffering intensely from the wound in his shoulder, and con-

cealing his pain with Spartan courage. Tom glanced at the rough, coarse faces crowding the old warehouse with almost a savage feeling at heart, and without a particle of fear. He did not know what fear was, but he did know what hate was, and the moment he recognized the boy Con he hated him ; and he said to himself as he looked at the boy : " You devil ! If you dare to make any row here to-night, I'll fling you out of the window, or my name is not Tom Howard ! " All this went through Tom's mind as Richard calmly proceeded with the performance.

" I have here," Richard began, with an absurd speech to detract attention from other things, " the most remarkable specimen of humanity ever seen. He is a native of Boogaboo, in the Islands of the Moon, and was captured in a wild state. He is partially tamed and will not bite or kick unless very much provoked. His favorite food is green strawberries and shingle nails, although he relishes dried apple pie and sponge cake with mucilage for sauce. Come here, sir ! " continued Richard, stretching out his arm dramatically toward Tom. He grasped Tom by the coat with one hand, thrust the other inside of one pocket and pulled out a live rabbit, then as rapidly put his hand into another pocket and extracted a bag. He threw the bag down upon the table, opened it, and pulled out a peck of turnips, two cabbages, several handfuls of hay, half a dozen eggs, and as many potatoes. Then holding the bag up, he exclaimed : " Well, if this isn't strange ! I thought it was empty ! " He turned the bag inside out, and there fell upon the table a bundle very carefully bound about with string. Richard untied the string and took out of the bundle four little lanterns, each with a tiny candle in it. He set them on the edge of the table and asked the nearest boy to lend him a match. The boy grinned and said he didn't have any. " What ! " said Richard, stepping down from the platform, " haven't any ? Why, your hair is full of them ! " He reached out his hand and apparently pulled a match out of the boy's

uncombed hair, and a roar went up from the school as the amazed boy put his hand up to his head and picked half a bunch of loose matches out of his tangled locks. Richard quickly lighted the candles in the lanterns and told the boys to watch them. "While you are watching them, the wild man from Boogaboo will supply the company with anything they desire. This is the peculiarity of this wild man. He carries with him, or has on his person, any article or articles that people need. Ask for what you want and he will supply it."

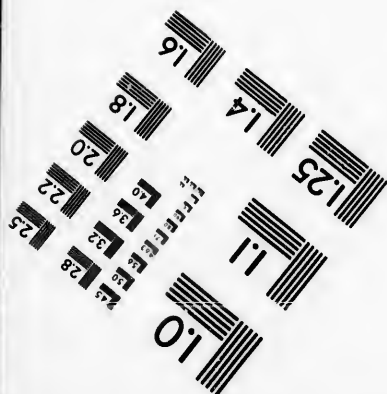
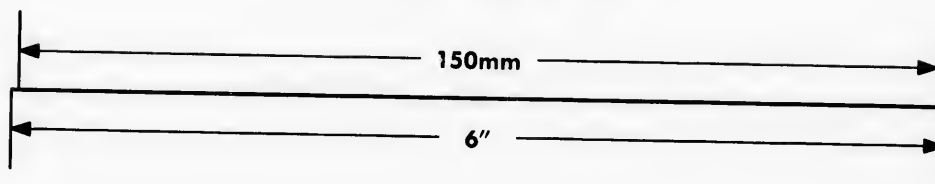
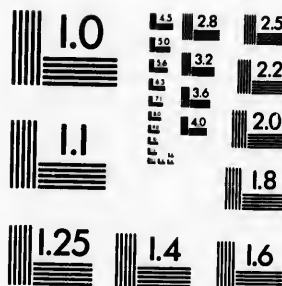
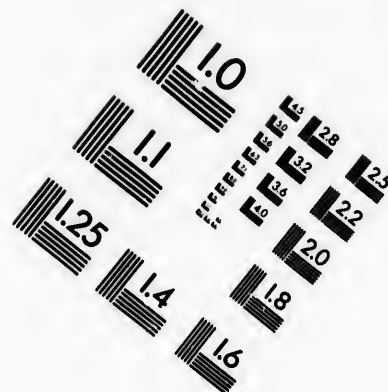
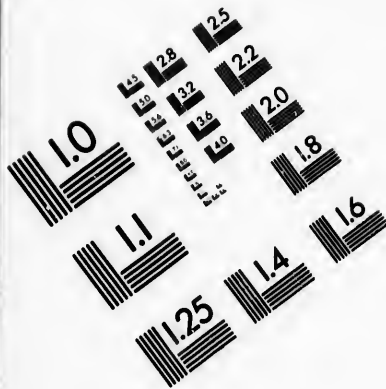
"A jackknifel!" shouted a small boy sitting on the desk near Richard.

Tom gravely put his hand up to his ear, seemed to extract a jackknife, and tossed it at the boy. But the cries that rose all over the room were simply deafening. Richard raised his hand in warning. He had seen Con make a movement for mischief, and feared that the storm was coming. He had thought by using a trick on which he and Tom had in the old college days spent much ingenuity, for the sake of the Reform School, to hold the interest of the boys, and even subdue the spirit of Con. And he was going to follow it up by an exhibition of physical strength which had no deception about it, and close with a brief talk on the value of physical training and the necessity of keeping bodies pure and clean in order to have the best results. But the storm broke before he was ready for it. Con had watched the school, and had seen that in a short time it would be under the control of the new master. He started the restless element around him, and in a second every boy in the room was yelling for a different thing to be given him by the wild man from Boogaboo. Richard's eye flashed fire. He stepped to the edge of the platform and began to speak. "Boys!" he said, "if you will—" That was as far as he reached, when some one threw an inkstand at him. It struck him full in the face, and Tom thought Dick was killed. The blood spattered even upon him as he stood there. With a cry that arose above the din,

now growing more furious, Tom leaped down upon the benches regardless of everybody and made for Con. He had seen him throw the bottle, and he thirsted to get hold of him. A dozen boys threw themselves upon Tom, but he struggled away from them, and reaching Con, who was trying to crowd out of the crush toward the door, he seized him and dragged him toward one of the windows. Tom's blood was up, and, being a tremendously muscular fellow, he was determined to carry out his threat and literally throw Con through the window, glass, sash, and all. The mob around the two was terrible. Some of the worst elements in that wicked city were represented in that coarse gathering of humanity, the offspring of wretched poverty, disease, and incompetent city government. There were boys there who had witnessed murders unmoved, and even participated in serious assaults and vile crimes. They would have thought no more of maiming Tom for life than of torturing a dog in the street. But Tom was a giant in his rage. He had seen his best friend savagely struck, and was conscious that he had sunk back into a chair, fainting from the blow, and perhaps dying from it. All the old bloodthirsty spirit of retaliation surged into Tom's heart at the sight, and he could have killed the boy Con with pleasure. As it was, he meant to thrash him within an inch of his miserable life, and then throw him through the window, and he dimly hoped as he dragged him toward it that the fall would maim him for the rest of his days. The other boys struck him with everything in reach. His clothes were a handful of rags, his face streaming with blood, but he finally reached the window and got his back against the wall. It was at that moment that Con, who, during the struggle had managed to get a knife out of his pocket and open it, stabbed Tom through his right hand, driving the blade completely through his palm. It was the act of a devil. With a great cry of pain Tom released his hold upon him. Con struck him savagely on the face, and in a moment Tom was staggering to the floor. His life



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would not be worth a feather if once the boys got him down and began to trample on him. He felt dizzy and faint. Suddenly the door was thrown open and John King entered, followed by three policemen.

There was a wild scramble for the windows, and a few boys escaped; but the officers prevented the rest. One of them laid his hands on Con, recognizing him as an old offender. The other boys slunk back into the room, and John King stooped over Tom, who had partly fallen and partly leaned against a bench, faint with the struggle and the terrible wound in his hand.

"Better see to Dick, sir," he groaned. "I think these devils have killed him."

John King uttered a cry of sorrow, and, striding up to the platform, lifted Richard from the chair where he had sunk down, and laid him on the table. Then he turned on the boys and said in a low but terrible tone :

"Who did this?"

Not a boy stirred. Tom cried out faintly :

"That devil there did it. I saw him."

The officer tightened his grip on Con. The boy uttered no cry and made no resistance. John King turned to Richard and gently wiped the blood from the face. Richard stirred and began to recover consciousness. King ordered one of the policemen to send at once for an ambulance, and made one of the boys bring water. He bathed Richard's face, and was relieved to find that his injury was not so serious as he had first feared. The glass had broken and cut a small gash across Richard's cheek, but it was the force of the blow that had stunned him. He sat up and asked for Tom.

Tom staggered down the aisle to the platform.

"We've been having a little show here to-night, Dick," he said with an attempt to be pleasant. "The only mistake was in not charging admission. I haven't had so much for the money's worth since the last football scrimmage."

"Are you hurt?" asked Richard faintly

"I don't know," said Tom, and with the words he sank down on a bench, and for the first and only time in his life fainted dead away.

Fortunately the ambulance was near by. As it rattled up to the door, King, with the help of the officers and the attendant who had come with the vehicle, carried Richard and Tom out to it. The policeman in charge of Con seemed to be acting under orders from the preacher. A brief word was exchanged between them. The policeman took an extra twist in Con's coat collar and said to him grimly, "Now then, young feller, we'll be movin' along to our European hotel." He marched him outdoors and disappeared down the street with him, followed by a gang of boys, who kept at a respectful distance.

King turned to the school crowded about the door and the ambulance. The boys never forgot his look. He did not say a word; only looked. Rough, coarse, and cruel as many of them were, they shrunk back as if John King had smitten them in the face.

King ordered the ambulance to drive to his own home. The boys were carried into the house and a doctor called in at once. Richard's injury proved to be only slight, comparatively; but Tom was seriously hurt. The wound in his hand where Con had stabbed him was of a severe nature. The doctor looked grave as he dressed it. Tom came out of his faint, but seemed stupid. John King had a consultation with the doctor as he went out into the hall.

"Well?" asked the preacher. "It is a severe wound, isn't it? Better tell me the worst you fear. You know me of old, doctor."

"It's a serious thing. I've known lockjaw and poisoning to result from a similar accident. He's a likely young fellow. How did it happen?"

King told the story so far as he knew it. "I shall keep both of them here for the present," he said. His sister had quietly but efficiently assisted in everything necessary when the young men were brought in. She

would have done so if her brother had brought the whole city hospital into the house. Richard protested that he was not seriously hurt and could go to his room, but when King told him that Tom was quite badly hurt and ought not to be moved, he agreed to stay and nurse him. "Poor old Tom! I ought to have known he would get into trouble there. I ought not to have taken him." He related the events of the evening, and John King told in his turn how, feeling a little uneasy about the young men, knowing of the attacks on Richard as he did, he had started for the schoolroom about eight o'clock and on the way had stopped at a police station and asked for three officers. King was well known at the station, as, indeed, he was in all parts of the city, and the chief gave the men instructions to follow King's directions in case of emergency; and to one acquainted with the wonderful preacher's power and influence over all sorts of men and the almost universal respect and esteem paid to him throughout the city, this action was not in the least surprising. Arrived at the schoolroom, the arrest of Con as the ringleader in the disturbance had seemed to King as the imperative thing to effect. He had hoped that the boy might be touched in some way by the law, as he had heretofore been insensible to any influence.

"Do you think he is a devil, Mr. King?" asked Richard as the preacher came out of the room where Tom was lying into the sitting-room where Richard was reclining in a big chair and looking gravely at his bundled-up head as he saw it in the mantel mirror.

"Who? Tom? No; he seems quite human, and is asking for you."

"I mean Con," replied Richard, rising and going with King into the large bedroom which opened off the living room.

"Ask Tom about it," said King. "I'm afraid, though, that he is a prejudiced witness."

"Dick," said Tom very feebly as Richard came up to the bed, "I take it all back about good people not

being very strong. Here are Mr. King and you walking around while I am lying here as weak as a cotton string. Are you much hurt?"

"No; only a cut on the cheek. It won't spoil my beauty."

"What have you got your head done up in that pillowcase for?" asked Tom. "You look as if a bee had stung you. Oh, I remember now. That Con, that devil"—He gave a movement of pain and was silent.

John King said quietly, "Better not try to think of it, Tom, now. You rest here, and we'll make up the other bed over in that corner for Richard, and you will both be my guests over Sunday."

So it chanced when Richard awoke the next morning he found himself in John King's house. He was stiff and sore from his shoulder wound, but his face injury bade fair to heal rapidly. Through the day he rested quietly. Tom was feverish and restless. The doctor called and examined the hand again. John King had his Sunday duties, and it was not until late in the evening that he came in and threw himself down on a wide couch in front of the fire. It was the first time Richard had ever seen John King show any signs of weariness.

"A very strange day for me, sir," replied Richard; "and Tom has been very uneasy. I don't just like the look of that hand. It's a terrible wound, in my judgment."

"It is a bad thing, and we must be careful of him. But he has a good constitution, and I think between us we shall pull him through, no doubt. Is he a Christian?"

Richard started. He had heard the question asked of Tom before, but not in the same way.

"Well, Tom believes in the teachings of Christ, but not in Christ himself. I mean his Christianity is not personal."

"Do you think there is a difference between a moral man and a personal Christian man?"

"Yes, sir; I *know* there is," said Richard firmly

"So do I." John King was silent. The conversation had been subdued. Tom was asleep in the other room. The fire was the only light in the sitting-room. Richard had occasion to remember the scene well in after years. King lay some moments very still. Richard thought he was asleep or dozing. Finally he broke the silence by saying very quietly, "I had a brother like Tom once, and he died a drunkard and a gambler. He went out of this world without a sign of repentance, and only God has any right to say what became of his immortal soul. I was two years his junior. I had entered on newspaper work for a life profession; but standing by the side of that deathbed I resolved to put myself into the profession where I could do the largest possible service in presenting the Life of the world to young men. I went into the ministry. It has been a ministry of pain and sorrow, but also of joy, and the joy has been uppermost; and more and more it has grown with me that in Jesus Christ is the world's salvation. Not alone by means of a cold assent to the teachings of Jesus—few men ever deny the good of the teachings—but by a personal walk with the Saviour, a personal knowledge, so that a man comes to feel for his Saviour a feeling he does not give to any other being, no, not even to his betrothed, his wife, his sister, his mother—ah, yes! that is what the world needs. Why do men spend their money for bread that satisfieth not? There is as wide a gap between the coldly moral man and the personal Christian as between the confessedly bad man and the good one, only of a different sort. Men come to me or write to me every week for some plan, some scheme, some remedy for the oppressions and wrongs and injustices of this century. I say to them continually, 'There is but one answer: Begin yourselves to live the life of Jesus by personal acquaintance with Him, and then spend your best strength in leading the world to Him.' Oh, the selfishness of this world of men! I almost grow heartsick over it, my brother! What is this that men call success, fame, power,

when the very structure on which it rests is selfish indifference to the weak and sorrowing and helpless? But Jesus satisfies. Yes, He satisfies. When I was your age I suffered a great injustice. I could have killed my enemy. I *was* a murderer in feeling but the merciful Saviour spared me the actual crime, and I have been trying all my life to bring men to Him. And I do love them! I do! My heartache is for the world of men. Yes, even that savage horde of ruffians at the old warehouse, they are human, they have possibilities for divine growth in them. I must see them redeemed. But, oh, I seem sometimes to fight this battle all alone. Heaven forbid that I should be the judge, but it comes to me with terrible emphasis sometimes that much which we call civilization and Christianity are but the shell without the kernel; and our churches seem to exist for social clubs, and our Christian activity evaporates in forms and meetings and resolutions and conventions and addresses and preaching and listening and going away and coming back again: while what we need is action! action! action! the doing of something with an all-embracing love behind it to fire its engines and propel its course along a track that has its start on earth and its terminus in heaven. O Jesus, Jesus! My Life! Life of all men!" John King had risen, and, walking gently through the room, he continued in the same subdued tone while Richard lay back in his chair and listened to him breathless. "My Lord, do not I love Thee? Show me how to bring men to Thee. For I do believe that is the only remedy for this sin-sick, selfish world. Use me, dear, crucified One! I have also been selfish and proud and faithless; but the good impulses and better desires struggling in me are far greater than the old man. Thou knowest, divine Strength, I am not afraid of the devil; but he is a hard fighter, and I am but a man after all, my Master, and I grow weary. This is not a cry of distrust, or of weakness, O Jesus, only my soul crying out to Thine at the close of this day's preaching. Yes, I know I can find no such

strength elsewhere. 'Shall I not always give Thee the preëminence in all things, Thou whose best two names are Life and Love?'

Richard was in the habit of talking with the Divine as with a friend, but never before had he heard a man express such perfect confidence in the simple love of Christ. It seemed to him as if Paul were alive again. That same old struggle of the new man with the old, ending in the triumphant victory of the new man, reminded him again of the great apostle to the Gentiles. He felt as if John King had opened his heart and let him look in, and he was a little afraid that the preacher might repent of it and be cold to him afterward. But that was not like John King's greatness. He came back to the lounge, sat down upon 'it, and, turning to Richard, said with the truest and most unaffected air of emphasis, "Bruce, the devil is apparently uppermost in this world, but Jesus Christ met him face to face and beat him; and our Master will help us to do the same in this century. I have been apparently beaten to-day in my preaching. Men have listened but have not acted, and I have had the weariness of defeat on me. But no man sees the end from the beginning. God knows it. Ours is the proclamation and application of the truth. He giveth the increase. We shall live to see Tom a personal Christian."

"It is my daily prayer," said Richard. "I feel anxious about him. And the wound in his hand—Mr. King, isn't it serious?"

"Bruce, there is no use denying the fact that your chum has received a dreadful wound."

Richard trembled. "Do you mean fatal?"

"No; but there is a possibility of his losing his hand."

"Why, that would kill Tom!"

"We will do all in our power to prevent it. What is that old Saxon saying—'Hope for the best, get ready for the worst, and take what God sends?' That isn't fatalism, it's Christian common sense."



Richard insisted on sitting up with Tom, but John King resisted.

"I'm not going to have one sick man caring for another," he said.

So his sister and he divided the night between them. Tom passed a feverish, restless time. He dreamed the fight all over again. In the morning Richard found himself much better. The cut in his face was not at all serious. He came over to Tom.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?"

"Excuse me from giving you my strong right hand, Dick. The fact is, I feel mighty queer. My hand burns clear up to my collar bone. I didn't know it was so long; and I dreamed the thing all over again. We do look like a couple of gladiators, don't we? I thought you were killed, Dick. If that Con isn't a devil, there never was one; but I felt like one myself when I got my clutch on him. Perhaps this serves me right for feeling so." And Tom laid his bandaged hand across his chest and looked at it soberly. "Let me see your scars, Dick."

Richard took off his bandage; Tom looked at him with half-shut eyes.

"Not so bad as I thought. I'll trade with you, Dick, and give you a tintype to boot." Tom spoke very faintly, but with his old-time love of fun. "What was done with Con?"

"Mr. King says he was arrested and is in jail. It seems he was wanted for other offenses."

"How long are we going to stay here, Dick? Don't you think we ought to be getting into our own room pretty soon?"

"What's the matter, young man, with this room? Isn't it big enough, or don't you like the pattern of the wall paper?" It was John King who had come in and spoke. "You are just going to stay here, both of you, for a time at least. I want a couple of bright young fellows to give me some ideas. The doctor will be here soon to see you, Mr. Newspaper Man. You, Mr. Author,

must bring your precious writing materials into this room and call it yours for a week at least."

Tom smiled his thanks feebly. Richard looked his, and thought John King more splendid than ever. The transition from the noisy boarding-house to the most homelike hospitality in America was too wonderful to be true. But Richard was getting used to experiences, and almost ceased to wonder what was coming next.

Suddenly Tom spoke up.

"Who will take my work on the paper? I must go down town."

Mr. King added: "Young man, you are under my care. This is my hospital, and if you make a move to disobey my orders I will give you the worst dose of medicine you ever tasted. Will the paper stop if you miss a day at the office?"

"No, but my salary will; and that's more important than the paper any day."

"Tom," said Richard, "what's the reason I can't do your work for a day or two until you are able to go out?"

"You?" asked Tom in a tone of faint surprise. "I thought you had a religious scruple, Dick, against doing anything in that line. Besides, you've got your book and the lovely kindergarten school every night. I don't see how you can do it."

"But I can, and I will," said Richard quietly; "so you keep still to-day, and Mr. King and I will arrange matters all right."

"That we will," responded John King cheerfully. "Ah, there's the doctor's gig."

He went out into the hall to meet him. Tom was too weak to make any resistance, so after breakfast John King and Richard went out together. The preacher knew the editor of the daily, and would introduce Richard to him.

As they walked along King said: "You are running some risk, Mr. Bruce, in going out to-day."

"Well, the doctor said there was no danger if I kept

the bandage on, and I know Tom better than any one else knows him. He will worry over his work unless some one sees to it, and I can do him more good in this way than if I stayed in the room with him."

"My sister is a capital nurse; he will be well cared for, so perhaps your plan is the best. It will make a busy day of it for you."

"But I feel very strong now. Mr. King, I want to win that school."

"My brother," replied John King with a look of affection, "the school will be yours before long. I'll go with you to-night. We will fight it out on the line of love for them. They can't resist it; in the end it will conquer them."

They walked into the office of the great daily and John King introduced Richard, with a brief explanation of the circumstances which had brought them there, and then departed on one of his numerous errands of mercy or investigation, leaving Richard alone with the editor.

Mr. Case, chief editor of The Daily Universe, was a hard-headed, practical man, successful from the newspaper standpoint, bound to make his daily beat every other by the use of all recognized legitimate methods; and when the legitimate methods failed he did not scruple to use others, though he was careful not to offend the public too deeply. He knew from long experience that certain sensational news items would take with his readers, and did not very often overstep the bounds. He looked at Richard sharply.

"Sorry Howard is laid up. If you can do his work, all right. What do you know about reporting?"

Richard modestly mentioned his college journalism.

"Pooh! I wouldn't give a cent a column for all your college journalism. Here! sit down at that desk and write an account of an imaginary fire; one hundred words."

Richard seized pencil and paper and dashed off the following:—

FIRE IN DOCTOR SMITH'S HOUSE.

The alarm from the box at Beaumont and Chestnut streets, about 2.15 o'clock yesterday afternoon, was for a blaze on the third floor of Dr. Smith's residence, No. 2643 Chestnut Street. The department responded promptly, and after half an hour's work had the flames under control. The top floor suffered considerable damage by fire, while the whole house was gutted, the water doing considerable damage to the costly turniture. The loss on furniture is estimated at about \$300. The house itself was injured to the extent of \$1,500. The origin of the fire is not known.

Mr. Case read it over and said :—

"Umph! Good enough. Write a couple of personals."

Richard dashed off the following :—

"1. Mr. H. B. Case, the well-known editor of the Chicago Daily Universe, made a flying trip to Detroit yesterday and addressed the new School of Journalism in this city. Mr. Case's address was remarkably bright and telling. It bristled with points and we commend it to all youthful aspirants for journalistic fame. We print the address in full on the second page.

"2. Tom Howard, one of the brightest and best reporters on the Universe staff, met with a serious accident last Saturday night, which will place him on the sick list for several days. Mr. Richard Bruce, an experienced writer, will take his place until he recovers."

Richard handed these to Mr. Case. He read them, laughed a rather hard and coarse laugh, and said, "You'll do." He assigned him work and Richard went out.

"I can't say I like the editor-in-chief very well," he said to himself as he went out. "But for Tom's sake I would endure anything." He did his work satisfactorily,

made special arrangements at the office for his night-school work, and went back to Tom in the evening with a humorous account of his experience. Tom was suffering greatly with his wounded hand. He was too weak to talk much, and Richard went off to his night school with a feeling of anxiety for his old chum which not even King's hearty cheerfulness could dispel.

There was not quite so large a number out as usual. The trouble Saturday night and the presence of a policeman near the door seemed to have a subduing effect on the boys. One or two of them even inquired of Richard in a sheepish, off-hand way if he was much hurt. Richard took it as a hopeful sign. He worked through the two hours quite cheerfully, inspired by John King's presence and the astonishing example of his quiet patience and good nature. The good man was indeed like a child. He seemed to consider it a privilege to use his great talents to impart something of himself to the poor depraved wrecks of God's image gathered into that old warehouse. Richard was a learner in that night school. He was learning that true greatness is really service to others.

The week passed rapidly. Richard's work on the paper proved more than satisfactory. He had supplemented the lack of news one or two days by some really bright and taking little poems which had caught the public fancy and been widely copied from *The Universe*. He mentioned this to Tom to interest him.

"It's all up with me if you get to writing poetry, Dick. I shall lose my place. But you must have magnetized the chief. Case is generally savage on verse and won't have it. I tried it once, and he told me another attempt would cost me my position. How did you pull his teeth, Dick?"

Saturday night found Richard a tired young man. The week's work had been a great strain on him. Nevertheless he felt that his iron constitution would stand by him. His face wound had healed rapidly, leaving only a faint scar. The book had not made much progress, but

at John King's suggestion he meant to show the advance chapters to a certain magazine during the week. The school had proved easier work than he had supposed possible. The absence of Con had much to do with it ; and the boys were beginning to understand Richard. He planned during the week to visit Con at the jail and have an interview with him ; but his anxiety over Tom and his daily work had combined to keep him so busy that the week was sped before he knew it. All day Sunday he spent with his old chum. Tom was painfully weak. His hand was inflamed and swollen to a remarkable degree. However, he kept up good courage, amused John King, his sister, the doctor and Richard by his odd remarks, and when the time for evening service drew near insisted upon Richard's going. John King's sister added her persuasion. The quiet motherly old lady had grown very fond of Tom and made a capital nurse for him. So Richard went and was rested and inspired by the service, not one whit changed in his feelings toward the preacher because he had been living so close to him for a week. We can give only the closing words of John King's sermon this time. The text was, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

"Yes, the great law of service is the greatest law in the universe. Let no man say, I am too great or too rich or too learned or too busy to give of my time or riches or intellect to the coarse, dirty, needy, suffering world ! Who was the Lord Jesus Christ ? A King in His own right—the superior of every mortal on earth, the most learned, best educated man that the age knew ; and yet He did not consider Himself too great to be a servant, and a servant to the miserable, the lowly, the outcast. How many proud men and women are there in our churches and in this city who would consider it beneath them to make a call at some poor man's home ? How many are there who would think their family or

their profession or their dignity seriously injured if they gave of their leisure or their intelligence to the wretched outcasts in this modern Babylon? How many cultured families keep up the round of social entertainments, never inviting to their houses or their tables any except those who are able to invite them back in turn? How many are there to-night who are ready to humble themselves as little children and say, 'Here, Lord, here are all my talents; show me how to use them for the blessing of this century; open up to me the path of service or ministry and I will walk in it even though it be all up hill; put me into that path where my lowly Master trod'? The greatest men, let me tell you, my brothers, are the simplest-hearted men—the men who count that all they have is a legacy to be wisely used that the world may get up higher towards its God. Remember that as you take up the burden or the pleasure of another week. The greatest being this earth ever saw was Jesus Christ, and He was a servant. 'The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.'"

That night Tom was delirious from pain. Richard spent most of the time with him, and only toward morning threw himself down for a troubled nap of an hour and a half. When the doctor came he was accompanied by another, a beautiful-featured man with an expression that betokened much sympathy.

The two held a consultation over Tom's injury. The result was an audience in John King's study with the preacher and Richard.

"There is no use in telling anything but an unpleasant truth," said the doctor who had been in attendance on Tom from the beginning. "But the fact is, the hand must be sacrificed to save the arm and the life. In this opinion I am supported by my friend."

The older man nodded gravely. "It is one case in ten thousand," he said. "All the medical science in the

world couldn't save the hand. We have done everything that can be done."

John King rose and walked the floor, every muscle quivering. His sympathies were extremely sensitive. "Who will tell him of it?" he asked.

"This young man, his friend, had best do it," said the younger physician, indicating Richard.

"Oh, no! I cannot!" cried Richard. The thought that dear old Tom should be maimed in this way was terrible to him. He felt faint and sick at the thought. He did not see how he could tell him.

"Brother," said John King, stopping and laying his hand on Richard's shoulder, "shall I do this for you?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" almost sobbed Richard. "You can prepare him for it better than I."

"When will the operation be performed?" asked King.

"It should be done at once. He can be moved to the hospital this noon."

"Very well, then." John King spoke calmly again. "I will prepare him for it and we will have him ready to be moved by twelve o'clock."

The doctors departed after giving necessary directions for Tom's removal. "Bruce," said King in his most loving manner, "go in and see Tom and talk with him cheerfully a little while and then go down town to the office. You cannot be of any practical use this forenoon to him; and while you are gone I will tell the poor fellow. It will do you good to get out this clear morning. You need the air. And don't forget, God rules. His name is Love."

Richard obeyed like a child. He went in and greeted Tom, who spoke of a certain dream he had during the night.

"Dick," he said, with a comical look, across which a spasm of pain flitted, "I thought I had five hundred of the finest, strongest right hands you ever saw, and I thought to myself what a splendid recommendation

that would be for me when I came to run for President of the United States, for then I could shake hands with five hundred people all at once and not get tired. It would be real handy, wouldn't it?"

"Very," said Richard, bravely gulping down a desire to cry; and after a few more words he bolted out of the room and out-of-doors. He could not stand it. Tom spoke more than once of the time when he should get to work again. Evidently he had no suspicion of the dangerous character of his hurt.

As Richard went into the office Mr. Case called to him. He went into his private room, and Mr. Case said, "I want to send a man with some nerve to do some special reporting. I have picked you out to do it. It is connected with the great railroad strike in the city. You must get inside the lines of the strikers who are massed together at Clairmont and Fairview streets and get all the information possible. Let me say that this service will be rewarded by good pecuniary compensation. It is special work and dangerous, and we will pay what we often paid Mr. Howard for such service. The Universe has always done well by its employees in this respect and no one can say we have ever failed in this matter." That was true, and Richard remembered hearing Tom tell of special pay for special and sometimes dangerous work. Mr. Case continued, "I would like to have you go at once. It is now eight o'clock. If you are successful, you can reach the office by noon."

Richard thought of Tom, and told Mr. Case about his intended removal to the hospital and the necessary amputation. Mr. Case expressed his regret, but said Richard could get back in time to see his friend and stay with him the rest of the day. "I want this news for a special reason. It may be a dangerous mission, as that part of the city is in a chaotic state; but if you decide to undertake it I rely upon your ingenuity to get the desired information, Mr. Bruce."

Richard hesitated. He began to see that if Tom was

upon the sick list for several weeks the task of providing for their living would fall upon himself. The undertaking proposed by Mr. Case was honorable in itself and such as any brave man might attempt successfully. There was more or less of the adventurous in Richard, and we have intimated that he had a romantic disposition. Still, he thought that he might possibly be detained in some way and not get back in time to be with Tom during the operation made him hesitate. He had not the courage to tell Tom of the need of amputation, but he fully meant to remain by him during the operation. He hesitated. It was just at that moment that John King entered the room where Tom lay, to prepare him for the loss of his hand.

CHAPTER VI.

What think ye of the Christ?—Jesus Christ.

John King was a very brave man, but he shrank with the sensitiveness of a fine nature from the task he had imposed upon himself of telling Tom the news about his hand. But he entered the room without a sign of tremor and took a seat near the bed. It was a little after eight o'clock. Tom was wide awake and suffering very much; but he had not the slightest suspicion of what was awaiting him.

"How much longer do you think I shall have to lie here, Mr. King?" he asked.

"Well, we hope you won't have to suffer very long, my boy," replied King as cheerfully as possible.

Tom looked at him wistfully. "Do you know, Mr. King, I've kept up a lot of thinking since I've been lying here? You've been very good to me and Dick. This is what you call an applied sermon, isn't it? doing what you preach other people ought to do?"

John King smiled. "Yes; you can call it that. But I have been the gainer by having you young fellows in the house. Besides, I almost felt personally responsible for your hurt, for I was the cause of Richard going to the night school."

"But I've no one to blame but myself for this," said Tom, pointing to his bandage. "Would you blame me for pitching into the boy Con?"

The preacher did not reply directly. He put Tom a question. "How do you suppose you would feel if you had stabbed Con and he lay here in your place?"

"I should feel as if he was in a better place than he

deserved," said Tom, purposely misunderstanding King's question.

"Well, my boy, it's hard to forgive an enemy, and harder still to love him; but some day I hope you will know what it means to forgive Con."

"Isn't it strange, Mr. King? I feel as if I could forgive him for injuring me a good deal quicker than if he had injured Dick. Wouldn't you resent an injury to your sister quicker than an insult to yourself?"

"No doubt I would. But would you forgive the boy Con after all that has happened?"

Tom was silent. He was evidently going over the fight again. John King watched him lovingly. It was harder than he had thought to lead up to the subject of the amputation, but he thought Tom was going to lead the way to it himself, and in this he was not mistaken. Tom finally said slowly, "Suppose Con had injured me so that I should be unable to walk again, or suppose he had wounded me in such a way that I could never use my right hand again to do reporting, what then? Do you honestly think, Mr. King, that I ought to forgive him?"

"Where would you draw the line, Tom, in the matter of forgiveness? Would you say, 'If my enemy cuts off my little toe, I can forgive him, but if he cuts off my big toe, I don't see how I can?'"

"But the line ought to be drawn somewhere; don't you think so?" said Tom after a pause.

"God does not forgive that way. Suppose you go to Him with a very, very big sin, and cry for forgiveness, won't He forgive it just as quickly and completely as if it were a little sin?"

"I suppose He will," replied Tom, who above all things was honest in argument.

"Well, suppose the boy Con has injured your hand so that you will never have the use of it again; suppose it is necessary for you to lose your hand to save your arm or your life, what then?—would you gain more by

hating Con or by forgiving him? I mean in your own feelings?"

There was something in the tone of this as John King said it that arrested Tom's attention. He sat up in the bed, and his face flushed and his voice trembled a little as he said, "I believe it would kill me to lose my right hand. Are the doctors doing all they can, Mr. King? I have tried to bear it without saying much, but the pain is almost unbearable."

"Suppose you were to lose it, Tom," John King spoke very gently. "You could learn to write with your left hand. The loss would not compel you to leave your profession."

Tom shuddered. A suspicion had seized him for the first time. The fact that King had not told him that there was no danger was noticeable.

"Is there any danger, sir?" His face quivered.

"Tom," said John King, placing his hand upon Tom's left palm as it lay upon the bedspread, "you must remember how serious a wound in the palm of the hand very often is, especially when inflicted with a small, sharp point. It was the small blade of the knife that wounded you. The doctors have done all that the medical skill of the age can do, and they think,—Tom, don't give way to it,—they think, Tom, that the only way to save your arm and your life is for you to lose your hand. There, poor fellow! It is hard for you to bear it, but I don't believe it was any harder than to tell it. Tom, I would be glad to give you my hand if I could."

Tom buried his head in the pillow, turned around to the wall and said never a word. King was a little surprised that he made no outcry. But he had been uncertain as to how Tom would take it. Evidently he was taking it very hard.

"Tom," said King very quietly, "there are a great many things more dreadful than to lose a hand. Think if it had been your reputation or your honor or your purity."

Tom turned his head, looked at King with a look that was almost fierce, and groaned, "But it will kill me to be maimed this way—I, who have always prided myself on my physical strength and beauty. I cannot bear it. It will kill me."

"Tom," said the preacher, with tears in his eyes, "let us pray over it." He continued without kneeling down, talking just as he sat in his chair, only bowing his head between his hands, and going on in the same natural tone as if his dearest Friend were close by: "Loving Jesus, we do not know how much Thou hadst to suffer in this world, but we know it must have been very dreadful to be crucified. The pain and the anguish must have been very great; and then, we do not know how much it was all increased by the knowledge that the very men that tortured Thee were the very ones Thou hadst loved and wanted to save. But we do know this, patient Saviour: Thou dost feel for our pain and trouble. And this child of Thine is going through the darkness just now, and he will stumble, and be terrified and despairing and in anguish, unless he is supported by more than human consolation. So we come to Thee as the only all-sufficient One: for Thou has felt this pain; Thou hast tasted every bitter cup we loathe to drink; Thou hast staggered under the cross until it bore Thee to the ground; and Thou canst make it easier for this soul to bear the present load of trouble. We cannot see the reasons why, dear Lord, but we will not feel Thou art anything but love, always, no matter what happens. And if this sorrow to Thy child has come to him through evil, we do feel sure that Thou art not the One exulting in his trouble, but never in all the world didst Thou love him more tenderly than now. Make this real to him through Thy spirit. Show him Thy consolation and give him Thy peace, for Thou art love; we cannot live if we do not believe it, and being that our need is now sore, we know Thou wilt not disappoint us. Where else shall Thy troubled children go? Philosophy fails of comfort,

morality cannot help us, our friends are not sufficient—only the divine as it has known the human can fill us with true peace. O, Jesus, merciful, loving, compassionate, hear us! This is Thy child. Take him to Thyself and comfort him."

During the prayer Tom began to sob. When King finished he cried out, "It is very hard! I cannot bear it!" Then he began to grow quieter and John King used his marvelous talents (gifts that few men in America possessed) to infuse his own great patience and faith and love into the sufferer. He soothed Tom. The excitement and passion which had sprung up in him after hearing the news gradually subsided, and when the doctors came at noon they found Tom almost cheerful, and quite calm, considering his great suffering. Men said John King had a great and mysterious force of magnetism. They were wrong. It was only a nature filled to the very brim with the most exalted love for God and man. There was no more mystery about his power than there always is about the power of goodness, which is always powerful and always mysterious to those who do not possess it in the fullest measure.

The doctors had made all necessary arrangements at the hospital which was only two blocks distant. One of the surgeons took Tom in his own carriage. The poor fellow had to be carried out. John King and his sister walked over to the hospital and went up to the ward where Tom was carried. It was then for the first time that Tom inquired for his old chum. "Where's Dick? Won't he be here?"

"He must be detained at the office for some special work. But he will certainly be here. He told me he would without fail."

"Then he'll be here," said Tom with a faint smile. "Nothing short of losing both his legs and arms would keep Dick from being here if he promised. I can understand now why he acted so queerly this morning. He knew about the hand and didn't want to tell me. Well, I

don't wonder. I would hate to tell him such a thing. But I should like to have him with me now."

But still the afternoon wore on and no Dick. The doctors were not willing to wait much longer. The case was urgent. Tom was in good condition in general for the operation. The preparations were made. Tom felt as if he were going to be hanged. A dreadful sickening came over him as the doctors arranged details with professional coolness and method. They had a business-like air which made Tom shudder. He dreaded coming under the influence of the anaesthetic. He wondered vaguely if he would struggle or cry out while under the influence of the strange drug. He was sick at heart that Richard had not appeared and felt that something must have happened to him. The physicians had nearly completed their preliminary arrangements when the door of the room opened and in walked Richard, breathless, disordered, bearing marks of having been through exciting times in more ways than one. He took in the situation at once, walked right up to Tom at the silent invitation of John King, who beckoned to him, and said :—

"Tom, old fellow, I ran all the way. Couldn't get here sooner. Tell you all some time. Don't think me a coward. I couldn't bear to tell you." And something like a tear glittered for a moment on Richard's cheek and then rolled down and fell with a warm splash on Tom's left hand which had been extended.

Tom answered bravely :—

"I'm glad you're here in time to see me get fair play. You never can tell what a doctor will do in the interest of science, and they might have cut my head off and tried to graft it on the end of my arm to see if it would grow there. It's an age of experiments, you know, Dick. You stay by me, won't you, old man?"

"—Yes, Tom, I will. It's a cruel thing to happen to you, and I don't know the reason for it; but I know God is love and He makes no mistakes, and if you suffer

now He is not pleased, but grieved, and will give you something to compensate you for this loss."

Tom looked at his old chum and smiled a little. "Well, your view of it is comforting, and what's more, I believe you would say the same in my place, so I know it's not all cant and hypocrisy. Come, doctor, I'm ready. The sooner it's over with the better, if it must be done."

The arrangements were completed, and very soon Tom was under the influence of the anaesthetic, that wonderful destroyer of pain to countless sufferers. The only persons present were the two physicians, one of whom was the hospital surgeon, two experienced nurses, John King and his sister, and Richard, who had been admitted on the order of the house surgeon, who knew his intimacy with Tom. Richard had never seen an amputation. This one had a horrible interest to him. He could not help admiring the splendid rapidity and exactness with which everything was done, and the skill with which the operation was performed, down to the minutest details. The hand was taken off at the wrist, and Richard wondered, when he saw it, at Tom's quiet courage during the long hours he lay in John King's house. It was a dreadful sight, and must have caused him exquisite torture.

It was soon over and Tom came out of his unconscious condition in a very natural and healthy way. "He is a splendid animal," remarked the hospital surgeon; "and it has been a beautiful operation. I never saw a better subject for one."

Richard begged to be allowed to stay with his old chum all night, and although it was against the exact rules, the surgeon yielded and gave Richard an empty bed next to Tom's. John King and his sister went home, and Richard, exhausted with his experience of the morning and almost unnerved by Tom's injury, lay down and slept four hours, while the nurse watched Tom, who, however, dozed along in a semi-unconscious state, free from pain, until midnight. Richard watched with him after that, and was rejoiced, as dawn grew white

in the neat but severely furnished ward, to see how well and contented Tom appeared.

"How do you feel, Tom?"

"I feel as if I would like a big plateful of baked beans. Do you remember the beans we used to bake in the top of our old stove in the Academy Commons? I want some just like those. Tell the nurses if they won't give me that kind of bean, I give notice I will engage table board at another hospital at once."

"The same old Tom, hand or no hand," said Richard with a quiet laugh that had a touch of tears in it. "What else will your royal highness have served up for breakfast?"

"I believe I would relish some of those oysters we used to fry on oiled paper over the top of the old lamp in University Hall. You remember them, Dick? Remember how Professor Jencks called on us one evening while we were frying them, and how much he enjoyed the oysters, and how, when he left, we found that he had been sitting in the egg-and-flour batter which had been laid on a piece of paper in a chair? I would give a dollar apiece for some of those oysters now."

Just then the surgeon came in with the nurse.

"Well, and how goes it? Ah, splendid! Couldn't be better. How does he feel, Mr. Bruce?"

"Says he wants a plateful of beans and some fried oysters!"

"Good! Let him have 'em. Anything else?"

"Two cups of coffee, some scrambled eggs, a tenderloin steak, and an apple pie," said Tom gravely.

"All right, nurse, get him a good breakfast. No, it won't hurt him a bit," said the surgeon in reply to a questioning look from Richard. "You must remember the boy has not been able to eat anything for several days, owing to his intense suffering. Now that the cause of the suffering is removed, he has recovered his appetite and is ravenously hungry. It's a good sign and it won't hurt him to eat heartily. We will have to curtail his

order a little, but we can give him a good breakfast without hurting him at all."

In fact the relief which Tom felt from the exquisite pain he had been suffering was so great that for a while the loss of his hand was not prominent in his mind. He ate a hearty breakfast, and at once, from that moment began to grow strong rapidly. It was during this time of his convalescence, while the mutilated arm was healing, that Richard related to Tom his experience among the railroad strikers. We will let him tell it as he related it to his chum when Tom was far enough advanced in his recovery to be able to sit up and make comments.

"You see, Tom, I was in a dreadful state of indecision that morning. When Mr. Case suggested the work to me I was fearful that I might not get back to you. As it was, I nearly missed it. But finally I decided that the work was worth the risk. You can't say, Tom, that I don't care anything for money. I do care, as long as money is a part of the human system, to pay my debts and be free from beggary. And it was borne in upon me very sharply that the expenses of our family would have to be carried by me for a time, at least, and Mr. Case's offer was really generous."

"I could exhibit myself as a pie-eater, and earn a living that way," broke in Tom, whose appetite grew every day more ravenous.

"Yes, you would make a fortune that way. The pies devoured by you would eat up all the profits. Well, I finally told Mr. Case I would undertake the service. This railroad strike, Tom, has been the most remarkable strike in the history of this country. You remember you were injured as the strike broke out. All the railroads in the west have been involved. Not a wheel has turned on the Northwestern or the Wabash or the Santa Fe for two weeks. Think of it, Tom. The strikers have managed in such a way that nothing but the mails have gone over those roads. Even the passenger traffic has been almost discontinued. There has been intense feeling, but

no riot or outbreak except here in Chicago. And the strikers have massed themselves on the south side under the leadership of a man by the name of Tower, who has certainly shown himself to possess the qualities of a born leader of men. His generalship has been superb. Without breaking a single law, the strikers have drawn to themselves nearly every laboring man in the city and have formed a camp, which is growing in numbers by recruits from all parts of the country. It was rumored that this gathering was for the purpose of attacking the city; that the men under the leadership of this man Tower were being well armed; that all the foreign element in the city, the Russians, Bohemians, Poles, Swedes, and Italians, the anarchists and bomb throwers of Europe were enlisted with the strikers; that fires were to be started in different parts of the city, and the whole town given up to mob violence. A great many families have fled from the city. The United States troops and the State militia have been called out, and affairs this week are evidently approaching a crisis."

"Oh!" interrupted Tom, sitting up and dealing his pillow a savage blow with his left hand. "And I am cooped up here like a rat in a trap, while the most splendid chances for brilliant newspaper work are being offered. Why did all this happen to me now?"

And Tom shed a bitter tear, while Richard paused a moment in his narrative to console him, and then went on:—

"I put on an old suit of clothes at the office and started for the south side. I knew my chances to learn something of the secret movements of the strikers would be greater if I appeared among them as a workingman. I had no difficulty in getting into the camp, as it is called; and Tom, you would not believe what I saw there. This is certainly one of the most wonderful outbreaks in the history of this country—unparalleled in the annals of all history; and there are elements in that strange camp that may well make any thoughtful lover of his

country tremble. We have been letting the foreign population of all Europe's dregs stream in on us until this city is overwhelmingly foreign in numbers; and the churches of wealth and power and the other organizations of education have not done the work they should, and we are menaced by dangers which have grown by signal neglect and by the open saloon and the most dishonest and incompetent city government ever known. Well, Tom, I had the good fortune to get an interview with the leader of the whole movement, Tower."

"You did! Oh, Dick, what a scoop on the other fellows! You know I caught enough of the strike while I was laid up to know that none of the papers had succeeded in getting Tower to say a word."

"Yes, it was true. He had been more or less a puzzle to all the newspaper men, even to those few who had seen him. But I ran across the foreman of the coal barges, who was among the strikers, and it turned out that he was in the confidence of Tower, and through him I obtained an interview. He certainly is a powerful nature," continued Richard reflectively. "He is a man to make men fear him, love him and obey him. I felt that I was in the presence of a man. Do you know, Tom, I had a curious feeling the moment I saw him that he was very much like John King—as John King would be if he were not a Christian? Well, I told him very frankly my errand; told him I would give the results of my observations to the columns of *The Universe*. He seemed pleased, and asked me to report him exactly. Then he gave me a most remarkable account of the plans and organizations of the camp. The interview appeared in the special evening edition of *The Universe* and caused a profound sensation throughout the city. Of course many papers discredited the interview and said it was a hoax, but I know it was genuine, and much that Tower said has caused favorable comment. There is no doubt that the sympathies of the masses are with him, and he is a born leader: it is stamped on his face, which

is Napoleonic. And yet there are things about the movement which give it a dark and serious aspect. I had a little experience of that myself. I finished the interview at eleven o'clock; Mr. Case wished me to get back by noon. By the quickest movement I could make it would take me all of an hour. I hurried along and was congratulating myself on my success, when I met a crowd of Italians coming down between the warehouses on B— Street. You remember it, Tom; we walked through it one evening on one of our suburban tramps. Before I could turn or conceal myself they were upon me, and drunk as devils, every one of them. They were the roughest gang I ever saw: they seized on me, recognizing, with the curious instinct that drunken men always have, that I was sober, and one of them, a little pinched-up, half-starved man, ordered me to drink out of a big bottle half full of the most villainous whiskey. I knocked it out of his hand and it broke on the stones in the street; then they all swarmed on to me. Some said, 'Shoot him!' and others shouted, 'Throw him into the river!' but there was an empty storeroom close by, and it came into the drunken wits of one of their number to lock me up in that old room; so they pushed me in and fastened the door with some timbers, which they tore off the front of an old porch across the street. Then they threw stones against the building, breaking the two windows in the front, and finally gathered in a drunken sort of dance at the corner and reeled off, leaving two of their number to keep guard. I easily escaped by crawling through a window, and when one of the drunken guards tried to grab me I gently knocked him over in the way of the other man, who was coming up, and they both tumbled over in the gutter, while I made a run for it. But all this took time, and I had to make a detour to avoid other drunken parties, and that is the reason I reached here so late. I gave my notes to Mr. Case on the way and he excused me from further duty for the day; and when he saw the nature of the notes he paid me very

handsomely—enough, dear Tom, to keep us going some time."

Tom had listened with breathless attention throughout. "You were a born reporter, Dick. I envy you. Oh, my hand! my hand!"

The friends were silent for a moment. Richard felt that Tom must have time to feel his loss and recover from it. Just now, as he began to get well and strong, the sense of his amputation was very keen.

"When can I go out, Dick? I am getting anxious to be on the street again."

"Well, this is your second week; you have made good progress. The doctor told me that if all went well he should consider you able to go out by the end of next week. And if possible, Tom, we must hear King on Sunday night—a week from this coming Sunday. It is rumored that he is going to preach on the strike, and the whole city will be out to hear him. It is even rumored that a large body of the strikers will be present, and possibly Tower himself."

"I'm going," replied Tom quietly. "I shall be able. John King is my object of worship, Dick. I could call him master, I believe."

"And yet John King calls Jesus Christ Master. How do you account for that?"

"It is a mystery to me, Dick. No; I cannot understand it. Christianity is not personal to me yet. Shall I ever know it that way?"

Richard could only reply, "I hope so, Tom," and there the talk ended for that time.

The nurse came in on some necessary errand and Richard had to go down to the office. But Tom was more than usually thoughtful that day.

"I shall be a Christian yet in spite of myself," he murmured. "I wonder if I can forgive Con then. I can't now."

The next week after this talk together, Richard had an experience very hard to bear, under the circum-

stances, but one that brought out the real, strong, Puritan element in him, and tested him in other ways. He still kept up the night school and wrote on his book at every possible opportunity; but it was painfully slow progress. He had submitted the first four chapters to a good magazine in the city, at Mr. King's advice, and was promised an answer of some sort by the next week. His work on *The Universe*, especially his success with *Tower*, had given him favor at headquarters, and he was beginning to be looked upon as a very promising young journalist.

It was Saturday morning, when Richard was just going out of *The Universe*, that Mr. Case called him into his private room.

"Bruce," he said, "you are doing good work on the paper, and the company has decided to increase your salary ten dollars a month."

Richard thanked him and waited, seeing that something more was coming. Mr. Case went on:—

"This strike is a big thing for us just now, and we have decided to get out a Monday morning edition. *The Universe* was originally one of the old-line conservative papers, and did not favor an everyday paper; but the new members of the company are in favor of it, and have voted to have it. That will necessitate Sunday work. I suppose, Mr. Bruce, you will not object to putting in a part of your time tomorrow?"

Richard looked Mr. Case full in the face and said quietly:—

"Yes, sir; I do object. I will not work on Sunday."

"It will be only part of the day; we will excuse you from evening work and only expect you to give us the morning," said Mr. Case, not understanding Richard's refusal. He thought he was objecting to a full day's work.

Richard drew himself up and replied, with the straightforward bluntness characteristic of him, a habit which seemed to one not familiar with it almost rude:—

"Mr. Case, you do not understand me. I will not work for the paper a minute on Sunday."

There was no mistaking Richard this time. Mr. Case was a man of great executive ability, a successful newspaper man who had risen to his position by much hard work and a talent for details which was almost genius. But he was a man of no special religious principle and he had a fearful temper at times, which more than once had cost him dear. He was enraged at Richard now. The thought that this young man who had just had his salary increased should refuse to do work on the paper was absurd to Mr. Case. It was even worse than that, it was insulting. He turned to his desk and remarked coldly, a way he had when very much angered :—

"Very well, Mr. Bruce ; I suppose The Universe can dispense with your services week-days as well as Sundays."

The minute he said it he regretted it. He was the best man on the staff. But Richard was not the man to be given his dismissal twice.

"I understand I'm discharged, of course," he said quietly. "My week is up tonight. I will finish my copy for the evening edition today and then quit." He went out, put in a good day's work, handed in his copy on time, and left the office of The Daily Universe for good. Mr. Case had made a mistake, but like a good many proud men, he would not own it to anybody but himself. However, he regretted his action, and, as events turned out, had good reason for his regret.

Richard debated with himself whether to tell Tom at once, and finally decided to wait till Monday morning. Tom was able to go out, and was planning to hear King preach on the morrow. He would not mar his pleasure at getting out by this event which would be likely to vex him. So he spent the rest of the day on his book, writing at John King's, in a little room back of the preacher's own study, which was reached by a back staircase, without passing through the great man's own room. This

room had proved a great blessing to Richard in the turbulent experiences he was having, and John King understood all that when he let him use it.

When Sunday evening came it found Tom and Richard seated in John King's church, a full hour before the service began, and even then they had hard work to get in and secure a place. They were well down in front, and the greatest crowd the huge building had ever witnessed surged into it until it was filled like a granary bursting with wheat. Aisles and gallery and platform and steps were jammed. Men climbed up on the window seats, and even sat on the gallery railing. The rumor had gone out, in what way no one knew, that John King was going to preach on the events of the strike, which was even at that moment apparently at its crisis. The statement had also gone out that Tower, the leader of the strikers, had signified his intention of being present and interrupting the speaker if he said anything against the strike. So it was the most tremendous audience Chicago had ever seen, and when the door at the back of the platform opened, and John King came out, finding barely room enough to make his way to the simple desk, he looked out at an audience such as few men ever saw. His face was the face of one who had come out of long prayer with the invisible but loving Father; and as if simply continuing that prayer begun in the little room back of the platform, he went on at once as his habit of service was, with a petition so warm, glowing, and eloquent in its complete simplicity that it lifted the entire audience into a new atmosphere. Without a pause after the Amen had been spoken, the preacher gave out Coronation, and the audience, inspired by the magnetism of the occasion, sang it gloriously. Then John King read the twenty-second chapter of Matthew's Gospel, and began his service at once without any of those preliminary flourishes of rhetoric so common to the pulpit. His text, he said, was the most important question in the world, "What think ye of the Christ?"

"You have come in here expecting me to talk to you about the great strike now in progress in this city. By whose authority this came to be your expectation I do not know, but it was not from me. The subject is in every man's mind, in the daily press, and prominent in the thought of the people of this country and the lands across the sea. But it is a subject which has no comparison in importance beside this one which I bring in here to you to-night: 'What think ye of the Christ?' For six days ye have been seething and burning and raging over the great question of the strike. Ye have talked it over at your meals and on the street and in the eating houses and saloons and hotels and theaters and offices. To-night I claim the privilege and duty of an ambassador of Jesus Christ to put to you another question more important, more necessary to your eternal destiny than any other, the answer to which will involve more happiness or misery than any other question—'What think ye of the Christ?' O men, men! ye grow eager and wild and enthusiastic and mad when something happens in the commercial world to touch the things that minister to your bodies, and ye think them of so much importance that ye begrudge the preacher his chosen subject, which has God in it, rather than man and his selfish designs against his neighbor. But to-night I claim my right to bring to the front my Master. I will exalt Him. He is the answer to all troubles, O brother men! How shall discussion of the difficulties between capital and labor reach the heart of the trouble unless men themselves are right? What advantage shall it be to say the one side is right or the other side is wrong, unless both sides kneel humbly before one Father—God! 'What think ye of the Christ?' Was He right when He said the two great commandments were to love God with all the heart, soul and mind, and to love one's neighbor as one's self? How many of you are doing it? What are the feelings in your bosoms? Are they not feelings of bitterness, of revenge, of selfishness, of hatred, of retaliation?

'What think ye of the Christ?' Was He right when He said He was the Way and the Truth and the Life? and if so, how many of you are walking that Way, seeking that Truth, living that Life? O brothers, my heart aches for this great city. We have all these years been building up a so-called civilization on a rotten base. It has not been a basis of love to God and love to man; it has been a basis of money-making and selfishness and greed and narrowness, and the men who have worked with their hands have been as selfish in their way as the men that have worked with their selfish brains. And we have allowed that hell's vestibule, the saloon, to run its devil's business for the sake of revenue, every cent of which represents a ruined home, a blasted reputation, a street brawl, a suicide, or a little child's hunger and tears. And we have built costly public buildings and churches and adorned them with princely elegance, and have allowed the foreign emigrant and the vicious and the ignorant to grow up apart from us in dangerous ignorance of the gospel of Christianity, while we have sat in our homes or gone about our business or dallied with our round of pleasures, and volcaroes have smouldered and earthquakes rumbled at our feet while we went our way, careless and unheeding. And we have despised Jesus. Who is He? That peasant Jew? What has He to do with my life? No. I must see to these matters of money and business and politics. They are of first importance. But I say to you to-night, 'What think ye of the Christ?' According to your answer to that question will depend all other questions. If every man in this house to-night were to answer that question by saying that Christ was his Master, to be obeyed and followed and loved supremely, this great strike would be concluded wisely and to the satisfaction of both sides. Men, men, are you not willing to surrender your hearts to this Jesus? Ah! it requires so much giving up of the selfish habits of years, the prejudices of custom, the enjoyment of hating; but, 'What think ye of the Christ?' The ques-

tion is before you now—the greatest in the world; and the time will come when ye shall all remember this question as the greatest ye ever heard; and this occasion will come up before you. That time will be the judgment, and on the throne of the universe of nations will sit the crucified Son of God, and as the nations pass along before Him, your turn will come; and if when you come nigh you behold the thorn-crowned brow and the spear-smitten side you have loved and adored on earth, you will not be fearful, but will take your seat on a throne for ever and ever. But if, as you approach that majestic Judge, He does not turn His face to yours with a loving recognition, who shall reproach even the almighty love of Eternal Goodness if you are banished from the presence you despised and scorned, and would not confess while in the flesh? ‘What think ye of the Christ’ now, while it is time to think of Him, to repent, to call Him Saviour? Is He worthy the best thought of a human being? Is He the complete answer to all the selfish troubles of the race as it struggles for a living? Has He spoken truth when He has declared that Love is the great answer to all trouble? Has He suffered enough as a Redeemer to compel your tears of sorrow for the sins that broke His heart? ‘What think ye of the Christ?’ not as a historical person, but as your Saviour, your Master, your Lover, your Friend, your Almighty Deliverer. What will you say when the end of all things comes, and the great unknown is about to receive your selfish soul? Will you say then, ‘I have lived my life well; I have spent it in greed and gambling and hatred and narrowness and vice, and all forms of selfish indulgence, and I am now ready to be launched into eternity, satisfied with the life I have lived, and believing that it will be all right with my soul somehow?’ Or, will you say then, as death comes up and lays one hand on you, and the judgment stretches out its inexorable arm out of the place beyond death’s shadow, ready to lay it on you when you have set your cold foot on that other shore—will you say, ‘I am

not afraid; I gave myself to Christ, I loved Him. He forgave me. I shall be with Him. There is no condemnation to me, for I am in Christ Jesus?' 'What think ye of the Christ?' My heart longs for you to decide the question to-night; say you will. What revolution could this wicked city behold equal to the revolution of seeing this great crowd of humanity turning heart and soul to Jesus, and saying with one accord, 'My Lord, my God!'"

Richard had been so intent listening that he had not paid any attention to Tom. As John King paused a moment after the last sentence Richard was completely astounded to see Tom rise in his seat. John King saw him, and waited. Richard thought perhaps Tom was out of his right mind from excitement and his late suffering, but one glance at his face showed it to be perfectly calm, though a look shone out of it never seen there before. The vast audience held its breath, and Richard could not believe his senses. It seemed to him that he was in a dream as he witnessed what now took place.

CHAPTER VII.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—Jesus Christ.

"I do not wish any one to think me unduly excited or acting from impulse or emotion," began Tom in a clear but low voice, plainly audible to the hushed, strained attention of the vast audience; "I speak now because I feel that I must; and I know that Mr. King will gladly forgive me for interrupting him when he hears why I have done it."

He paused a moment, then went on with an increase of emphasis not made by raising his voice, but by a feeling so strong within him that what he said smote on the audience as if a wave of cold air had suddenly swept over their faces.

"I have lived like thousands of young men in this city, a good moral life; but I have never called any one master but myself. To-night"—and Tom raised his arm almost as if he testified before a solemn court—"to-night I am willing to say that Christ is my Master, and that from this time, by His help, I mean to live a Christian life. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not unduly excited. I am calm. This is a matter of will with me more than of feeling. But I am willing to say that I have been convinced of the truth of Christ's claims on men, and the feeling has come over me so powerfully that I cannot keep still. I have felt that I must confess Him now and literally before men. See, then!" and Tom held up his right arm, displaying to the audience the still bandaged stump of the arm; "when I came in here I hated the person who caused me the injury that lost me my right hand. I said, 'I can never forgive

him.' Now I feel that I can forgive him wholly. I must do so if I have the Christ spirit in me. I wish to say that I here and now call Christ my Master, and I desire nothing so much as to submit my whole life to Him, so that if I were to stand before His judgment seat to-night I might have no reason to be ashamed because I dared not confess Him before men."

Tom stood a moment looking over the great crowd and then sat down. Richard threw his arm about him, and Tom looked into his face and smiled through tears of joy. But the effect upon the audience of that simple statement of the surrender of a human will to the divine will was indescribable. It was a crisis with John King and a test of his powers. Would he go on with his sermon or not? The interruption was such as any preacher might well be glad over, but what would he do with it? While Tom was speaking he knew what he would do. The great audience was under the control of a greater power than his own. When Tom sat down, the silence was more intense than ever, and John King began very slowly and in a low voice: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.' Friends, brothers, sons and daughters of God, a greater One than man has come in here and taken possession of this service. What has been said by this son of the one All-Father may be said by every person in this house if he will open his heart to the influence of the Spirit present here in power. Who will surrender his will to the will of the Divine? Who will say, not as a matter of emotion, but of will, to this Christ who still rules the world, 'My Lord, and my God'?"

A moment of the most awful stillness reigned throughout the house, and then from every part of it men arose and said, "I will!" "I will!" It was noticeable that their voices were low and clear. No one shouted. There was no cheap excitement. Groups of men and women rose as if they were determined on their decision to-

gether where they sat, and said almost as if one voice spoke, "I will!" "I will!" And so the most remarkable revival of modern times had its beginning. It was estimated that over a thousand persons, the majority of them grown men, rose that night in John King's church and acknowledged Christ as Master; and after events proved that in nearly every case the action was remarkably sincere in the complete changing of the life.

King asked all who desired to remain for an after service. Nearly two thousand persons remained. The rest of the audience quietly dispersed and spread the news of that wonderful service over the city. John King worked as he never worked before that night. His grand powers of body and soul came out and glorified his Master, as he always said of the exercise of any faculty he possessed. He found among his converts, if so they could be called, some of the most prominent leaders in the business and working world. Tower was not among them, and no one knew whether he had been present during the evening; but scores of men who had been leaders on both sides of the great commercial struggle met that night and looked into one another's faces while tears ran streaming down them, and they clasped one another's hands and said, "Brother"—they who had been almost at one another's throats as enemies the day before. It was a wonderful scene, and John King, with the peace of God in his heart and a humility which truly ascribed all the movement to a power greater than his own, went his way to his home that night thanking his Master that he had been permitted to live and see such a manifestation of the Spirit. But that was only the beginning. The movement spread. Every church in the city was crowded during the week. Great mass meetings were held outdoors in the parks. The revival invaded all places of business and influenced all sorts and conditions of men. The entire city was swept by the breath of God, and lay quiet under it. This was the marked feature of this unparalleled awakening. There was no

remarkable excitement, no loud talking, no hysterical scenes. God's Spirit seemed to appeal to the will of the people. Men rose in meetings everywhere and calmly said, "I am persuaded of Christ's claims on me, and I call Him Master. I wish to live the Christ life. I will make my life, by His help, conform to His teachings and Spirit." There was a hush of power over men. One of the most wonderful results was that over the great strike. Scenes were witnessed in the camp which men who saw them declared to be wholly indescribable. Men bowed their wills before God; they called Christ Master. Tower still retained great influence; but the character of the strike was changed. Measures which once had been thought impossible to carry out were advocated by both sides in the great struggle. The strike ended. The camp on the south side dissolved. The railroads once more resumed their regular traffic, and the reign of terror ceased. But men moved through the streets and went about their business in Chicago with awed feelings. It was, as many living at the time declared, almost as if a terrible plague had swept over the city and carried off half its inhabitants—only with this difference: the feeling at heart was a feeling of deep and solemn joy. As one expressed it, the age of miracles seemed to have returned, and God was the most actual fact of all things in that mighty metropolis.

Through all this, one man remained unmoved and unchanged, his ambition checked but not destroyed, the man Tower; and as days went by and his hold on the masses gradually weakened, he raged at heart to think that one man, John King, had, to his earthly mind, been the cause of all his loss of power, and a feeling of hatred as strong as the man's own nature grew in him as he thought of the great preacher, and vowed that he was his enemy, to be so regarded as long as he lived.

Richard and Tom were drawn toward each other as never before. It was a new world to Tom, that Christian life he had once wondered if he should ever possess.

Through the days that followed he understood his old chum's character as he had never understood it before, and as for himself, the world seemed new; all his old conceptions of duty and service and love to men were infused with the new life just opening up to him.

The two friends had gone back to their old boarding place. Tom had been discharged from the hospital as cured, and Richard felt unwilling to remain at John King's any longer, knowing the unceasing demands on the preacher's hospitality. John King did not urge either of them. He said simply, "You fellows know where you can get a meal or a bed any time you need either," and went his way at his work, his great heart filled with love to all God's world, and expanding under the influence of the great revival as men had thought impossible.

The next morning after Tom's conversion, if we may call it that (his *decision* would be the more accurate word), Richard told his friend of his discharge from The Daily Universe.

"I didn't think that of Mr. Case," remarked Tom. "What will you do now, Dick?"

"I don't know. I have lost not only my place, but yours, dear fellow. You know I took it only for the time being, until you got well again."

"What's to hinder my going back there?" asked Tom quietly.

"Why, you can't do work on the paper, Tom; you forgot your hand," added Richard a little gently for fear of hurting Tom.

"No, I haven't. But I practised with my left hand while I lay in the hospital, and I believe I can prove to Mr. Case that I can do just as good work as I ever did. Look here!" Tom drew a sheet of paper toward him and scrawled off some shorthand characters.

"How's that?" he inquired triumphantly.

"Looks like 'Mary had a little lamb,'" said Richard critically.

"Nonsense, Dick! Why, it's as plain as one of John King's sermons: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' 'Mary had a little lamb,' indeed!"

"'Try, try again!' Well, I think you'd better try again. But, come to look at it, I don't know but that you could make that out of it. Ah, Tom, if Case will only take you back and give you a chance, I believe you can make your mark yet."

"Of course I can. And what did John King tell us last night? 'Let every man go on with his work tomorrow as usual. Carry your Christian life into your business. Do not consider it necessary to stop your useful or honorable pursuits unless God calls you directly to do something else.' That sounds so sensible, Dick. We have got to live; the hospital expenses ate into our treasury heavily, and I believe my Master would say to me this morning, 'You can honor me by bravely going to work. And in the course of your work you will find opportunities enough to present Me to men.' I have thought it all out, Dick. I am going down to see Mr. Case this forenoon, and try for my old place. There's no reason why I can't be a real Christian and a reporter on a paper at the same time, is there, Dick?"

"No. It isn't easy, but it can be done."

"Well, my chosen business is just as dear to me as it ever was. I can't preach and I can't write religious books and I can't be a missionary; but I believe I can serve my Master in this profession, don't you?"

"Of course I do. We can't all be preachers in the way King is. Thank God, Tom, that you mean to carry your service to the new Master right into your chosen profession! I don't think the Lord made you to be a preacher."

"I know He didn't," said Tom with emphasis. "I couldn't preach any more than I could teach a drove of wild elephants to play football."

So Tom went down to the office of The Daily Universe while Richard put in the time over his book, a little

anxiously awaiting the reply to his chapters submitted to the monthly magazine. He expected to hear from the publishers any day. For some reason they had failed to give him their decision as promised the week before.

Mr. Case greeted Tom cordially and inquired after his injury and the amputation with much interest, but he seemed to have no thought that Tom was expecting to come back to his old work. But Tom was as direct in his way as Richard, and after a few sentences he said :

"Can I have my old place on the paper, Mr. Case?"

Mr. Case looked surprised. "Why, you can't do the work with your left hand."

"Try me and see," said Tom. "If I can't fill the position, I won't ask you to keep me."

Mr. Case hesitated. Tom had been a capital hand at the business; one of the best, in fact, that he ever knew. Richard's place was not filled yet, and it was busy times in the newspaper world.

"Very well, Mr. Howard. You may go right on. You know what you can do with one hand. I won't complain if you write with your foot, if the work is done," and Mr. Case smiled grimly.

"Thank you," said Tom, and rose to go out. Mr. Case called after him : "You know that we have started a Monday edition. That calls for Sunday work. This strike and the sensation last night at John King's church gives us plenty to do." Mr. Case had not been present at the church, and the newspaper accounts of the scene there had not given Tom's name as one of the actors. In fact the whole movement had involved so many persons of well-known city reputation that attention was called to them almost altogether.

Tom paused. It seemed strange to him now that neither he nor Richard had discussed the probability of Mr. Case's wanting Tom to do Sunday work. However it happened, it had not occurred, and Tom confronted the question as a new one. Three weeks before he would have thought the Sunday work a nuisance, but he would

have done it. Now he felt differently. He said to himself, 'If Jesus Christ were in my place, would He work for a daily paper on Sunday?' The only answer he could give was no. He turned around and said to Mr. Case, who had resumed his work at his desk, thinking Tom had gone out :

"Mr. Case, I would like to be excused from Sunday work."

"What!" Mr. Case wheeled around sharply.

"I would like to be excused from working Sunday."

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe in it," said Tom, getting angry in spite of himself.

Mr. Case caught fire from Tom's anger.

"You and Mr. Bruce are a pair of angels. When The Daily Universe is run in the interest of Sunday-schools and revivals you and he can apply for a position on a salary equal to your refined abilities. But this paper is edited in Chicago, not in heaven."

"Yes; you'd lose your place mighty quick if it was edited in heaven," muttered Tom.

"We can dispense with your services, sir," replied Mr. Case in his coldest tone. He turned his back on Tom, and Tom marched out with his left hand tightly clenched, and feeling mad all over.

"If I wasn't converted, I'd go back and tell him what I think of him," he said. And then a flood of feeling came over him. "I a disciple of the Master! I a follower of the crucified One! And I have disgraced Him by my passion. I am unworthy His name!"

He walked slowly for a block, then turned around and walked steadily back to the office of The Universe. He went in, and Mr. Case turned and looked at him. There were two other reporters present. Tom knew them quite well. They had visited him during his illness.

"Mr. Case," said Tom with an effort, "I wish to apologize for the way in which I spoke to you, and also

for losing my temper as I did. Will you accept my apology as a Christian gentleman?"

Mr. Case bit his lip, and then deliberately turned his back on Tom, without a word. Tom flushed up and then turned pale. It was the first time he had ever apologized to a man in his life, and it was an entirely new and bitter experience to him. The two reporters looked embarrassed, but said nothing. There was a moment's painful hush, and then Tom turned and went out. He walked rapidly through the streets in a conflict of feeling. He felt better for having made the apology, and he felt worse for having received such an answer to it. Ah, Tom! in the service of this new Master you are beginning to learn that all the way is not down hill. But you will get some splendid views, and breathe some delightful air as you patiently climb the upward road and feel God's hand in yours, clasping it more lovingly and firmly every day.

He felt better by the time he reached his room. Telling it over to Richard was a relief to him.

His old friend looked at him lovingly.

"You won't regret it, Tom. Strange, isn't it, that neither of us thought of the Sunday work in your case?"

"Why, I was thinking all the time that Case would simply let me drop back into my old place, and I never once gave the Sunday work a thought; and I believe if I hadn't lost my temper I could have persuaded him to let me do extra work on other days enough to make up for it."

"There are other papers, Tom. You can get work in time somewhere."

"Yes; but it isn't so easy. After all, the loss of my hand is an obstacle;" and Tom sighed. "I don't know but I'll have to go as a missionary after all. I don't think I was cut out for one, but I might be cut up for one if I fell in with the cannibals."

Just then the postman brought up the mail. There was a letter for Richard. He opened it, read it through,

jumped up and exclaimed, "Hear this, Tom! And he read aloud:

"Office of The Monthly Visitor.

"RICHARD BRUCE:

"Dear Sir,—The MS. of your story has been read with interest by one of the firm, and we shall be pleased to print the story as a serial, under certain conditions. For terms, etc., an interview is solicited at your earliest convenience.

"We are, very truly yours,

"CALVIN & SONS."

34 Book Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Dick!" cried Tom in genuine delight, "the book was a dark horse after all. Oh, for my good right hand to shake with you! It's splendid. I need a hundred dollars the worst kind, and if you are embarrassed with your fortune I can invest some of it, and not charge you over ten per cent commission either."

"Pooh! It isn't likely the publishers will give me a hundred dollars for the book," said Richard; but he looked very much pleased, and walked up and down the little room as his habit was. It was something to have Calvin & Sons print the book in The Monthly Visitor.

"Why don't you go right down and see them this morning, Dick?" asked Tom, who shared his friend's excitement.

"I believe I will. They say at my earliest convenience. I can't write any more now. Come on down with me."

"All right. And while you are asking Calvin & Sons not to give you too much for the book, for fear of making you proud, I will go around and see Con."

At the office of Calvin & Sons the two parted, Tom saying that he expected to be back for one o'clock lunch. We will follow Richard into No. 34 Book Street.

He was a little nervous and excited, but, with his

usual Christian philosophy, ready for anything, very cheerful, and hopeful of final results.

He inquired for Mr. Calvin. A very large but very pleasant-faced gentleman turned about and greeted him.

"I am Richard Bruce, and I have come in answer to this letter," he said, holding it out.

Mr. Calvin rose and looked at Richard with interest.

"Take a chair, Mr. Bruce. Glad to make your acquaintance. So you are the author of the manuscript I have had the pleasure of reading. I think I was not in when you submitted it?"

"No, sir. I met one of your sons."

"Just so. Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Bruce. The book is well designed, and, as we wrote you, we shall be pleased to give it to the reading public as a serial. What do you want for it?"

Richard was surprised at the directness of the question, but he replied like a true Yankee:

"What will you give?"

Mr. Calvin laughed. "I have not the least idea as to your value of the manuscript. However, we will make you this offer: we will give you two hundred and fifty dollars for the entire book, to be produced in serial form if we can be assured that the remaining chapters are equal to those submitted to us."

Richard smiled. "The remaining chapters, sir, are not yet written. How can I assure you of their value?"

"What? But you have some definite plan of the work of course?"

"Yes, sir." And Richard related the history of the book. Mr. Calvin seemed struck by the narrative, especially that part of it which related to the burning of the manuscript. He looked at Richard yet more keenly, but with a look of much kindly interest.

"I don't think it will hurt you, Mr. Bruce, to know that every person in the office except myself has been opposed to our publishing the book. There is a strong feeling that it will prove a failure. But to my mind the

story presents a very strong and able defense of many things at present demanded by our social life. The recent events of the strike have emphasized this. I believe the story will take and be widely read. For that reason I am willing to give it a trial ; and if you feel satisfied with the terms we will close the bargain now, and I can advance you half the sum at once, on condition, of course, that the remaining chapters are finished before the third number of *The Visitor* is issued."

"I agree to the terms," replied Richard quietly, as if selling books were an everyday occurrence with him. If he hesitated at all over the price, it was simply to wonder whether he could make a living at that rate—two hundred and fifty dollars for six months' hard work. But he was so rejoiced to find a publisher, he had such faith in the book to do good, that he would have accepted almost any offer for it. The bargain was closed by the writing of a simple contract, and Richard went out of the office with one hundred and twenty-five dollars, the proudest man in Chicago.

He hurried back to his room to tell Tom, but his old chum had not returned. He did not come to lunch, and the afternoon was growing into evening as Richard sat writing away, and beginning to wonder where Tom could be, and thinking it almost time to light the lamp. He had risen to get a light when Tom's step sounded outside, and he came in and sat down by the window. Richard could not see his face very well in the dusk of the room, but he feared he was ill, and stepping over to him he exclaimed : "Why, Tom, where have you been ? Are you ill ?"

"No." Tom's voice sounded strangely. "I'm well enough ; don't light the lamp yet, Dick. I have strange news to tell you. Con is dead."

"Dead ! and in jail ?"

"Yes." Tom shuddered and buried his face in his hand.

"Why, how did it happen?" asked Richard.

"I'll tell you in a minute, Dick." Tom waited, and then went on, more composed:—

"You see, I went over to the jail directly after leaving you. They would not let me in without an order from the proper authorities. This is under the new regulations. It took me an hour to get the order. When I came back I found the jail in the greatest excitement. I showed my order to one of the officers and he took me into a small room back of the main corridor, and there lay Con, and the minute I saw him I knew he was dead."

Richard listened with horror only increased by Tom's recital as he continued:—

"And Dick, what makes it seem more terrible, he was killed in the jail during that hour that I was out getting the order. The prisoners who were detained for trial were in the central room of the building. One of the foreigners, who had been arrested the day before for an assault, had a quarrel with Con, and during the quarrel struck him, and in such a way as to kill him instantly. But, O Dick, the thought that seems most terrible to me is this: the boy went out of this world just as he had lived, and I did not have time to tell him that I forgave him, and try to win his degraded soul back to the image of the heavenly Father! Why didn't I go to see him last week? Won't the Master hold me to account for his soul when I face him at the judgment?"

"No, Tom; you are excited now and you do yourself injustice, and that is as wrong as to do another person injury. Suppose I were in your place; would you blame me for not going to see Con sooner? And suppose you had. Do you think he would have necessarily been converted or changed in character?"

"No: perhaps not, Dick. But you cannot think how terribly I felt when I saw that dead body. My mind went back with a flash to that night at the school when I was struggling with the boy and something not far from murder was in my heart then, I know there was. Well, every-

thing in me has changed since then. Last night while King was speaking I seemed to see my Master on the cross and hear His cry, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!' and I said to myself, 'If the Saviour who came to rescue me from evil could say that of His enemies, cannot I say it of mine? Can I forgive Con?' And I felt an answer come stealing into my heart, 'Yes, yes, I can forgive him!' I was a murderer at heart myself. I meant to do him great bodily injury at any rate. And terrible as the loss of my hand has been to me, Dick, I did then and there know within myself that Con was no longer an object of hatred to me, but I loved him as a possible son of God, if God would only allow me to help redeem him from evil. And I cannot comfort myself yet, for he went out of this world and I did not tell him."

Tom laid his head on the table and sobbed. The strain on his feelings had been very great. Richard put his hand on his head and soothed him with all the wisdom in his power. Gradually Tom grew calmer. It was quite dark in the room now as he concluded his account of the day's experience.

"After my first shock was over, Dick, I found out where Con lived, and it seemed to me I ought to take the news to his people, if he had anybody that loved him or cared for him. Dick, you will not believe me. I found the wretched room where Con's mother lived; she is a cripple. There are two other children, a little girl and a boy; the father is sick in the hospital from a fall. It seems he was a lineman in the telegraph company's employ. Con's mother sews—makes coats for the sweaters. I don't know how I told her; but I did somehow. She did not say a word at first, but folded her thin hands across her lap and let her tears fall on them. Then she said, 'He was not a good boy, but he was the son of my love. O Con, Con, your mother's heart is broken!'

"Well, Dick, I couldn't stand it. I got one of the neighbors to come in, and I went away. Felt like a

coward, but couldn't help it. I'll do something for the family if I ever get any means. Oh, what a thing mother love is, isn't it? Nearest like the love of God of anything known to earth. Then, Dick, I went around to several of the newspaper men and told them the story, and they all subscribed liberally, and we took Con's body home and made arrangements for the funeral; and then I went to see Mr. King, and when I left he was there with his sister, and Con's mother was being comforted as only John King and his sister can do it. It's been a terrible day for me; and yet, Dick, this great, wicked city is being shaken by the hand of God as never before. As I came along through the streets it seemed as if He had come down and men were seeing something of the glory of His face. All the evening papers are full of the service last night; they contain very little else. The air is full of a quiet excitement. I saw groups of men everywhere, and when I stopped to listen they were not talking politics or the races or the strike, but the wonderful things that had happened at John King's and in other places during the day. I cannot but believe we are to see wondrous things in this old earth's history, Richard."

"God grant we may!" replied Richard solemnly. Tom's narrative had stirred him deeply. For the time being all thought of the book was gone. That seemed like such a small event compared with the tragic scene Tom had witnessed. Tom was the one to inquire after the book. Richard related his experience.

Tom seemed a little disappointed., "It's very little, dear fellow, for so much work. You won't get rich at that rate."

"Perhaps I can get more for my next," replied Richard cheerfully. He lighted a lamp and showed Tom the money. "Here's your hundred dollars, Tom," he said as he laid three twenties and four tens on the table.

"How much have you got left?" asked Tom, covering the money with his left hand.

"I shall have a hundred and fifty when I am paid up," replied Richard truthfully.

"Don't you think that's too much money for one man to possess?" asked Tom with something of his old-time irony at his chum's childlikeness in money matters.

Richard looked at Tom and answered, "Tom, take a part of the money and help Con's mother with it. I appoint you trustee. We can certainly earn our living at hard work, and it does not seem right to me to have so much when women like her are working for sweaters."

"I'll take ten dollars but not a cent more," said Tom resolutely, and all Richard's urging could not change his determination. "There'll be ways enough to spend it, Dick; too many, if you begin this way. Better let me invest the money in writing paper and ink for you."

"Oh, dear! wealth is a great care and brings much responsibility," said Richard with a sigh. "Suppose you act as treasurer of the establishment. Tom, now that we are thrown together, and when I want any for clothes or necessities I will come to you for it."

"Will you give me six per cent for keeping it for you?" asked Tom with a twinkle of the eye.

"No, sir; you shall not have anything but the honor of the office; and I shall expect you to be strictly trustworthy and not run off to Canada with the deposit."

So Tom, after some urging, finding that Richard was in earnest about it, actually took the money in trust, and Richard felt very easy over the matter.

The next two days passed without special events in our friends' lives. The revival grew in power. The outdoor meetings increased. The church buildings could not hold the crowds. John King was apparently everywhere. Now the friends heard of him at one end of the city and then at another. He was a man of iron, seemingly, for endurance. Wherever misery cried aloud or want held out its bony hand or crime stalked defiant, there you might look for John King, and expect to find him sympathizing, comforting, lifting up, reproving, working,

with a tear in the eye and a hope in the heart for all God's children.

It was Wednesday night, and Richard had returned from his night school to find Tom restlessly pacing the room. As Richard came in, Tom exclaimed, "I can't stand this inaction any longer, Dick. Here I have hunted for work all day without finding it. I am tired out. Nobody wants an old soldier for a reporter. Tell you what, I wish I could talk to the women folks! I'd load up a basket with tinware, coffee pots, quart measures, tin cups, etc., and go around into folks' back yards and sell tinware for a living. I saw a fellow doing that to-day, and he appeared to be having a good time. You see, if they set the dog on you, you could tie a tin pail to his tail and get even with him that way."

"It's too bad; but you must be patient, Tom. We are in no immediate distress from a financial point of view. Why don't you go to John King? He might know of an opening."

"But he has done so much for us, and I don't like to go to him now. Every man, woman, and child in Chicago seems to think John King is public property, to be used without paying taxes or making repairs. I ought to take care of myself now." There was a pause. Richard was thinking hard. Suddenly he looked up and said: "I've found a job for you, Tom, for a while at least."

"Good! What is it? Shovelling coal or grinding a hand-organ on the corner?"

"What is the reason you can't teach the night school for a while? It is in good shape now, and I feel sure you could do the boys great good. The revival has crept into that neighborhood, Tom, and you would be surprised at the effect of it. I know King can arrange it with the Board all right, and I need all the time I can get now on the book."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Tom, thumping the table with his old-time vigor. "I believe I can honor the Master that way. How much longer is the term?"

"Three weeks; and by the end of that time something will certainly turn up for you."

So Tom went into the night school, and before the three weeks were gone had won the boys to him, and many of them to the new Master, by his manly, loving presentation of the new life. We may have occasion to mention one or two incidents in that experience of his, but we are compelled now to turn to one of the events of the great awakening as it progressed throughout the city.

The outdoor meetings had almost taken the place of the church meetings. The weather had been remarkably clear and dry. The air was as pure as it ever can be in a great city. The most immense crowds had gathered night after night in the parks. The same spirit pervaded them all. There was the same absence of excitement or feeling. Men testified to their willingness to live the Christlike life, and went to their homes and began to act it out. A perfect revolution swept the social and business life of Chicago. For a time the greatest power there was the divine Presence. While all this was true, there were many exceptions. As has always been the case historically when a revival has sprung up, the devil appeared to be more malignant in some ways than ever; and with some of the foreign population there was an evident desire to bring back the old times of lawlessness and commotion.

It was Sunday night again, two weeks from the first meeting in John King's church, and he had made an appointment to preach to the people at one of the parks. When he reached the place he found the man Tower, the former leader of the strikers, addressing a large crowd of foreigners from a platform erected only a short distance from that put up for the preaching. The park regulations at the time allowed any respectable body of citizens to arrange for public gatherings of this kind. The attempt on Tower's part was plainly an attempt to break up the religious gathering. He was addressing his mixed

audience, now in German, now in Italian, now in Scandinavian. He was an accomplished linguist, and knew how to handle an audience well. He was making a powerful speech. He was a man of great gifts in the power of swaying an audience, and he had this one well in hand.

John King mounted his platform and sat quietly down. He was not a linguist like Tower, but he understood German well enough to know that Tower was making a passionate appeal to the prejudices of his hearers against the priestly power that had gained control of men, and urging them to remember their degradation and poverty and the inequality which widened the gap between them and the rich and powerful. It was a masterly effort, many of its arguments well taken, but much said that appealed directly to passion and ignorance as well as to reason and judgment.

It was at the close of one of Tower's eloquent periods, just as the crowd hung breathless between the closing word and a storm of applause, that John King rose, his magnificent form looming up grandly even in comparison with Tower, who had a splendid development physically, and exclaimed in a voice clear, ringing, and, more than all, *loving*: "Brothers, men of America, which is your adopted home, where already you have buried some of your dear ones and where little children have been born to you, and where you have come to love the flag that floats for greater liberty than ye knew in other lands, hear me a moment, in the name of God and humanity and the blessed Christ who came to redeem us all."

"It was astonishing to note the effect of that simple appeal. The crowd leaned, as it were, toward the speaker. The same hush that was so often noticeable in John King's church was apparent here at once. The divine presence seemed to awe and quiet men in the presence of this ambassador of God. Many a grimy, hard-fisted German and rough-featured Scandinavian recognized in that noble face the man who had climbed his

tenement stairs and prayed beside his dying one or gasped his hand in silent but strong compassion over the dead; and not a man living, not even Tower, could sway that audience away from him now.

For an hour John King spoke—a marvellous speech, running over with love for men, with love for Christ, with hope for the world. He spoke in English, knowing that the great majority of even the largely foreign element could understand it well enough. Near the close of his sermon hundreds of strong men surrendered their wills to the divine will. His closing words were as follows :

“The loving Father made us of different races and languages and habits; but He made our souls all one, and His greatest longing is this : that we love Him with heart, mind, soul, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves; and it was to show us how this could be done that His only begotten Son came into the world. Who was Jesus Christ? Whatever else He was, He was the one Being in all the world who revealed the divine to the human in all its power. We know He loved God; we know He loved men; we know He went His way blessing the poor, rebuking the selfish rich, the Friend of sinners, the Companion of the lowly; and this is the Christ we are willing to call Master. Who will be ashamed of Him to-night—that Prince of the world? Do you think it will make little difference with your struggle for bread whether you call Him Master? Try it and see. Did He not say, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things’—the bread and the home and the necessities of life—‘shall be added unto you?’ Did He not care for the physical life of man? Did He not weep over its poverty and distress? We know He did. But give your wills to Him. Obey His commands, and it shall be better with you than you have ever supposed possible. Notice the changes going on at present in this city—changes in the commercial world hitherto undreamed of; and all owing to

the change in men's hearts, in their attitude toward the divine. Is there a man in this city out of work to-day? He knows where he can get it at good pay by going to the very city which three weeks ago had nothing in its wisdom to offer thousands of starving men. And how has this been brought about? By the admission of even the enemies of Christ it has been brought about by means of this great turning of men's hearts to God and the opening up of the avenues of the hearts of many wealthy men to the needs of their brothers, and already thousands of rich men in this city, moved by the Spirit of God, are making use of their wealth and power permanently to change the conditions of unequal and unjust society; and all this through the change of heart within. O my brethren, we are all of one household of faith if only we will open our eyes to see it. Who will give himself to the divine service? Who will say as thousands are saying in all parts of the city even now, 'My Lord and my God?' Who will kneel to-night, before he lies down to sleep, and pray to God for Jesus' sake to forgive all his past life and help him to live the new life, the life that shall never die?"

It was nearly midnight when John King departed from the scene of this gathering, where more than two thousand men testified to the power of God. The great preacher was overcome with awe and joy. His eyes were wet with tears, his heart beat with praise at the wonderful sight. He walked home at last, going by a short way which took him through one or two obscure and narrow streets. As he crossed over one of these and came under a light at a corner he was aware of a man standing there, and as he put his foot on the sidewalk the man turned suddenly and faced him. It was the man Tower, who stood immediately in front of John King. The two men confronted each other for a moment in silence. Tower was the first to speak.

CHAPTER VIII.

But *I* say unto you, Love your enemies.—Jesus Christ.

Tower spoke in a tone of suppressed passion, which had at the same time a threat in it.

"So you are the man who calls himself a Christian and a preacher of the Gospel, and who has done more than any one man in the city to destroy my influence over the workingmen."

John King looked at him calmly and replied very quietly, "I think you must be mistaken, sir; I have not been conscious of any such action. I certainly have not wished to destroy any man's influence over any other man, unless it were wrong."

"Do you deny that you took my audience away from me to-night?"

"Well, sir," replied King with a slight smile, not of triumph, but of real humor, "it was not your audience any more than mine. I certainly gave you a fair chance, and you have the advantage of me in being able to talk three languages to my one."

Tower stamped his foot on the pavement savagely. This time he spoke with a sneer. "Come, sir, you need not try your childish arts of persuasion on me, for I am beyond them. Prepare to defend yourself, for by all the strange devils of this strange city, and there are none stranger than those who have ruled the last two weeks, I pledge you the word of a man who never broke his word that I will have my pleasure in beating your body, seeing I have been debarred the privilege of beating your mind or whatever it is that gives you such power."

John King had seen a great deal of the world, but he had never before been confronted with such a man

as Tower or faced such a crisis as this. He was a powerful man physically, and he had not the slightest fear but that in a hand-to-hand combat with Tower he could defend himself even against his angry rage. The men were about the same height and general build. Indeed, as we have said, they resembled each other quite closely in a general way. The place where the two had met was one of the most lonely and unfrequented in Chicago. The buildings were storehouses or warehouses, uninhabited, and the police were not in the habit of patrolling the neighborhood often. The hour was early morning, and not another person was in sight. If Tower had chosen the spot purposely for the sake of meeting the preacher and attacking him, he could not have chosen all things better.

John King drew himself up to his full height, looked his enemy in the face, and said very deliberately, "Mr. Tower, suppose I refuse to defend myself from such an attack?"

"Then, sir, you are a coward, and I will whip you as such. No more words. Will you defend yourself or not?"

"Sir, I will do as Christ would do in my place; it has been the rule of my life. If you strike me, you will strike Him through me."

Tower hesitated. He had not counted on this. He had a reluctance to strike a man who apparently had no intention of defending himself. Finally he exclaimed, "You are a coward, preacher! and as such I treat you!" And with the words he struck King a savage blow upon the face.

John King trembled all over. His muscles stiffened like iron. His face turned red, then deadly pale, but he stood like a rock. Inwardly a prayer rose in his heart: "O my Master, grant me the soul of this brother of mine who thinks that I am his enemy. Tower stepped back a little, mistaking King's action to mean a return of the blow, and the two men stood thus for a moment,

each with clenched fists, looking at each other. When John King spoke it was in a voice singularly calm and earnest.

"Mr. Tower, you have struck me and called me a coward. But I have neither attempted to run away nor cried out for help. Does not that prove that I am not a coward?"

Tower confronted the preacher in silent rage. He was struck with the way King had put the matter. He did not know just what to do. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable. He found vent for his feelings in a string of oaths. "Curses on you! Will you fight or not, preacher?"

John King looked at his antagonist sternly. "Sir," he said slowly, "I will spend my last ounce of strength in fighting the devil, but I will not raise my hand against you, because I believe you are entirely wrong in your thought of me. You consider me your enemy; instead of that I am your friend. If I were your enemy, I would strike back; and I am fully as strong a man as you are. If you do not believe it, I can prove it to you."

In front of the warehouse where all this had taken place was a wooden awning which projected over the sidewalk a few feet. Under the awning had been rolled several barrels of salt. They were lying on their sides. John King stooped down and ended one of the barrels up. Then he picked up another barrel, and raising it bodily placed it end for end on top of the first so that the two stood together. There were not a dozen men in Chicago, outside of professional athletes, who could have done it. Tower knew that he could not, strong man as he was, and he looked on in sullen amazement at this man, who had received a blow in the face without returning it, and yet who had evidently the strength of a modern giant.

There was an impressive silence. John King put his hand up to his face as he felt something warm trickling

down his cheek. It was blood. Tower wore on his middle finger a large ring set with a peculiar square stone, and when he struck King the ring had cut a slight gash just below the eye. The preacher took out his handkerchief and wiped off the blood, and as he did so he held out his other hand to Tower with an irresistible gesture of courtesy and said :

"Come, my brother, did not the Father of all make us to love each other ? Why should you hate me when life is so long and death so short and heaven so near and God so good ?"

It was a turning point in Tower's life. Strong nature as his was, for the first time in his life his pride recognized in this other man a stronger. He had met his master. His passion, too, had spent itself in that blow which had not been returned, and now he felt ashamed of the act. There were nobler impulses struggling in this man, impulses which he himself vaguely felt at times. He had much of the wild beast in him. He was untamed. But there were times in Adam Tower's life when the gentleness and tenderness of woman sprang up in him, but only like those warm springs which have rare intervals of gushing up out of the hard limestone. The events of the strike had brought out his gifts of leadership and control of large bodies of men acting from a common feeling of injustice; but the spiritual element which had entered the city and disbanded the strike and created another kind of revolution was an unknown factor to him, so unknown that he had ascribed it to evil instead of goodness; and the subsequent loss of his leadership had turned his heart against the famous preacher at whose church the new social movement had begun. He had not stopped to ask himself what King had done to harm him. He had only recognized in him an enemy, and waited for his opportunity to punish him. And here was this man holding out his hand to him after having received what almost any man would regard as a deadly insult and asking him to become his friend. He looked

at King in a troubled way, but did not take his hand. Finally he burst out as if he were beside himself, "'Brother!' A pretty brother I would make for you! You do not know me."

"I know that God hath made one all nations that are upon the earth," replied John King gently, "and I know that His best name is Love, and that His greatest command is 'Love one another.' Why will you not call me your brother as I have called you mine?"

"Because we are enemies."

"How can we be enemies if I do not hate you? Is it not necessary for two to hate each other to be enemies?"

Tower did not reply. A great struggle was going on in him. The better man was crowding up to the surface. At last he said slowly, as if he were weighing every word:

"I will shake hands with you on one condition."

"Name it," said John King with a smile.

"That you strike me in the face as hard a blow as I struck you."

"I don't dare to do it," answered King with a pleasant laugh, "for fear you will forget yourself and hit me again, and then to even it up I would be entitled to another blow, and no one can tell where the fight would end. Besides," he added, "I don't know just how hard you hit me, and I could not guarantee to return exactly the same kind of a blow. Ah, my brother, forget all about it! Is not life too serious and eternal to dwell on anything less than the greatest things? Be assured, my brother, I love you. I will clasp hands with you for a common battle in behalf of that humanity we both hold so dear. Come! say you will. You will not regret it to all eternity."

Tower stood irresolute a moment; then he extended his hand and put it within John King's own. His face was set and pale as death; his lips trembled; there was a tear in his eye. : two men stood under the little

light and looked into each other's faces. Neither said anything. John King uttered a silent prayer: "I thank Thee, my Master, for getting the victory for Thy dear sake."

At last Tower said in a low tone, "I did you an injury, sir, and I am sorry. I think I should be struck for it."

"And what good would that do, brother? Are you not punished sufficiently? No; that is past. We won't live in that any more. If I forgive it, what more do you want? Do you think God delights to punish a man for his sins after he has repented of them?"

"Must not the man suffer even if he is forgiven?"

"Ah! You are a theologian, I see," said John King, smiling. "Sometime I will discuss that point with you; but we want plenty of time. Shall we be going on? I live on Plain Street. Will you walk along with me?"

Tower silently nodded, and the two men walked along together. They did not say much. Once as they passed by an open drug store Tower stopped and said, "Better let me go in and get something to put on your face to stop the bleeding."

"It doesn't hurt me now. There is no need," replied King, and he gently drew his companion along. At his own door he faced Tower and said, "Will you come and see me to-morrow night? It is the only night in the week that is open to me, and we will have a good talk together."

"Yes, I'll come," replied Tower after a slight pause. Then he returned King's hand-clasp and slowly walked down the street, with his head bent, as one who walks in a dream and wonders at himself, while John King went into his plainly furnished sleeping room and kneeled down and offered up this prayer:

"It has been a wonderful day for me, my Master. I have been permitted to see mighty things in Thy kingdom on the earth; and I thank Thee for the many souls that have walked into the light of eternal day and are

rejoicing in its beauty and happiness. I thank Thee that at last, after the long years of discouragement and coldness and disheartening, and the sneers of Thine enemies, Thou hast revealed Thyself in power to this great city, which slumbers in awe under Thy mighty presence. How wonderful are Thy ways! how miraculous Thy regenerating force! and I, Thy servant, do offer my heart's thanks for what I have seen. Thine is all the glory. Thou who didst humble Thyself from Thine infinite majesty and take upon Thyself the form of a servant and dwell among us as a man. And now, my dear Lord, my heart goes out for the heart of this man I have met to-night. If it is Thy way to bring men to Thee through other men, use me to draw him towards Thee. I come to Thee for wisdom and for more love. There was a single moment of hatred in my heart when he struck me, my Master; but it was not the new man in me, and Thou knowest if I did not cry to Thee for help at once. Oh, I pray for him! For he is strong to do mighty work if he will give himself to Thee. Thou wilt help me, wilt Thou not, dear Friend, and astound Thine Adversary by the regeneration of one of his own creatures? I repose in Thy peace this night. I believe in Thee, eternal Life. Help me in this tabernacle to glorify Thy name, and grant me to live continually as one who fears nothing and hopes everything, and beholds an inexpressible eternity of joy and progress with Thee. 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.' Amen."

He slept like a child, and awoke to another week of work with the thought of Tower in mind throughout the day as he worked. When evening came, Tower was true to his word, and the two sat down in John King's study, where many thrilling interviews, all unknown to the world, had been held. John King had made every possible endeavor to remove the mark of the blow he had received, in order that Tower might not be confronted with it, but had only partially succeeded. His greeting of

Tower was so hearty and unmistakable that the man could not but feel that the preacher was entirely free from ill-will; in fact, that he had forgotten the event of the past night.

"It has been a little strange that we have not seen each other before this," King began. "I was all over the south side during the strike, and heard your name mentioned at every street corner, but never happened to see you."

Tower laughed a little and spoke in a somewhat bitter, hard fashion, softened some by the thought of his recent encounter with the man opposite.

"The fact is," he replied, "I purposely avoided you. I had an idea that you were a religious enthusiast. That is one reason I never went to hear you preach. I have always regarded the Church as opposed to the poor and favoring only the rich and aristocratic."

"Where did you get that idea, my brother?"

"From the people."

"The people?"

"Yes; the masses."

"What do you mean by the masses?"

Tower answered thoughtfully. He was on his own ground now, and felt at home.

"By the masses I mean the men and women who work with their hands for their daily bread—the carpenters, painters, masons, hod-carriers, street-cleaners, machinists, artisans, sewing girls—those who make their living by day's wages, not by salaries or by any profession or incorporated business."

"Why should they be called the masses?"

"Because they outnumber all others groups of men included in the professional and wealthy orders of society."

"Then you would not call me one of the masses?" inquired John King with a slight smile.

"No, of course not."

"Would you call me a working man?"

"No, indeed," replied Tower without hesitation.

"You would not deny that I work hard every day?"

"No; still I would not call you a working man."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't work with your hands."

"But would you grant that what I do is as useful and necessary to the good of society as what the hod-carrier does or the street cleaner or the farmer?"

Tower hesitated. King saw that he did not wish to answer the question. He leaned over toward him and said very frankly :

"Mr. Tower, all our talk will be useless unless we talk very plainly and tell each other just exactly what we think. Life is too short to waste in empty compliments and soft evasions of the real difficulties between men. You need not be afraid of hurting my feelings. You ought to know that. When I talk with a man who has opposite views from my own I count it a great favor to have that man tell me exactly what he believes. There is no use in talking unless we do that with each other."

Tower saw at once the spirit of the man with whom he was engaged. He nodded gravely and replied at once :

"Well, then, sir, I will answer your question by saying that I do not regard your work as necessary to the good of society as the work of the artisan or the producer of articles from the soil or the shop."

"Why not?"

"Because you are dealing with matters of speculation and theory and not adding anything to the comfort or happiness of society on its side of actual existence."

John King kept his temper admirably. For a minute he made no reply. It was possible he was offering a prayer that the man, his brother, opposite, might be led out into the wider thought of life as it really was. At last he said calmly :

"Do you regard Jesus Christ as a speculation or a theory?"

"He was an historical person, I suppose," replied Tower, shifting in his seat a little uneasily.

"Do you regard His teachings as necessary to the world's happiness?"

"Yes."

"Then is it not necessary that some men should make it the business of their lives to apply these teachings to men's lives and try to get men to live the same life that Christ lived? And if that is true, are not these men doing as much for the general good of society as the men who produce, as you say, something from the soil or the shop?"

"Yes; if they apply the teachings of Christ. The question is, do they? Or is the whole basis of the Church of the present founded upon wealth and family and forms and creeds and living as remote from the real needs of the people and of the hour as if Christ were a theory instead of a fact? I do not quarrel with the teachings of Christ; I only quarrel with the Church, because it has not lived by His teachings. How many preachers in this city, Mr. King, ever preached from the text, 'It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven'? And yet that was one of Christ's teachings."

"I know a dozen preachers in this city who have used that text, or one like it, within the last six months. How do you know what is being preached nowadays, my brother, if you do not go to church? I used that very text myself three weeks ago, and it did not convert all the rich men in the audience, either. You would not blame me for that, would you?"

Tower seemed struck by the remark. "No," he said. "I am familiar with the human being and know how hard he is to persuade. But I did not know that there was a preacher in this city who ever preached on that subject."

"Then you do not know what is going on in the churches?"

"I confess I don't, except as I have an impression that they favor the rich and ignore the poor."

"Do you know what the proportion of rich men to poor men is in the church membership of this country?"

"No, I do not."

"Name one rich man in this city who is a church member."

Tower gave two or three prominent names.

"But they are not members; they only attend church services occasionally. I can give you a list of wealthy church members in this city," and King mentioned several well-known men. "Now take, for example, the membership of my own church, which is twenty-five hundred. There are ten men in that number who are said to be worth \$100,000, or over. The remainder are men who are working in moderate circumstances to support their families. There are five hundred members in my church who have only what they earn by day's or month's wages. Of really rich men there is only one to every two hundred and fifty. So that the bulk of the membership is composed really of hard-working men, who, by thrift and industry and temperance, are wearing good clothes and living in comfortable homes. The fact is, Mr. Tower, the very wealthy men in this city are not members of churches any more than the very poor are members. The churches have to-day, all over this country, the middle class, so to speak; that is, the average man—neither the very rich nor the very poor. So, when you say the poor are not in the Church, I can truthfully say the rich are not either. They may attend the services, and they may give to the Church, but they are not disciples and do not call themselves disciples of Christ."

Tower had listened attentively. "Then you would not rebuke the Church for its apparent failure to reach the masses? There must be some good reason for the popular impression that the Church is removed from the common people. If not, why are the very poor so seldom found in the Church? I will grant that the millionaires are not church members; but you sometimes find them in the Church and often hear of their connection with it in some way; but the very poor don't go inside the walls or unite. Who is to blame for that?"

"My brother," replied John King, rising and pacing the room, "do you remember that when Christ was on the earth He said, 'Ye *will* not come to Me that ye may have life?' And do you think that the Church or any other institution can deal with all the complex problems of human society and solve them to the satisfaction of everybody? Do you take into account that the human being himself is very often the very one who stands in the way of his own progress and happiness? You ask me, Why doesn't the Church reach all classes of society and remove all these evils of inequality and abolish all poverty and crime and disease, and re-establish society upon a new and happy basis? I answer, Because men are what they are, and what God allowed them to be when He created them. I ask of you, Why do not existing political parties, each one of which claims to have the remedy for the disease of the body politic, cleanse the system and give us a perfect government? One administration says, 'Let us hold the reins of government. We will make times easy. We will reform abuses. We will give every man a fair chance.' And the country gives that party the power, and it holds it for a season; and when the time is out there is the same old cry of hard times and distress. Then another political body, advocating exactly opposite measures, says, 'Away with these rascals! Turn them out!' And the fickle country elects another magistrate and begins under an entirely new administration; and still the cry of hard times is just as loud, and men get into debt just as fast, and the struggle for existence goes on just the same as ever. Why do not the political parties who claim that governments are their business make easy times for the country? I'll tell you why. Because of the selfishness of humanity. We say God made this world, and made us and put us into it, and He wants every man to have enough to eat and wear and develop happily. And why doesn't He succeed in His desire? Because men will not let Him! Because they are walking monuments of egotism and selfishness and greed and narrow-

ness. O men, men, my brothers ! God's sons !" John King stretched out his arms towards the great city as it could be seen from the windows at the end of his study. For a while he seemed to forget his visitor. "How great is the problem of society, and yet how simple ! If men would only seek the kingdom of God, if they would only love Him instead of themselves, we would see the millennium ! And thou Church of the living God, what crimes have been committed in thy name ! Thou hast sheltered the rich and spoken softly to those who dine luxuriously, and turned thy back upon the poor and hungry, and thy servants from the desk have preached delicately and have been cowards, cowards, cowards ! And Christ has not been presented to men ; and they have turned away in disgust or scorn from a so-called Christianity which has been too timid and too conservative to touch the common needs of humanity ! But yet"—he stopped near Tower and said in a lower tone, addressing him—"there are signs that you and I, brother, are to see revolutions in the world. God has come down among us wonderfully these past two weeks. And the Spirit of truth shall guide us into all the truth."

"Do you refer to the revival ?" Tower asked the question with a curious expression, and a rising tone that betokened deep passion.

"Yes. I regard it as the most remarkable movement known to history. I believe it will solve more hard questions in social economics than all the politicians have been able to answer for ten centuries."

"Mr. King," said Tower bitterly, "this religious spasm of the people has cost me all that I hold dear. I cannot look upon it as you do. I believe it is a superstitious delusion, and the effect of it will be disastrous in the extreme."

"But it was the cause of dissolving the strike in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, and it is proving

a blessing in many ways, even in the commercial world. Is it not true, as I said last night, that any man in this city who is willing to work can get work at good pay?"

Tower was silent. It was true and he could not deny it. King went on :

"Is it not true that the condition of the laborer was never so happy as to-day in this city? And can you account for it in any other way than by granting the power of the revival over men of wealth and influence who have heretofore been careless of the poor and the laborers? Can you name one bad result of the revival so far?"

Tower did not answer. He could not. The revival had been the most remarkable in its results upon the industrial world. The rich men and men in office and power throughout Chicago had put the new life to the test in practical business matters and the era of general prosperity and happiness upon which the city was now entering was entirely unparalleled in the history of the word. The one bad result of the revival to him had been the loss of his own influence over the crowds of working-men. They still listened to him, but his hold upon them was broken. He was no longer a leader. This had been the blow to his pride which had cut deepest into his strong but narrow nature, and it was this which had given him his hatred against the popular and powerful preacher.

John King was as simple-hearted in some things as a child. He was so free from selfishness and littleness himself that he was not likely to suspect those faults in other men or accuse them. But he looked at his visitor now and with the keenest feelings and the truest insight he said :

"Brother, I speak to you as one who loves you. The voice of God has spoken to the people and they listen to it rather than to your voice ; and so you have lost your power over them. But can you not say, Better so? Who could lead us all out into the light we wish to behold better than He who made the light and knows the path? Are we not in the hands of One who knows far better

than we all things that belong to the good of the world? Is it possible, my friend, that your love of humanity and your desire to see it lifted up is a love which has a selfish factor in it? Are you a champion of humanity for the glory you can get out of it? And will you desert the cause because you are no longer in men's mouths as a leader?"

Over Tower's face a broad wave of blood spread in a flush which showed how close home the words of the preacher had come. He half rose from his chair, all his strong passion roused by the plain directness of King's remark. For the first time in his life another man had told him the truth right to his face and he could not retort with a blow or a denial. This man knew him too well. He sank back into his chair. His face relaxed a little. He laughed a short, hard laugh.

"You hit me close, Mr. King; but it's hard for a man to lose his hold as I have since this religious craze swept the community."

"But if you love men, ought not you to be glad to welcome anything that benefits them, even if you yourself are dethroned for a while?"

"Yes; but it's bitter to be set aside, after all I did for them, too."

"Jesus Christ 'came unto His own' and 'His own received Him not.' Ah!" said John King with a sigh, "we have to endure very little compared with His suffering and humiliation at the hands of the very men He came to help. Human nature! If it is not totally depraved, it is enough depraved for all practical purposes. But I believe there is nothing better in the world than the love of God for men and the love of men for one another."

There was silence in that long, low room. Tower did not understand this other man. He had never met any one like him before. At last he said:—

"Mr. King, I don't understand what you mean by the love of God and the spiritual nature and all that.

This whole revival, as you call it, has been a complete mystery to me. I don't see it as you do."

"You see its results?"

"Yes."

"Are they good or bad?"

"They are not bad, that I know of. At least, not yet. I suppose I would be compelled to say they are good, so far as we can see."

"Then may we not rightly conclude that it is God's work?"

"If God is love."

"If He is not love, He is not God, and we are living in the devil's world, and it would be better for us if we had never been born. Brother, if we cannot believe in the love of God, we cannot believe in anything worth having."

Tower seemed on the point of asking a question—then seemed to think better of it, and there was silence a moment again. Before either spoke, Mr. King's sister came up with a message from one who wished John King to come at once and attend some one who was dying. It was only one call out of a hundred like it every week. The conference between King and Tower was cut short. Tower asked one question before he went out:

"Mr. King, will you give me a night to discuss the political question with you? I mean the question as to the systems of government and the functions of money and the true ends of legislation."

King smiled somewhat faintly.

"Yes; come a week from to-night. I doubt if we convert each other." And he hurried away on his errand, while Adam Tower slowly went home with conflicting emotions disturbing his thoughts, the result of that imperfect interview with the great preacher.

Meanwhile Richard and Tom went their ways, Richard writing day and night on the book, and anxiously waiting the appearance of the first chapter in The Monthly Visitor, and Tom going on with the night school and

practicing with his left hand until he acquired a degree of skill and speed truly remarkable; but still no place presented itself for the young journalist. One night John King ran down into the school and was amazed to see what Tom was doing there. He had been at it two weeks, and was entering on the third and last before the spring recess, which came very late this year. King noticed that he opened the school with a short prayer, and that the boys were very respectful. But as the evening wore on it was apparent that the school had been pretty thoroughly taken in hand by the new teacher, who evidently believed in the use of new methods, and was not afraid of employing novel punishments. One of these was a whittling bench, where all the restless boys who could not keep quiet were given a piece of soft pine or black walnut, and told to whittle out something useful or interesting. This occupation, however, grew so popular that Tom was obliged to form a special class, which he dignified by the title of "Class in Industrial Inventions in Wood Carving." It was an astonishing success, and some of the whittlings were very ingenious. The boys were beginning to bring in other articles of carpentry, and begged to be allowed to make one end of the room into a sort of shop, where they could saw and plane and hammer. Tom had to refuse the request, but he fairly ached to be able to do something of the kind for his boys.

As the hour drew near nine o'clock, Tom asked King if he would not address the school. The preacher begged to be excused, and asked Tom to go right on and close in his usual way; he was too much interested in what he saw to wish to make a speech. Tom said it was his custom to close with a short sermon. The twinkle of his eye as he said it was fully understood and enjoyed by John King. Tom struck the bell and called for a show of hands on the part of all those who had washed their faces before coming into the room that night. About two-thirds of the boys thrust up their hands, and Tom

nodded with pleased approval; but he shook his head at the same time and remarked, with a boldness that surprised John King :

"If any boy presents himself to-morrow with a dirty face, he will have to wash it before the whole school. And I do not understand how you manage to wash your faces and not get your hands any cleaner. How is that, Bob?"

Bob, thus appealed to, a lad with a fair of astonishingly grimy paws, but a tolerably clean face, grinned, but replied :

"Well, sir, we take turns at the hydrant at washin' faces; but you didn't say nothin' about washin' hands."

"I don't dare start in too strong at first, you see," said Tom, with an air of resignation, turning to King.

"Now, then, school, attention! Eyes front! The talk to-night will be on 'The Right Uses of Tobacco.'"

There was a decided sensation through the school, and several boys took occasion, when they thought they were unobserved by the teacher, to remove large quids of tobacco from their mouths to the floor.

"One of the first right uses of tobacco," continued Tom cheerfully, "is to take it out of your mouths and throw it away. It is better not to throw it on the floor, as that makes the man who sweeps out swear, and that is bad for him. Another right use of tobacco is to smoke plants in greenhouses with it, so as to kill the insects that spoil the plants. If you own a greenhouse, always let somebody else do the smoking. Another right use of tobacco is to sign a pledge never to use it in any form, and then keep the pledge. This is one of the best uses of tobacco known to mankind. I need not say much about the use of cigarettes, as there is very little pure tobacco in them; but one good use of them is to kill off dunder and other animals that are useless to society. Another right use for tobacco is to preserve the teeth. Take a set of false teeth, such as you see in front of the dentists' offices, and wrap several layers of tobacco leaves

around them, and then lay them carefully away in a glass case, and lock up the case, and they will keep without needing to be filled for several years. Boys," said Tom, appealing to them with an air of irresistible frankness, "I notice that several of you who have begun to follow the new Master lately have not given up this tobacco habit. Let me tell you: I don't believe that if Jesus Christ were a boy in Chicago He would chew tobacco. It sounds awful just to mention it. It's a dirty habit that a Christian boy ought to be ashamed of. You ought to keep your souls clean; and one of the ways to begin is to keep your faces and your hands and your mouths clean. Why, our bodies are temples of the living God! How can we defile them by this dirty article of common use? If you value my respect, you will give up the use of tobacco. I can't respect a boy who is dirty; and the Master can't either. And I'll tell you what I'll do: if you will give me each day the money you would spend for tobacco, I will invest it for you in an honest Christian way that will surprise you. How many boys here will put their money into 'Tom Howard's Anti-Tobacco Bank'?" Nearly every hand went up. "Good! Don't forget it now. You have given your pledge as honorable gentlemen, and you will be very much ashamed of yourselves if you don't keep it. School's dismissed."

Several boys came up to Tom and wanted to sign a paper not to use tobacco. He drew up a simple statement, and they signed it and went away in good spirits. When they were gone John King said?

"Well, Tom, you have done miracles with this old school."

"I haven't done it, Mr. King. It is God working through this wonderful historical movement."

And indeed nothing in those days of deep power in the city was more marked than the change that took place among the boys and young men in the slums and tough quarters. There was the same hush of power everywhere among them. Tom was immensely popular. The

boys admired him and loved him. He had made a genuine conquest of them. King questioned him about his short talks to the school. Tom laughed.

"Oh, I give them what seems most timely. One night, I talk to them about 'The Best Way to Make a Living'; another evening I talk on 'Poor Boys Who have Become Famous.' One night I gave a talk on 'The Habit of Swearing,' and last night I gave them my views on 'Cleanliness,' and asked them to wash their faces."

"You'll have to be a preacher yet, Tom," said King, with a smile.

"No; I was made for newspaper work," said Tom decidedly. "I believe I can do necessary work for Christ in that profession."

"I believe you can," said King; and as he walked along with Tom he rapidly sketched his idea of what a modern newspaper conducted by a Christian editor ought to be. Tom quivered with excitement.

"Mr. King, why don't you start such a paper, and hire me for one of the reporters?"

"It is possible I will," replied King thoughtfully. "I believe the time is ripe for a first-class religious daily, and this revival will make it possible to get the consecrated money with which to start it. Will you take a position on the first religious daily ever printed in Chicago?"

"Will I?" cried Tom with a thrill of feeling. "I will work for such a paper to make it the greatest triumph known in the history of the press."

"You may consider your services engaged, then," continued King gravely; "for a paper is a near possibility. The great obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way has been the lack of means to start an expensive plant. But men can be found now who are desirous of using their money in the advancement of the world's highest good. Tom, the daily is as good as started already; and you can be getting ready for some of the best work of your life."

The happiest young man in Chicago that night was Tom Howard. Richard also rejoiced in the prospect for him. His book was making good progress; the first chapter would appear in a few days, and he had nearly completed the remaining chapters by an astonishing amount of work. He was eager to know how his book would take with the public, and talked it over with Tom late in the night.

The next day was Saturday, and Richard and Tom were out for a little stroll together in the afternoon. The day was damp and foggy, and the city lay wrapt in mist; the pavements were slippery, and few pedestrians were abroad. The city seemed still to lie under that powerful presence of God, which had marked it for several weeks past. Tom and Richard were discussing John King's new religious daily and wondering what would be the outcome of the enterprise. Suddenly from down the street the cry of the newsboys was heard as they came pouring out of the offices with the evening editions of the papers. The two friends were walking on down toward the newspaper block.

"Hark!" cried Tom, laying his hand on Richard's arm. "What are they saying about John King?"

They both stepped and caught the words: "Startling news! John King!"— Then followed, in the newsboys' prolonged shrill cry, an unintelligible statement which neither Tom nor Richard could make out. They hurried along, and just then a newsboy darted across from the other side of the street, crying:

"Daily Universe! All about the famous preacher, John King! Universe, sir?"

"Here!" cried Tom nervously, "give us one!"

He gave the boy a nickel, and, not thinking anything about the change, ran his eyes down the headlines of the first column on the front page of the paper. Richard looked over his shoulder, and the two friends turned pale and their breathing came quickly as they read what was printed there.

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CHAPTER IX.

He that hath the Son hath the life.—Saint John.

This is what Tom and Richard read in the first column of The Universe :

"Startling revelations! John King, the preacher, misappropriates trust funds! A clear case of dishonesty! The reverend hypocrite unmasked! Some interesting details. A sensational scene with the former leader of the strikers, Mr. Tower! Reliable witness to the interview!"

All these sentences were in the boldest headline type. Then followed for two columns charges against Mr. King on the part of a well-known citizen of Chicago. The charges, in brief, were these: That during the strike, Mr. King, in company with the gentleman who had made the charges against him, had been entrusted with certain funds contributed by sympathizers with the strikers for their families. Mr. Burns, the gentleman who accused Mr. King, presented documents and papers going to show that large sums entrusted to Mr. King had never been accounted for, and, more than that, showing that they had been diverted from the purpose for which they were designed, in order to further the personal plans of the reverend gentleman's ambition in starting a religious daily in the city. The charges were direct and seemed to be very well supported by the accuser. One item in the account was evidently written by another person. It was as follows :

"In corroboration of the above we are in possession of valuable information concerning a sensational interview which occurred between Mr. King and Mr. Tower on Sunday night last. At that interview Mr. Tower met

and accused the preacher of dishonesty in the matter of the strikers' funds, and Mr. King did not deny it. He even received a blow in the face from Mr. Tower, and did not return it. But the difficulty was settled in some manner, and Mr. Tower not only accompanied the preacher to his residence on Plain Street, but received an invitation to come and see him the following night, which he accepted. It is apparent that some compromise was effected between the two, whereby Tower is bribed to silence. Mr. Burns' statements challenge investigation."

Tom was the first to speak after reading the headlines.

"It's a lie! I don't believe a word of it! John King could no more do such a thing than God! could he, Dick?"

Richard was indignant and astonished. "Of course not. I don't believe it any more than I would believe my mother could lie or steal. But it is a terrible thing to happen to a man, to have such charges brought against him in a daily paper."

"It won't hurt John King; people won't believe it!" cried Tom. The two were walking along again towards their room. Tom quivered with excitement and anger.

"I don't believe it will hurt him with people who really know him," replied Richard thoughtfully. "But such things always hurt, for a while at least. John King has his enemies among the liquor men and gamblers; and among a certain large number of exceedingly rich men in Chicago, he has been so very plain and outspoken against them; and they will be only too glad to see these public charges against him."

"Yes," said Tom hotly; "I'd be willing to wager that the whole thing is a conspiracy on the part of Burns and others. Mr. Case may believe it's all true. I hate to think that he would purposely or knowingly deceive in a matter of this kind, in spite of his occasional longing for something sensational; he's too shrewd to do that. I'd like to see Mr. King this minute, wouldn't you, Dick?"

If it wasn't Saturday night, I'd go around and tell him how much faith I have in him."

Richard did not reply. He felt much disturbed by the news; he had the most unquestioning faith in King, but he knew the ordeal that such a public accusation would bring to the high-minded, sensitive preacher, and he shrunk with him from the vulgar dragging of his character into the dirt of the sensation-loving public.

"Tom, it's a cruel world, this world of the life that now is. Do you know, more than half of those so-called 'charges' against King are surmises, conjectures, inferences? There is very little proved even to the casual reader; but the great majority of people who take *The Universe* will simply gather from the headlines that John King is guilty, and they will say, 'Another preacher fallen. Well, religion is all hypocrisy!' Tom, is it fair for so powerful an organ as the daily press to try and condemn and hang a man before he has had a chance to utter a single word in defense? Is that the office of the newspaper in this age?"

"Seems to be," replied Tom as they reached the room and went in; "and it's a question whether the paper or the public is the more to blame for such a state of things. If people were not so eager to read sensations and demand them, the papers might not make such efforts to meet the demand. There's room for an immense reform among the papers and—the public. How can Mr. King preach to-morrow? Of course this story will be all over town in a few hours; and there will be a great crowd again at the church or in the park to hear him."

"He is to preach in the church, I understand," said Richard. "The wet weather this week has made the outdoor meetings impossible."

"We must go, of course. Do you think he will say anything of the charges?"

"It doesn't seem to me that he will. It would not be just like him. But we know he will clear himself at the right time and place, don't we, Tom?"

"Why, Dick, if I didn't believe it, I should lose my faith in God and my own conversion and everything. If John King is a hypocrite, then we cannot trust anybody. The devil is at the bottom of this somewhere, you can be sure of that."

When Sunday night came, the crowd in front of John King's church was like a mob in its eagerness to get inside the building. A cold rain was falling and it had been storming all day; but it had no effect in keeping the people at home. The news of John King's fall had electrified all the readers of the Sunday papers, and the feeling that he might say something on the subject drew out an immense crowd even for a time when, owing to the revival, great crowds were becoming common. John King's morning service was always a service of song and worship without any preaching; but in the evening people always looked for a week's energy and power to be poured out in some form. The crowd surged in as soon as the doors of the great building were opened. There was the same intense feeling as on the night when the revival began. This time there was more pent-up passion. John King's church membership was on fire for him. Not one person in it believed a word of the charges against him; not one but would have staked his own reputation on the honesty and Christlikeness of the pastor. It was worth a lifetime to a man to have such a feeling from such a body of men and women. But there were many present who had read the newspaper account and believed in it, and they had come out of curiosity to hear the preacher deny the charges. They were disappointed. John King walked out before the immense congregation, and in his simple, quiet manner opened the service. He bore no marks of agitation. His face was serene and strong, and as his eye swept the audience, it was with the same comprehensive, loving look always there when he faced people. The revival was at its height in the city; but thousands of persons were, of course, still untouched by the movement. John King's church

was anxious. It feared that the scandal just out against the great preacher would put an end to the entire religious awakening. If he had any such fear, he did not show it. His prayer was thrilling in its intensity and desire for a large outpouring of the Spirit. The people were caught up by it into a spiritual realm almost painful in its sublimity. A simple but familiar hymn was sung, and then the preacher gave out his text :

"He that hath the Son hath the life."

After speaking of the fact that God's power was still with the city, but that many persons were still untouched by the Spirit, John King went on to say :

"I do not know of any way in which we can find out the truth about such a statement as this of John's except by finding out who and what Christ was. The statement is plain and unmistakable : 'He that hath the Son hath the life.' This is the same as saying, the principle of true life has been discovered, and it is not in philosophy, it is not in scientific discoveries, it is not in moral precepts, it is not in anything except the Son of God. 'He that hath the Son hath the life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life.'

"I am going to study this Son of God. I am beginning to be interested in Him. I am intensely so; for if this statement is true, I am either in the possession of eternal life or I am not. I find, then, that this Person was in very many things unlike any other person; I find He made claims never before made by mortal man; I find he lived as never man lived, and spake as never man spake. All that reassures me. If I am really approaching the mysterious principle of life, I am glad to find in the Person who claims it nothing to make me distrust His authority as far as character is concerned. I then go farther; I test Him : I find that the persons in all ages who have been most Christlike, who have had the most of Him in thought and action, have been persons who have lived closest to God of any people the world ever saw, and believed most peacefully in a world to come, and

died most hopefully in the trust in a glorious resurrection. I then apply this test to myself. I let this Christ govern my own actions. I set up a throne in my own soul, and say to him, 'Rule Thou there.' And the result is a new life in me. Capable of proof? Indeed it is. Can I not tell the difference between the old man and the new? Am I a fool on the spiritual side when all my senses are good on the mental and intellectual? Now, in all this what have I done? Have I not planted the Christ in my being, and have not the fruits of that planting proved that in Him is the life? Cannot the world test Christ as it tests a seed? Has it not done so again and again? Has He made a false claim when He has said, 'I am the life?' Has John told a lie or an impossibility when he says, 'He that hath the Son hath the life?' Is not our Lord willing that men should believe by thrusting their hands into His side? 'Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good!' 'Try me! prove me!' says the Divine.

"'Ye will not come to me, that ye may have life,' says Christ. There is a great deal more in this statement than we are willing to acknowledge. But Christianity to me is not mysticism. It is not shadowy with spiritual truths; it is resplendent with them; and these spiritual truths are as capable of proof as anything in chemistry or science. Can I tell if there is life in me—eternal life? Why, is it not stated solemnly over and over again, by the sinless One, that we have eternal life in Him? And shall a tide set in like that and we not know it as it rises in us from that coastless ocean of eternity which we shall sometime sail over, and which with its resistless inflowing buries out of sight proud, dry bowlders that stood on the barren beach of our contented morality, and sweeps on and in until every nook and inlet is filled full by the pressure that speaks of the divine hand back of it? Shall all this be a matter of conjecture to us? Shall it not be, is it not, the most tremendous fact of facts, the truth of all truths, the science of spirituality which is not con-

tented, any more than the science of physical matter, with shadowy possibilities? We have not tested our spirituality. We have not really planted the Christ in us. We have dissected and analyzed and defined and illustrated, but we have not planted and tested. If Christ is not the life of the world, cannot the world discover by trying? Shall a statement so great as this be made about a Person so well known as Jesus, and be incapable of demonstration? I say there is life in a seed. I plant it. I prove it. I say there is life in Jesus Christ. I plant Him in the being and I prove it. The world is planting a piece of the husk or a piece of the kernel; but let it plant the germ of the seed, not simply that which nourishes or surrounds the germ. Shall men attain eternal life by a trust in moral precepts, intellectual energy, inventive, research, mental activity? All these things are splendid. They will accompany the true life. They are in one sense a part of it. But they are not the life. *The* life is in the Son of God, and the only way to find that out is to try Him for yourselves. A skeptic once said to me, 'I will never believe in Christianity until I am myself converted. Then I cannot help believing.' Do you suppose Paul questioned the reality of his new life after meeting the Christ on the road to Damascus? Why, it was the reality of realities to him! So that he said with a burst of triumphant certainty, 'That life which I now live . . . I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God.'

"I wonder if there is any body here to-night who does not want eternal life. Are we so dead sick of the whole scheme of existence that we don't care whether it goes on or not? I meet people sometimes who talk that way. But I can hardly believe them. Life is a *divine* thing. To be careless of it, ignorant about it, is to miss the one end of all true living altogether. If Jesus Christ is the life of the world, I want it. I don't want any cheap imitation. I want the real thing. Think of it, my brother, my sister! Eternal life! It begins here. It goes on hereafter. And what a hereafter! No more crying or trouble;

no more weakness or criticism; no more wickedness or selfishness or contempt of goodness on the part of men, to drive our souls into despair for all tender and true things; no more battling with ourselves as passion rises over peace and threatens to drown the very soul—but a life that shall awake to sweetness and light and power, undimmed and undisturbed. It has the germ of Jesus Christ in it. It will surely grow. I feel like a god here sometimes. Give me all heaven to expand in, and all eternity to grow in, and what a life I can live! This eternal life is possible for all of us. It is not true—if any one here has *not* the Son of God, he *may* have Him? 'He that will, let him take the water of life freely.' It won't cost you anything but the acceptance of it. Confront your soul with the Life of the world. Ask yourself if you have this life in you. Who am I or any other preacher of the Gospel of the Son of God, to emphasize more than is necessary or right any statement that has so much that is amazing as this statement by the man John? But putting it with everything else we know to be true of this Being called our Saviour, remembering His own great yearning compassion for the souls of men, calling to mind the meaning of the words *saved* and *lost*, I ask myself, Can any earthly preacher emphasize too much the eternal life, or warn and urge and beseech men to take the eternal life into their own? If this were my last message, if to-day I knew to-morrow's light would break upon my soul in Paradise, and all of earth should be no more than a memory—I could not rest contented until I knew some one of you had given his heart to the Life of the world. And if I knew that this entire audience had accepted this Son of God, what a message I could bear up to the throne of His undying interest in humanity! The most exultant song I ever sang would be the song of victory for the souls redeemed here this evening. 'Now is the acceptable time . . . now is the day of salvation. To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts.' The Christ has knocked a long time, has called

for years. He stretches out His bleeding hands continually. The Spirit prays with groanings that cannot be uttered. 'My son, give Me thine heart!' The love that passes that of man or woman calls for its children. Despise Him not! grieve not the Spirit; but with eternal life possible, oh, do not make it impossible by your own act! Can God do any more? Has He not given His only Son? Can the Son do any more? Has He not given the Comforter? 'Ye must be born again,' says the Master. What! thou proud soul of humanity! Wilt thou lose the one great end of existence? No, no! I will gain it. Eternal life is in my possession! All hell shall not rob me of it. I will say to that divine Sufferer who has been cruelly nailed to the cross by my scorn and denial, 'Son of God, forgive me! I will love Thee! I will serve Thee! I will make Thee mine. In Thy kingdom in heaven give me the humblest place, and I will spend eternity in learning what I missed on earth; for, Thou only art eternal life, for Thou only art eternal love!' 'He that hath the Son hath the life.' Who will say to-night, 'As for me, I will have this eternal life—I will live the life of Christ'?"

John King paused, while over the audience went that sharp, still sound of many people catching their breath after a period of the most absorbing listening. But no one stirred, no one spoke, and the silence seemed ominous of failure. Never before during the revival had John King preached without several persons' witnessing to the power of the Spirit of God. And now the silence after this impassioned appeal seemed to betoken a loss of his power. Had the people then lost confidence in him as the ambassador of Christ? Did they refuse to listen to him because they doubted his honesty and believed the reports that had been flung like firebrands all over the city? He bowed his head upon his desk in silent prayer. What the conflict in his soul was no one ever knew. But even as he had raised his head to speak again a man arose near the front of the platform and advanced to the foot of the

stairs. King recognized Tower. Accustomed to remarkable scenes in that church, the preacher beckoned to his old enemy as he hesitated at the foot of the platform.

"Come up here, my brother, and may God help you to do what is in your heart." As quick as a flash King had perceived that the miracle of the whole revival had actually occurred, and Adam Tower was under the influence of the Spirit. Tower himself mounted the platform as one who feels himself in the hands of the Almighty. He was transformed in appearance. He faced the people, who were electrified by the event, and stretched out his arm with a simple gesture of appeal. He was not wonderfully excited. He was rather quietly thrilled by what had happened to him.

"You know me, men and women of Chicago," he began, slowly increasing in volume and feeling as he went on. "I am Adam Tower, and a week ago I considered this man here my bitterest enemy, and such meetings as these a superstitious frenzy. To-night I stand here and boldly and calmly and gladly say that Jesus Christ is my Master and my Saviour, and I confess Him before men as the one Being of all beings in the world. I have been a very proud man. I have been passionate, skeptical, scornful, a disbeliever in the Church and the Bible. I now and here wish to bow myself before my Master and ask Him to accept of me as a little child. If any one had told me a week ago that I should stand here and say this, I would have laughed at him as an insane man. But I stand here to-night proud to claim Jesus Christ as the One of all the world to my soul, and I owe the leading of my heart to this brother of mine here." Tower turned to King, and still spoke to the vast throng, hanging breathless on every word. "Behold him, men, the man who is at this moment suffering from one of the most outrageous charges ever brought against an innocent man. It is true, as The Daily Universe has said, that I met this man a week ago. It is true that I struck him in the face, and that he did not return the blow. But it is not true that dishonesty in

regard to trust funds had anything to do with that interview or the subsequent one at his house. When the time comes, I have the most unquestioning faith that John King will completely disprove this unholy attempt to ruin his fair name, for he bears the Spirit of Christ. The scar on his face speaks to-day of the Christlike mind. He endured at my hand what not one other man in this city might have borne, when I smote him in my selfish rage as my enemy." (Tower here rapidly and passionately sketched the scene of a week ago, and then went on, while the audience quivered under his words as if under the influence of an irresistible pressure.) "And all this is true, my brethren, as the Spirit of God. Behold in me a miracle of His great power in this movement. Ye have heard the truth proclaimed here to-night; but your hearts have been cold to it because so many of you doubted the messenger, even though he spoke with his heart aflame, forgetting his great injury in his eagerness for souls. But he is a true man. The Spirit cannot abide in a lie; and the Spirit through him has touched me. I beseech of you, do not grieve that blessed power. 'He that hath not the Son of God hath not the life.' Oh, I am anxious for you to-night! Come to Him. Beg His forgiveness. Think how mighty He is. Praise be to His great name, I now live! For all these years I have not known what life was. Now I begin to feel it in very deed. Great God! how wonderful Thou art! Reveal Thyself to this people even as Thou hast to me, and let Thy Spirit again shake men's hearts and prove to them that still the world is Thine, and all Thy creatures are capable of glorifying Thee! 'He that hath the Son hath the life.' Who will come unto Him and live forever?"

Never in all the history of the city had an event occurred more thrilling and convincing than the conversion of Adam Tower. Men say it is impossible that such a nature should yield thus suddenly to a complete change of life. Let no man say "impossible" of God's power. The people bowed themselves before it as before an irre-

sistible wind from heaven. Scarcely had Tower finished when groups of men rose and confessed Christ; and the entire revival burst out with renewed power. The whole city was shaken; not a person in the audience had any longer a doubt concerning the preacher. The confidence that he could effectually answer the charges against him was plainly restored by the recital of Tower. The meeting continued for three hours. The scene between King and Tower as they clasped hands upon the platform will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Tower knelt down like a child and said to King, "Pray with me," and then as the two rose they went down to the audience and until midnight worked as men work only for souls.

Monday night found Tower in John King's study. The proud man was, indeed, completely changed; nothing was more noticeable than his humility.

"Mr. King, I had planned to come here to-night and beat you in argument over political and money questions, but they do not seem so important as they once did; I would much rather have you teach me about Christianity and the principles of the Christian life.

"Brother," replied King with a smile, "it may be that your work now will be political. What if God should make plain to you that your talents could be used in the public career?"

Tower sat a moment thoughtfully. At last he said, "I have been very ambitious; there was a time when I expected to control this entire city politically. Power has been my god; I wish to be a servant now; I am fearful of that old life of greed for place."

"But we need the best men in public life. Could you not say in your new life, 'As for me, I will let my Master use me for my country's good; I will be a Christian patriot'?"

"Yes," replied Tower slowly; "I could say that, but my struggle would be a continual one to battle against that temptation for power."

"If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature."

King quoted the words in such a way that the man opposite started.

"Ah, Mr King, I am a new creature; you need not doubt that; but I have much to learn yet, and truly I am ready to be led into the most useful service. If it is made plain to me that I am most needed in the political life of this country, I will throw myself into it heart and soul. The only trouble is that what once seemed to me of most importance is now secondary and subordinate. It seemed to me a week ago that the money question was the one great question for the people; and I would have contended with all my might for certain political beliefs as essential to the happiness of the people. To-night it seems very clear to me that what this nation needs is righteousness and unselfishness more than money or acts of legislation concerning the tariff."

"And meanwhile, my brother, what is your attitude on political questions? Is your political creed gone?"

"No, Mr. King; but I love my country now; and before, it was Adam Tower and his schemes and his power that I loved. Is not that true of nearly every politician? Is it not defense of certain legislation for selfish or private interests? No; I have a political creed. I believe in free trade, in nationalizing certain public necessities and reducing the rate of interest on money. But all these matters appear to me to rest upon a higher law. That law is the law of service, the law of love. If every man in this country had all the money he wanted, and did not love God and serve Him, there would be no more happiness than there is now under the present political conditions."

"Brother," said John King, rising to pace the room, "you have struck the keynote of the whole problem. There is a false and popular impression abroad that if we had more money and more freedom from certain legislative restrictions we would be a happy people. It would not necessarily follow. The happiest people in this city are not the people with the most money; they are the

people with the most love to God and man. I do not believe this country will ever pass any laws regulating the quantity or the kind of money that will affect the happiness or prosperity of the people unless the people's hearts are right. Money alone cannot make men happy; righteousness can. I believe there are public evils in this nation to be fought; I believe there are selfish trusts and combinations of men which ought to be legislated against, and I have given time and action to some of these measures; but this great religious awakening through which we are now passing has taught me a great lesson. I knew it before, but this movement has emphasized it. What this city really needed was new men, not new measures. The revival has brought about what centuries of legislation could not produce—a state of society where men are willing and eager to bear one another's burdens; where rich men are asking themselves, How can we best use our wealth for the cause of humanity? where the laborer and the banker meet to discuss in a spirit of Christian love the most effective measures for making society more happy. How could such a state of things have been possible, my friend, under the former conditions, when the great forces of capital and labor were ranged as enemies? Is not the real problem which faces the people to-day a problem of regeneration, and not a problem of the tariff or money?"

"Yes, I believe it is," replied Tower; "two days ago I didn't. I do now. I regarded the preacher as a sentimental or cowardly enthusiast. He seems to me now to be the real statesman of the age, because he is endeavoring to make men new men; then they may be trusted to enact such laws and live such lives as shall bless the world. Only I feel eager to have a true Christianity preached; a Christianity that cares for the bodies and the health and the daily wages of men, not a Christianity that is afraid to touch the hard questions of daily life, of the life that now is, and simply contents itself with the treatment of the life that is to come."

"I am in sympathy with that feeling. Let the legislative enactment go hand-in-hand with the human regeneration ; and it necessarily will if the regeneration be the real life of the Son of God. Has it not been illustrated many times during this religious movement ? Do you call to mind the ordinance passed by our city council of late ? Three fourths of the city council have become Christians. The result is seen in their public acts, which have already wonderfully benefited the municipality. Thank God for this power ! It is far greater than man's."

"It is past finding out," said Tower ; "I bow before it. I feel like a child. I have never understood the meaning of life in this sense ; I pray God to spare me long enough to atone for my defiance of Him. I want to be a servant in His hands, to do His bidding."

"He will use you, brother, never fear. You may do much in ways that now you do not know. The happiest years of your life are before you, Adam Tower." John King said the words with strong feeling, and the two men, more alike in feature and bearing than ever, since Tower's change, stood facing each other with a glow of emotion which gave to their thoughts something of the divine Presence.

The weeks that followed proved Adam Tower's sincerity and complete change of life. With the energy and promptness characteristic of him he set about doing the work nearest at hand. Under King's direction he went to work in some quarters of the city where the need seemed greatest. He addressed large bodies of workmen in different halls, and was a marvellous power as a speaker, urging men to accept the new life. Hundreds who came out of curiosity to see the man were made to see the Son of man in His beauty. But still Tower felt that his work was not that of a preacher ; he was waiting and working, ready to take up some special labor for which he was best fitted, and throw the whole influence of his new nature into it. The day came when the work



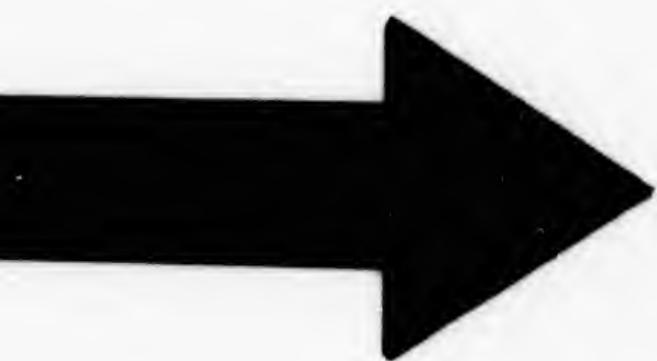
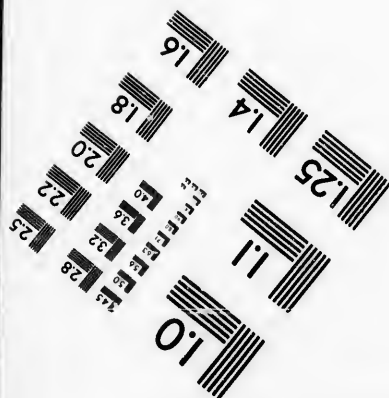
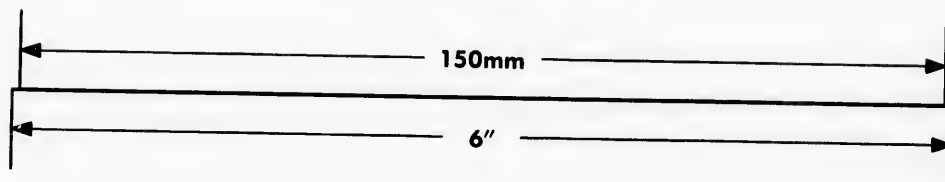
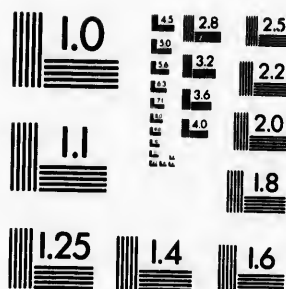
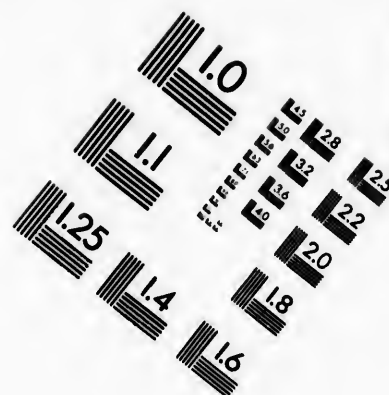
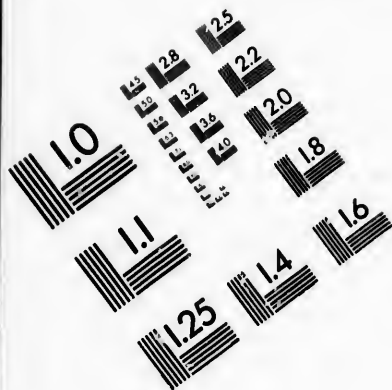
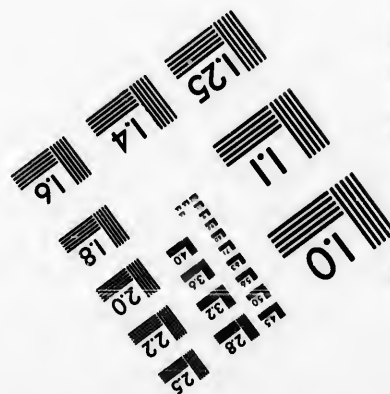


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was revealed to him, and he found in it scope for much vent-up energy and desire.

Meanwhile John King had met the charges against him as published in *The Universe* by a complete disproving of them in every particular. The letters of the man Burns were proved to be a forgery, and Mr. Case, to his deep humiliation, acknowledged the same publicly in his paper. In justice to him it must be said he had received the letters of Mr. Burns as genuine. It had seemed to him like a legitimate sensation for his paper. Under the conviction that John King was actually guilty he had published the charges. Events, however, clearly proved to the public that the charges were entirely false, and John King was able by means of documentary and personal evidence to account for every cent of money which had passed through his hands. His victory was complete. The public was reassured in regard to him, and Tom and Richard, who watched the papers that week with the greatest eagerness, rejoiced together when Mr. Case's letter appeared in *The Universe*, reluctantly but completely acknowledging the charges to be false in every particular.

"Oh!" cried Tom with exultation. "I knew he was innocent. There ought to be a torchlight procession or something to celebrate. Or how would it do to get the church to give him a donation?"

"Might make it a pound party," suggested Richard.

"Afraid that wouldn't do," replied Tom. "You see, there are twenty-five hundred members, and just think if they should all think of bringing the same thing! I heard of a church in New England that gave its minister a pound party and more than forty persons brought pint bottles of arnica. Just think of it! Forty bottles of arnica! I suppose each person thought, 'Now how nice it will be for the minister when he sprains his neck putting up the fall stovepipe to just reach inside his closet and feel a nice pint bottle of arnica right handy! Why, it would take more than one sprain or injury every day for years to use up that many bottles! unless the minister's

wife used them for extract when she ran out of vanilla or lemon."

"Tom, you are making all that up," laughed Richard.

"Of course not. It's an historical fact," retorted Tom soberly. "But come, Dick. Let's run out and see John King. I am sure he will not begrudge us just a minute to say how glad we are."

Richard dropped his pen and the two went out and took a brisk walk up to Plain Street. It was morning and John King was in. He greeted them from the top of the stairs near the door of his study.

"Ah, youngsters, come up! come up! What is the news, and why look ye so exuberant?"

"Why?" said Tom, bounding up the stairs two at a time. "Because you have won your case."

"What case?" inquired King good-naturedly.

"The case of *The Daily Universe*," replied Tom with effrontery.

Mr. King laughed. "Tom," he said, "I will forgive that wretched pun this time, but as the college professor said to the young man who excused himself from lectures because his great-grandfather was dead, 'Don't ever let it happen again.' Come in. I want to talk with you a minute about the daily."

Tom and Richard were delighted; it was such a treat to get John King all by himself. Tom once said it was a liberal education just to look at him.

"Now then," began the preacher, "the past is past and we cannot live it over again. We are living in the life that now is, and that for us is the present. Very good. I appreciate your congratulations over the matter of the charges against me and the outcome of them, but life is too valuable to talk it over. You knew I was innocent, and I did of course, so I couldn't worry. Let the dead past bury its dead, and so no more of that." King glanced at Tom with a twinkle of the eye that conveyed a whole world of happy good health and good

conscience and two hemispheres of bubbling vitality, and continued :—

"The details for starting the religious daily are nearly completed. You are appointed by the directors as the first reporter." King nodded at Tom, who took the news quietly enough, but felt as if he would like to break something to express his deep satisfaction. "We have received much encouragement," King went on to say, "although old newspaper men have little faith in the experiment."

"What is to be the name of the paper?" asked Richard.

"We have not decided. What would you suggest? You are an author and ought to give us some ideas."

"I'm a very poor hand at names. The fact is," confessed Richard, "I have hard work to get suitable names for my characters. I should think the paper might be called 'The Religious Age,' or 'The Spiritual Kingdom,' or something of that kind."

"Why, Dick!" interrupted Tom, "either of those names would kill the paper deader than Pharaoh. We want something suggestive, like 'The New Humanity,' or 'God and Man,' or 'Heaven and Earth.' A good deal will depend on the name."

"That's true," replied King cheerfully. "Put your wits together, you two, and hand in appropriate names to-morrow or next day. How comes on the book?"

"The first chapter is out in The Monthly Visitor to-morrow," answered Richard.

"Success to it! You never can tell what will be the reception of a story by the reading public. I remember my first venture was passed by so completely that I envied other writers who were being abused by the reviewers. I speak a hearty interest in your story, though, Bruce. It is something out of the regular line."

Richard colored up with pleasure. Any commendation from King always meant something. He never com-

plimented without meaning it. His criticism was always honest.

The boys rose to go, and King waved them a cordial farewell. "Come and see me any time; if you can catch me in you're welcome." And he turned to a mass of correspondence that would have discouraged anybody but a man with iron nerves and a faultless digestion.

"Tom," asked Richard as they walked back to the room, "what are some of John King's faults?"

Tom stared. "Why, I never thought that he had any. What makes you ask?"

"I have been curious to know if he did have his failings like other men. Now, my besetting sin is pride, and yours is"—

"Poverty and good nature!" cut in Tom. "And John King's is—well—I don't know what it is; do you, Dick?"

"No. And on that account he ought to be very stupid, according to the popular impression. How does he manage to keep so interesting?"

"Has the true idea of life, I suppose. Goodness isn't stupid, is it, Dick, when it is well balanced?"

It was this week that Tom closed his duties at the night school, and invited Richard and Mr. King to be present at the closing exercises the last evening. The school had been especially interesting to Mr. King, owing to its connection with certain phases of city work set in motion by him, and he gladly went along with the young men and enjoyed the whole evening. He was like a child in his frank sense of fun, and at Tom's urgent request this time he addressed the school in a speech which fairly bubbled over with humor and wisdom. And the school closed its spring term with many expressions of regret from the boys. Tom was the recipient of various gifts from the scholars, among other things a pair of tame white mice in an old cigar box. The boy who brought them evidently had a struggle to part with them. Tom felt embarrassed to take them, but with true delicacy he

appreciated the gift and accepted it heartily. "I haven't the least idea what they eat," he said to Richard on the way from the school; "but we'll try 'em on that cheese we've been having so much at the boarding-house lately and perhaps in that way we can effect a needed change in the article. These mice may prove a blessing in disguise yet, Dick."

On the way home an incident occurred that stamped that night on the memories of the two young men and affected the lives of many persons, especially one of the lives in this story. Mr. King and Tom were discussing in an animated tone the prospects of the daily, and other work being started in connection with it, when a low rumbling was heard, sounding as if it came from the tenement district about two blocks from where they stood. The rumbling swelled into a roar, and then followed a crash, and it seemed almost as if a concussion of the air had forced a wave against their faces. They did not know what had happened, but they stopped and turned pale as if some horror had suddenly been revealed to their gaze. There was something sickening in the noise, as if lives were being crushed out of existence by it. Instinctively they turned and ran in the direction of the sound. Doors and windows opened in the houses along the street and people asked, "What is the matter?" But the crowd poured down the street and the sidewalk, and when John King and Richard and Tom reached a certain corner they stopped suddenly in blank horror at the scene. A brick building which had faced the street and looked upon a square opposite had fallen, carrying with it in ruin nearly fifty women and children who had been living in the house at the time. The scene was terrible in its complete impression of death by the most dreadful disaster ever known to that part of the city. The confusion was maddening. The groans of those who were injured and caught in the ruins mingled with the cries of men who stood dazed and frenzied by the sight. The ruins almost immediately took fire. John

King was one of the first to recover his composure. Under his direction men formed into some systematic effort for putting out the flames and rescuing the wounded until the city fire companies and other help could arrive. He worked like a giant. Tom forgot the loss of his hand and tore away at the bricks and timbers to assist in liberating those who were imprisoned. Richard inspired many others by his courage and determination. But the cruel fire gained on the brave fighters. It did not seem strange to John King as he worked at those Satanic ruins to see Adam Tower working beside him. Tower had been holding a meeting in the neighborhood and had been attracted by the noise of the accident. He exchanged a word with King and both men exerted themselves as only such powerful natures could.

Suddenly from the highest part of the ruin rose a cry so piteous and beseeching that all men paused from their work a moment to listen. "For the sake of Jesus, have mercy! Help me!" The voice went out as if one should put a lighted candle in an open window where a strong breeze is blowing.

The top of the building was a horrible mixture of broken timbers, bricks, mortar, pieces of furniture, and household belongings; and wedged into this miscellaneous mass was the form of a woman, her face and one hand plainly visible. The fire was creeping steadily up to her, even licking one of the large beams that imprisoned her, and by its ghastly light Tom could see the woman's face quite distinctly.

"It's Con's mother!" he exclaimed. At the same moment Adam Tower caught a look of the woman's face. "O God! Look! look!" he cried, seizing John King as if to steady himself from an unexpected shock. "It's my sister!" With a bound he leaped up upon the mass and made his way towards the woman. John King cried aloud, "Who has an axe?" "Here is one!" some one answered, thrusting it up. King seized it and sprang

over the ruins after Tower, while even the brave workers elsewhere paused a moment in their terrible interest in the fate of the woman and her rescuers. Death seemed to sit on the top of that terrible heap and mock the two men, as silently and cautiously, lest they should precipitate the ruin upon the victim and bury her beyond recovery, they slowly crept towards her.

CHAPTER X.

For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.—
Saint Paul.

The mass of timbers in that horrible ruin was like a pile of jackstraws ; there the comparison ends. These jackstraws were ragged beams of floor joists and twisted rods of iron gas pipes and masses of splinters of every description. It was as if the devil had thrown this pile down, and then lighted it up with the flames of hell. And indeed the building contractor, who, for the sake of the money he could save, erected the death trap which was to contain hundreds of human beings, was the human devil who had made this horror possible. His soul is in the hands of God for the day of judgment ; and those men who say there is no hell may tell us whether there is any punishment for this human fiend who escapes the hands of the law in this world.

The woman lay with a large floor timber across her breast. The end of that timber was below somewhere. There was an iron rod bent around her left arm and fastened by two other rods which lay almost at right angles over it. There was no mark of injury on her face ; but after the first cry she seemed to have lost consciousness. Adam Tower crept up to the beam which was burning and tried to extinguish the flame with his coat, which he had taken off as he crept. He rubbed it along the wood and even used his hands to wipe out the flame which had caught from a timber burning under it. John King called out to him as he crept up after him, " I have an axe. Is it safe to use it ? "

" We must use it ! " replied Tower in a voice of anguish. " O my God ! this is terrible ! "

King reached the spot where Tower was standing. His swift glance took in all the danger. With a rapidity such as men use only in rare crises where every faculty is alert to the occasion, he lowered his body into an opening in the debris and placed his right foot upon a beam of wood. To his joy it appeared firm. He then succeeded in reaching one hand out to raise the timber a little off the prostrate form, and handing Tower the axe directed him where to cut; Tower seized the axe and did as told. Every blow seemed to threaten to bring the whole mass of broken material into the gap where King stood. The flame from the burning wood below rushed up and scorched Tower, but he stood grimly to his task while his hands were horribly burned. At last the beam cracked. King cautiously but powerfully pushed it up and it broke. For a moment it seemed as if the reaction would precipitate the entire ruin. It settled down and then stopped. With an exercise of his strength such as he had never thought possible, but for which he blessed God as he used it, John King bent back the rods which lay across the one that imprisoned the woman's left arm, and by another supreme effort lifted her out of that living grave to Tower, who bent down, scorched, blackened, and bleeding, to receive her. As he did so, King felt the ruin close in around him.

"Leave me, brother!" he cried to Tower. "Leave me, or we shall all perish. I am not afraid to die; it is only going home. I shall meet you there soon." The timbers closed in on his foot and leg and he felt that he was caught. He refused to struggle, remembering even in that terrible moment that one slight effort might be the death of all of them. Tower, with the unconscious body of his sister in his arms, gave a look at John King; it was the look of a brother. He said, "I shall be back again." Cautiously he groped his way down with the woman. Silently he placed her in the arms of eager ones at the foot of the heap, and then without a word he crept

back to King. The mass was perceptibly settling, but the most terrible enemy was the fire ; it was gaining beneath. Tower crept to the edge of the gap into which King had lowered himself. The situation was peculiarly critical ; the very attempt to rescue might render the rescue impossible. The breaking of a single timber in that fantastic pile might crush the preacher ; the very effort to save him might destroy him. It was an agonizing thought to Tower that this man who had calmly braved death for the sake of his sister should himself perish so horribly.

Mr. King spoke to him : " My right foot and leg are caught by a beam ; I made an effort while you were gone to remove it, but it has settled down more firmly and I am being crushed by it. I thank my God, Adam Tower, that I have lived to see such miracles of His grace in this city of my birth and this country of my love. If it is His will that my body die now, I cannot question His eternal love. My soul is indestructible. Leave me, dear friend, and help those who can be rescued. I heard a child's voice over there."

The preacher's voice became faint, his noble head fell upon his breast. Tower, almost unnerved by the events of the night, began to tear at the nearest object and throw it off, feeling that his friend could but perish anyway and that he would run any risk to save him. He cried for help ; the workers over and through the mass of ruin were engaged in their own terrible task and did not heed ; what was one cry more or less that terrible night ? But help was coming. The fire companies began to arrive ; and in a short time the fire was under control. It was then that the form of Adam Tower was discovered, lying prostrate on the top of the ruin, overcome by the smoke and heat. Brave firemen climbed up to him. King was discovered there, still imprisoned, but conscious, and able to give his rescuers directions for releasing him. For an hour they worked, in deadly peril every moment. A part of the wall of the ill-fated

building was still standing and threatened to fall over on them. But by the exercise of great skill and courage, King was finally taken out of that grave and carried down. Tom and Richard had assisted the firemen in the dangerous work, and they now took charge of the preacher, who was severely injured and unable to walk. Tower recovered and asked for his sister. She had been carried into a neighboring house. He kneeled by her side and the tears fell down on her face as he bent over her.

"Mary, you know me? I am your brother Adam." The woman opened her eyes and smiled.

"Yes," she whispered faintly; "I know you, Adam. Don't leave me now."

Adam Tower sobbed like a little child. "O my God, how I have sinned, that all these years I should have deserted this tender woman, through my passion, because she married the man of her choice, and it angered me! Mary, I have found God of late; and I have sought to know where you were that I might beg your forgiveness. Can you forgive me now? I will atone for it by all the rest of life."

The woman replied by a gesture almost imperceptible. She was in great agony; but she smiled again as Adam brushed back the hair from her face and bent over her with all his great, strong, renewed manhood going out in brotherly love for the crushed form lying there.

"It has been so long, dear, since any one did that! Jim has been in the hospital a year. He fell and was hurt; and Con—my oldest boy, Adam—was killed a little while ago, and the other two little ones have been a great care to me; and I have tried so hard to live! But the work has made me so tired! oh, so tired! The men who sell and buy cannot know, Adam; the aprons we make are a yard long and have to be hemmed across the bottom and on both sides, and with the strings that makes six long seams, and only fifteen cents a dozen for the aprons; and the express is fifteen cents each way for

ten dozen ; and by working from seven to eleven at night I could not do more than four dozen a day. I get so tired, Adam ; and the children need my care, and the fresh air and the green fields seem so far away. Sometimes I hear church bells ringing, and from my window I can see a spire, and I wonder if the women in that church wear my aprons at home, and talk to their neighbors about how cheap they bought them at the stores for a bargain. I wonder if they ever think how they are made, and what makes them so cheap."

Her voice grew almost inaudible and Tower thought she had fainted. He groaned, and, laying his face gently upon his sister's, cried out, "Don't talk of it, Mary ! You shall not have to work so any more. I will work for you and the children."

But she seemed to be delirious now. "The cheap overcoats are sometimes made for four cents apiece, and knee pants for boys at sixteen cents a dozen pairs. But the needles break very often on the stiff cloth, and that is a loss. One day I made seventy-two cents. I was happy, but then I was not strong ; and the children cried ; and I grew sick and faint ; and, oh, I am so tired ! Adam, they cannot know—the people who buy and sell. So many tired women ; Such small prices for making the aprons !"

Again her voice died away. Tower gazed at her with a heart torn with conflicting emotions. "And this is Christian America !" his soul cried out within him. His sister opened her eyes and looked at him. She spoke more quietly :—

"Adam, the children. Don't let them suffer. I am drifting away. I am dying. I"—

Tower uttered a terrible cry. "No ! no ! Mary ! You shall not die ! God is too good ! I will work for you ; you shall never sew again, or get tired !" He stretched out his arms beseechingly to God. His agony was very great.

"Yes, I am tired. I shall rest, perhaps, up there !"

Mary looked up and smiled. "Kiss me, Adam. Take care of the children. Fifteen cents a dozen for the aprons! It is not enough, is it, Adam?" She had partly risen as if remonstrating with some one else in the room. Then she fell back. Adam bent over her. "So tired!" she breathed, and death laid his cold hand on her worn-out and mangled body, and her poor soul was at rest at last.

O ye comfortably dressed and well-fed women in Christian homes, what will ye say when the judgment day reveals the secrets of this old earth and the hosts of sewing women, who have found hell instead of heaven on earth, confront you and lay a part of this sin at your careless doors? O ye "sweaters," who live on the hunger of children and the virtue of women, what reply will ye make when the Judge of all the earth looks into your souls in that realm where excuses and lying can have no power? O ye Christian churches, that spend vast sums in personal adornment and architecture and artistic music, who is to blame for the murder of these tender souls and the shame of those whose virtue is thus sorely tempted in the terrible struggle for existence? O Christian America! What shall history record concerning this great crime against humanity? The blood of little children and of tender women is charged to your greed for money and your selfishness in competition! And God will require a recompense at your hands! "God does not pay at the end of the week," well said Anne of Austria, "*but he pays.*"

Adam Tower kneeled by the dead body of his sister that night and vowed a vow that he would devote the rest of his life to the cause of the poor sewing-women of America, and to the establishment of safe and comfortable homes for them. His grief was uncontrollable as he looked at that wasted face of the sister who had once been his pride for her beauty. Brother and sister each had a strong-willed nature. When Mary declared her intention of marrying James Brand, a lineman in the employ

of one of the telegraph companies, Adam first remonstrated, then grew angry. He had considered himself the guardian of his sister since their father and mother died and he had begun to win a family support at his trade as a wood carver. They had lived together. Adam told her very bluntly that if she married James Brand it would be against his will and she might never come to her brother's house again. It was the old story. Mary married the man of her choice. Her brother repented his anger and his words, but in his foolish, wicked pride went his way solitary, and refused to see his sister; she moved from the old home; then Tower tried to find her and ask her to forgive him, but she seemed lost in the great world. At last Adam came to Chicago, and in the excitement of his new leadership of labor he had no thought that his sister was in the same brick and mortar wilderness. That night, as the fire lighted up the ruin, Mary's face seemed thrust out of the dark past, and Tower recognized it, as people recognize others in excitement or crisis, even though fifteen years had elapsed since he had seen her. It was a bitter past to the now repentant and Christian man. Only his religious faith kept him up now.

"Yes, I shall see her in the other world and atone in this world for my cruelty, God willing!" he cried again and again, but would not be comforted. He was a changed man from that night; his conversion had been one great change. That had made him a new man; this sorrow made him a somewhat stern man in some ways, as the sweaters and greedy house contractors found out to their cost in after years.

John King was confined to his house for a month, owing to his injuries on that memorable night. But his indomitable will could not be crushed or confined. Richard and Tom came in to see him nearly every day, and he was the hero of the city; but he took it all with a quiet, modest spirit, and looked into the future bravely. Ah!

thou knightly soul ! how great the gift of thy strong nature even in its weakness !

It was a week after this disaster that Richard's story appeared in *The Monthly Visitor*. The first time Richard and Tom came in to see King after that event, he greeted them with the salutation, "Welcome, thou 'coming author of serious fiction' !"

Richard colored up, flushed like a girl, and said something about having only just begun to develop his profession.

"Your profession has just begun to develop you, Richard. Sit down, both of you, and let me read you extracts from the daily press and one or two letters I have received." The preacher sat with his foot bandaged, resting it on a chair ; he was recovering rapidly and told his sister he would preach the coming Sunday.

"I suppose you have seen the press notices on the first installment of the book ?"

"Yes," replied Richard, "we have seen some of them."

Tom broke in : "It's splendid ; why even *The Daily Arbiter* conceded that the book promised to be interesting, and that's a good deal for *The Arbiter* to say."

"Yes ; and I have two extracts my sister cut out for me this morning. I don't think you have seen them. One is from New York, the other from Boston. Listen to this ; see if you can tell its source" :

A new story has appeared in *The Monthly Visitor*. It is strongly written, although it bears marks of credit. The writer, who signs the name "Richard Bruce," is evidently a woman, and the name is a pseudonym. Only a feminine hand could pen such thoughts as the following. [Here followed certain passages from the chapter, which King did not read.] The strength of the work lies in its complete unconventionality and its seriousness. We shall watch the development of the story with great interest.

"There! what do you think of that for a criticism? Young men, which city is responsible for such a review?"

"Boston," answered Tom promptly. "New York never would achieve the distinction of discovering that Dick was a woman! Nothing but beans and metaphysics could produce such a thing."

Richard and King laughed.

"You're right, Tom. It's from Boston—The Reviewer. This is from New York":

The new story just out in The Monthly Visitor is attracting wide attention. We commend it to our readers. It is long since anything so strong has appeared in print. It is the work of a young man, we should judge, but not his first attempt. Whoever "Richard Bruce" may be, we predict that he is the coming author of serious fiction. The story is a new departure, and will command general interest.

"Well!" cried Tom, nudging his old chum, "you can't say that I didn't warn you that the book would never take. I wanted to keep you from getting proud. But it's all over now. I don't suppose you will eat hash any more at the boarding house, Dick, or associate with common folks like Mr. King and me!"

"Now, Tom, you keep still a minute while I read an extract from a letter I received this morning." The preacher took it up from the table and glanced at Tom with a twinkling eye. "Listen to this. My friend writes":

"Have you read the new story in The Visitor? It is better than good. It is charming. Who is the author? Is it, or he, a man or a woman? With your large acquaintance in the city you must know the writer. Let me hear from you. I want an introduction. The story has charmed me already. I am in love with the author."

"What do you think of that, Mr. Author?" inquired King gravely, "when I tell you that the letter is from a beautiful young lady!"

"A romance in real life!" shouted Tom, while Richard blushed, but finally inquired demurely, thinking he saw a certain look on King's face that meant mischief:—

"How old is the young lady, sir?"

"Only seventy-two," answered King. "She is an aunt of mine, and a very young lady, for she has kept her feelings and heart fresh to the times."

Richard looked relieved, and Tom shouted aloud to see his change of countenance. King motioned to him to keep silence while he read from a second letter.

"Now then, listen to this, and guess whom it's from":

"My Dear John,—I write specially to inquire about the author of the new story just out in *The Monthly Visitor*. It is strong, wholesome writing, that. We need more of it. If you know the writer tell him so for me. There are weak things in the chapter, but it commends itself as a whole to my taste. Is Chicago going to produce a classic, or furnish us with a real writer of strong fiction. I had once thought it impossible. Yours sincerely."

Here King stopped. "Have you guessed?" Tom and Richard shook their heads. King spoke the name, and they both stared. It was a name famous in two continents for literary power.

King looked at Richard kindly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am glad for you that this success has come to the work of your brain. God gave it to you, and to use wisely in the service of mankind; and I am sure you will say to all this praise of men, Glory be to God; and go your way in the world praising Him for what He has done for you."

"Yes; I shall, Mr. King. Indeed, I cannot believe all this I hear. It sounds unreal to me."

"Well meant, you can be sure," said King with a smile. "I'm glad for you and hope there's more gray matter in your skull of the same sort. Well, Tom, the paper will be a fact in about a month. Have you found a name for it yet?"

"Yes, sir; if it were my paper I'd call it 'Number One'; then nobody could beat it."

"We will consider that name," replied King, with a gravity that sometimes concealed a large fund of humor. "Meanwhile you know something of the plan of the daily?"

"Not very much," said Richard; "tell us about it."

King drew a piece of paper to him on the table near his chair, and drew a rough map of the country.

"Here," he said, indicating the places with his pencil, "are five principal cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco. We propose to establish a plant in each one of these cities for the issuing of the daily simultaneously. It will be practically the same paper in each of the large centers. The matter presented to the reading public will cover the entire field of man's religious nature, and deal with questions of the day in their relation to man, viewed always as a moral being with an immortal existence."

"But how about the news of the day? Will that go in?" asked Richard, while Tom listened with professional interest.

"What do you mean by news?" asked King cautiously.

"Why, I mean associated press despatches, and politics and society and sports, and all those things in which people are interested."

King was silent a moment before he replied:—

"All those things make up the life that now is, and they will be considered in that relation; but they will

not be presented as news in other dailies is given out. The paper will be distinctively a religious paper."

"What denomination?" asked Tom.

"All of them," answered King. "We have secured leading men in all the churches to the editorship of the daily, each in his own city. Besides that, each editor will have on his staff, as associate editors, representatives of all the great denominations. It will be one of the steps in the way of church union that we have been trying to bring about."

"It is a grand idea, but will it work in practice? I mean, will the paper take? Will it pay?" asked Richard.

"I believe it will," answered King with enthusiasm. "I wish I could get up and walk around now in order to express myself. Tom, won't you pace the room for me?"

Tom rose, and seizing an old dressing-gown of King's that happened to be lying over the back of a chair, he put himself into it. He was so short, compared with the stalwart preacher, that the gown trailed on the floor and his arms were lost to sight up the long sleeves, and as he started to tramp the floor in an unconscious imitation of King's manner, his two spectators were so convulsed by his appearance that the conversation threatened to be at an end. At last King went on:—

"There can be little doubt in my mind that the daily will pay, if rightly managed. In the first place we have capital sufficient to start the enterprise out well. It would astonish you to know the amount which consecrated men of means have put into this scheme. In the first place the great revival has worked miracles in human nature, and we are in possession of more means to carry on aggressive religious and civilizing work than we have ever had before. I have been astonished at the results. It has dawned upon many of the well-to-do people in my own church that they have been giving very little to God and humanity, and many of them have come to me and of their own free will have contributed gener-

ously to the paper. The success of the whole plan, now that we have means to get the paper before the public, will depend, of course, upon the way in which it is edited and the way in which the religious or Christian element is made interesting. It has been a matter of wonder to me for years that Christian America has not had a successful, influential Christian and religious daily. There are several million church members in this country; I believe that a constituency of subscribers and readers can be worked up among the Christian people alone large enough to support the daily financially. Then it will be the aim of the whole enterprise to give the country an interesting paper. We have secured a host of well-known Christian writers as contributors; and while we shall keep our readers informed of the main topics of the day, our main purpose will be to furnish a distinctively religious paper, so that it shall be totally different from every other daily published. As the work grows upon us we purpose to extend the publication to other large centers of life, and in course of time to establish an international paper, practically the same paper all over the world, uniting in its columns the genius and ability and culture and enthusiasm and spiritual life of the most famous men and women of all denominations on the globe. In this way we shall have an influence extended by the press such as the Christian world might well long for, such as I dream may sometime be a reality. But Tom has stopped talking, so I suppose he means it as a hint that I have said enough."

Tom had grown so interested in the magnificent scheme drawn by King that he had stopped in the middle of the room with his dressing-gown thrown picturesquely behind him, and unmindful of the fact that the tasseled cord of the gown had wound itself three or four times around his legs. He looked so comical that both Richard and King burst into a hearty peal of laughter. Tom looked very sober.

"You'll be sorry some day that you made fun of the

head editor of the *International Daily*," he said slowly, and then joined merrily in the laugh as he crawled out of his borrowed garment.

The talk ended that time, as the preacher had other visitors come in to see him, but Tom was given certain notes to work up, and King charged him with several items of correspondence in relation to the coming paper, and the young men departed impressed with the gigantic nature of the plan proposed and questioning much within themselves whether the world had ever seen a more enthusiastic and interesting worker than the man who sat in that modest room concealing the physical pain of his injury by plans for the development and happiness of the human race.

A week passed and another Sunday came. John King's sister remonstrated a little against her brother's going out, but her gentle soul always acceded to the stronger will, and the result was that King went to his church in the carriage of a parishioner and gave his sermon seated, as he was unable to stand. There was, as always, a splendid congregation. It was the first time since the disaster that King had appeared in public, and there was a great desire to see and hear him. The service had a special feeling through it on account of the part the preacher had taken on the night when so many poor creatures met death and torture in the ruin. There were hundreds of young men present, and the occasion was one of thrilling interest.

The preacher took for a text the words of Paul to Timothy, "For the love of money is a root if all kinds of evil." After speaking of the uses to which money could be put, and emphasizing the fact that the man with money was a steward of God, King went on to say:—

"It flashed into my mind while imprisoned in the midst of that burning ruin three weeks ago that possibly the man who had the contract for that rotten structure was at that moment sitting in some comfortable or, possibly, luxurious home, enjoying all the comforts

of civilization. But I thought I would not exchange places with him, if I should have to carry about with me for the rest of my life the terrible remorse of having caused by my greed for money, the death and maiming of over thirty women and children. My friends, that is what that man caused. You have read the official report of the commission appointed to investigate, and you are aware that it has been conclusively proved that the building was improperly constructed, of insufficient materials, and, more than that, that the contractor knew the materials to be wanting in strength, but purchased and used them because they were cheaper and he could make more money by it. There is some technicality, friends, by which this guilty man escapes punishment. He has fled the city through fear of personal revenge on the part of relatives of the mangled and tortured victims of his greed; and who is there here to-night who envies that man, though he may possess untold wealth? Who would change places with him at this minute, and bear the burden of responsibility that he must bear up to the judgment unless he repents and atones in this world? What is that man's duty now? That he restore to the children and survivors of that disaster every penny he is possessed of, and earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow the remainder of his days, calling on God to forgive him for Jesus' sake. For be assured, for all these things God will bring him into judgment. This is one of the things that the love of money will cause. We look upon the murderer who stabs his fellow being in the darkness with feeling of horror. We would not admit him into our homes or let him associate with our children. We say he has forfeited the right to enjoy society. But men can be found in this city who move in the highest circles and are admitted into the homes of the cultured and the influential, who are murderers and liars and thieves through their love of money.

"You say, dear friends, that these are hard words; that it is not for us to judge, that we be not judged.

But I am not judging these men; I am simply stating facts. It was proved to the satisfaction of everybody that the contractor of that building bought insufficient materials in order that he might make more money on his contract. It was proved that he knew the materials to be weak and the building to be dangerous; it was proved that he was a man of large means, and lived in a beautiful house and maintained his establishment with all the modern luxuries; and yet, in the eye of God, that man was a murderer on account of his love of money; and every dollar he owns to-day is stained by the blood of over thirty women and children whom he killed. You remember, men and women of this mighty city, that three weeks ago there stood up a strong man on this platform and confessed Jesus Christ before the world. That man's sister was one of the victims of the fatality; and her death has emphasized the greed of another class of men in this and other cities, the men who provide cheap garments to the wholesale and retail dealers."

Here King went on to give some figures respecting the sums paid for such work in some of the principal cities of the United States. He then continued:—

"And in the face of these facts men go on making the business of their lives pleasure or amusement or gain, and the knee is bowed to that great idol, Mammon, and the almighty dollar is throned in men's hearts, and they worship it as supreme. But will any man, in view of the late horror or in remembrance of suffering womanhood in the clutch of the sweater and his accomplices, dare to make the one great aim of his existence the making of money? Who is here to-night so pure and generous, so strong and humble, that he dares say, 'I will give my life up to the great commercial spirit of the age, and love money for the power it can bring, and yet trust to my better nature not to let the money get control of me?' Who will dare deny that every man who puts up a cheap and crowded tenement, every man who pays a woman four cents to make an overcoat, every manufacturer and

retail and wholesale clothing dealer who knows the facts and still continues to get his goods from these men, every man who is making immense profits on goods which are put together by fainting women in agony and despair, every one of them—who will dare deny that every such man is a murderer, even though he be a member of a church and move in the best society, courted and flattered by the slaves of a rotten aristocracy that has lost out of it the heart and core of godlike humanity and lives on the lives of other men, devoid of remorse and empty of self-denial and self-sacrifice?"

The preacher was thoroughly roused now, and every word he said quivered in the hearts of his listeners as if shot into them with some electrical weapons. It was very rarely that John King was so aroused in his outward delivery; usually he was quiet. But the subject to-night seemed to flame over and through him. The scenes he had been through, the night of horror on the ruin, the broken recital of Tower about his sister—all this had stirred his sympathetic nature to its depths. The lion in him was awake to-night, and the sterner side of Gospel was held out. He forgot, in his impassioned burst of feeling, that his right foot and leg were still bandaged and suffering from the injuries received at the time of the rescue. He had been in the habit of pacing his platform, as at home in his study, and it seemed to him that he could not say what he must say unless he stood on his feet. Before he knew it, the audience was thrilled to see him rise. Pulling back the chair on which his foot had been resting, he stepped to the front of the platform, and, raising his arm as if in appeal to God, said:

"O Thou who searchest the secret and hidden purposes of men's souls, tell us if we as a people are not as much in need of Thy Son's rebuke as the rich men in His own day, to whom He said, 'But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses even while for a pretense ye make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive greater damnation.'"

He stood thus a moment, and then, as he walked back and forth at a cost to his injured foot which confined him to his house two weeks afterward, he said :

"One of the most blessed results of the mighty revival through which we have recently passed has been the consecration of men of wealth to the needs of the world. I do not know what would have befallen us as a city if that regeneration had not come upon us. The love of money was sapping our best powers. It was driving men to extravagance and luxury that were absolutely criminal. It was destroying the very principles which underlie the structure of an unselfish humanity. Thank God, we have been spared the fate of Babylon and many another ancient city in the destruction of its grandeur and might from off the face of the earth! For it seemed to me at times, as I went through the streets, as I saw the eager, pushing throngs in the business circles, as I watched the signs of greed on men's hard faces, that the one great aim of our city was, not to glorify God, but to make money. Then God's Spirit breathed on us, and we halted a little while. Heaven sang a song that reached our dull ears. Eternity claimed our attention a little while, and many of us have learned that the things that are eternal are the invisible things of creation. But I face young men to-night; they are full of hope, ambition, disdain of difficulties, and already the one greatest thing in all the world to most of them is commercial prosperity. Money! money! They are beginning to love it. It is beginning to be their god. And yet—think, my friends, what it may mean to you as you grow up.

"They tell me that through some negligence of the officers, the pile of ruin at the corner where that building fell is still there undisturbed. I would to God that that ruin might remain there forever, and that over its ghastly heap might be placed an immense banner, visible by day and illuminated by night, so that this whole city, as it passed that way, might read in burning letters of fire,

'Here perished over thirty helpless women and innocent children and babies, slain by the love of money!' And I would have that ruin stay there as a perpetual object lesson to the young men of this city, to remind them of what might be possible for them to become if once they became slaves to this god. I do not lose sight of the hard struggle for existence; of the need of money; of the anxiety which men feel to provide for their families and pay for their homes. It seems to us sometimes as if nothing in the world was so needful to our happiness as dollars; but still, in spite of all that, it will always remain true that the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil. Our blessed Lord said the same thing in another way. He said that a rich man could hardly enter the kingdom of heaven; He never said that of a poor man. Why did he make that distinction? Why was He so severe with men of wealth? Because His clear soul saw so surely the curses that flow from that golden stream if it is loved for itself.

"O men, men! let these words burn into your souls to-night. To-morrow the struggle is on again: the competition will start up. You will try to beat your neighbor; you will count the day successful if you make money; you will count it a failure if you lose. The whole day will be good or bad to you on that basis. Is not that in itself a fearful thought—that this god has so firmly seated himself on your throne that he rules your happiness or unhappiness; that you are happy only when you are making money, unhappy when you are losing it? And yet you have a wife and children at home. Many of you are in no danger of failure; you have more than enough for your wants. What ought God and home and prayer and eternal life to mean to you? Have they no value to determine your happiness or unhappiness? Suppose all your possessions should be swept away to-night. Would you do as that man did yesterday who lost one hundred thousand dollars in business, and shot himself in his counting-room and died there? Did he not die

as the fool dieth? Yea, verily; for he perished, forgetful that he had an immortal soul left, worth more than the riches of ten million worlds like this. Go home and count your riches, men and women of Chicago. Wife and husband and lover, little children, home, the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, the forgiveness of sins, the promise of eternal life, the love of God—oh, we are all infinitely rich in some of these things, and all, all rich in the love of God! Make money and consecrate it to God's glory, to the extension of His kingdom on earth, to the relief of human suffering. Use it, but be not used by it. It is a servant. Let it not become a master; for just so surely as it masters you it will chain you with fetters and throw you into a dungeon of hideous darkness, and the sweet air of God's world and the blessed fragrance of His blossoms of unselfish ministry and service shall never be felt by you more. Listen to the words of the Spirit of God; they were spoken long ago, to another civilization, but they still remain good for all the world: 'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and have gotten riches, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art the wretched one and miserable and poor and blind and naked: I counsel thee to buy of Me gold refined by fire, that thou mayest clothe thyself, and that the shame of thy nakedness be not made manifest; and eye-salve to anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see.' And may all that we do or say be to the glory of our Lord, world without end. Amen."

The week following this service was a busy one for both Tom and Richard. The Monthly Visitor had been so pleased with the reception of Richard's story that they had made him an offer to come into the office and accept a position on the staff of editors, with the privilege of devoting to his special book writing what time he needed. It was a good offer, although the salary was meager; but Richard accepted it, rejoiced to feel that he was in the way of making progress in his loved profession. Tom

was happy with his new work, in preparation for the new daily. He entered into the plan with such enthusiasm and genuine wisdom that King found him indispensable in service, and kept him busy much of the time at his own house, where he himself was confined, but where he still continued to do a large amount of work.

It was one evening at the close of the week that Tom came in to the old room where the two now lived together and found Richard reading a letter. He looked very thoughtful as he read. Finally he reached the end and looked over at Tom, who was preparing to clear the table for his evening's work.

"Tom," said Richard soberly, "I have had a letter that has upset me. I want to read it to you."

"Will it upset me, too?" asked Tom; "because if it will, I would like to know it beforehand so as to get ready to strike feet first."

"No; I don't think it will hurt you that badly," replied Richard with a slight smile. "But it is news that will surprise you, and may lead to our separation. I may have to leave Chicago."

"What!" Tom jumped up, and his knee struck the table and knocked over an ink bottle. He made no move to pick it up, although the ink ran all over some of his papers he had just thrown down.

"Yes," continued Richard slowly, "it may be necessary for me to go away."

"Read the letter, Dick," said Tom in a muffled tone.

And Richard read aloud, while Tom sat down and listened, burying his face in his hand as he sat.

CHAPTER XI.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.—Saint John.

The letter was dated from a little town in southern Dakota, and was written by the minister of a missionary church there :

"To MR. RICHARD BRUCE, Chicago, Illinois.

"Dear Sir,—I am under the painful necessity of writing you sad news, and, although I am accustomed to such duties, I shrink from my present task as if it were the first time I had ever been called upon to perform it. Your uncle, Mr. West, died here yesterday, after a brief illness caused by overwork and exposure. His last words were : "Write to Richard"—yourself. Your aunt was not sure of your city address, but I write according to her directions. She is, as you know, an invalid, and cannot stir from her room. The death of your uncle removes all support from the family. They have no relatives living here, and, indeed, Mrs. West says that you are the only near relative in the world. The three boys are not yet old enough to do anything. Mr. West left no property, and the family (I say this in all frankness) is destitute, and would be in actual want if it were not for the kindness of the neighbors. I write you in response to your uncle's dying request, not knowing anything of your ability to be of assistance to the family in this hour of their sorrow and need, but feeling quite sure that you will do what you can.

"I am, very truly yours,

"HENRY BASCOMBE."

Richard read the letter slowly, and with more thoughtfulness than emotion. "What do you think of that, Tom?"

"Think of what?" asked Tom, looking up. He had sat, while Richard was reading, with his hand over his face.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

Tom looked surprised. It was the first time Richard had ever asked him such a question.

"What would you do in my place?" persisted Richard.

"I would borrow some money of you and start for South Dakota on the first train," replied Tom, without the slightest intention of being irreverent.

Richard smiled a little. "That is about what I have made up my mind to do. This is how it stands, Tom. Uncle Will was my mother's youngest brother. He was her favorite. I never saw him but once; he visited at our house when I was a small boy. My aunt I never saw. I do not know her at all, only I remember hearing my mother speak of her as very delicate and of a nervous disposition. You can easily see that I have not been a very constant correspondent with the family. I wrote to my uncle occasionally, but he never replied to my letters. He was a very peculiar man, impracticable and very careless in his business habits. He was an inventor of a certain kind of machinery used in flouring mills, and at one time had considerable means, but probably lost it in western speculation; and now it seems Aunt Esther and the three boys are left alone and destitute, and I am their nearest relative, and the only able-bodied one in the family. I think I shall have to follow your advice, Tom, and start for South Dakota on the next train."

"But what can you do, Dick, by going there?"

"I don't know," answered Richard cheerfully; "but I can do something; I'm strong. I can shovel coal."

"What will you do about your work on The Monthly Visitor?"

"Have to give it up, I suppose."

"Why couldn't you send for them to come on here?" suggested Tom. "Both of us could support the family by our united earnings."

"We couldn't do it, Tom. This is the situation: my entire yearly income is less than six hundred a year. In order to earn that I must have my entire time and put in my undivided strength. My aunt will need the care of a nurse, and the expense of a household of five would be more than I could meet. As for your doing anything in that way, Tom—old fellow, I appreciate it, you know I do—but I must bear this burden alone; there is something in me that tells me I ought to. If the time comes when I feel that I must have help, there is no one in the world to whom I would go quicker than to you."

Richard spoke in a decided, quiet tone. Tom was familiar with it, and knew it meant an end of all discussion. He sighed and said:

"It doesn't seem just right to me that you should have to give up your chosen profession to take care of other people. Can't you arrange the matter in some other way?"

"That is just it," replied Richard, rising to walk up and down. "The minute I read Mr. Bascombe's letter, before you came in, it flashed upon me that I would have to give up my authorship and go to work at something that had money in it to support Aunt Esther and the boys; for there is no money, Tom, in writing, unless one is an extraordinary genius at it, and I know very well that I am not. The book that has been successful brought me in two hundred and fifty dollars, but it represented nearly eight months' hard work. My salary on *The Visitor* is forty dollars a month, and Mr. Calvin offered me three hundred dollars for a short serial the other day. But it would take me, with my habits of composition, at least four months to write it. By the most uninterrupted industry and application I could make a living, Tom, and in the course of years I might become comfortably off;

but I am only just beginning, and, with the addition of four helpless people, I could not do good work with my pen. The very fact of their dependence on me would weigh me down and render me unfit for the struggle. The author needs leisure and freedom from financial worry to do his best work—at least I do. And, O Tom, all this came to me, and I said to myself, I don't see how I can do anything for aunt and those children. Let them be cared for by the town or the church, and I will send them what money I can spare, and when I become able I will educate the boys; but I can't stop my profession now to work for them. Well, I tell you, Tom, I believe it was the devil whispering to me, and I said to him, 'Get behind me, you old serpent! Do you think I am going to preach one thing and live another? I am not one of your converts!' Well, Tom, my way seems very clear. I shall be a coward all the rest of my days if I don't go right up to Dakota and make arrangements to support aunt and the boys. So, as King says, 'No more of that,' but help me to get off to-night, chum."

There was a train for the northwest going out at midnight. Richard had time to pack his small trunk, and with Tom's help he was ready by ten o'clock. He sat down and wrote a note to Mr. Calvin explaining his departure, and asked Tom to give it to him next day in person.

"I would like to see Mr. King before I go," he said to Tom, who was packing Richard's bag for him while he wrote.

"We have to go by the house on the way to the station, and if we see a light in the study, let's ring," said Tom.

So as they went through Plain Street, seeing the study windows glowing, they stepped up to the familiar door and rang. Mr. King himself came down and opened to them.

"Ah!" he said with his usual good humor, looking at Richard's travelling bag, which Tom was carrying, "come

to stay all night? You're too late for supper, but I can rummage around and get you a cold pie."

"You might let Dick have it for lunch," said Tom. He tried to say something funny, but, to Mr. King's surprise, suddenly stopped and began to cry. Tom cried like a girl; and one of his characteristics was that he never tried to conceal this habit. He said it was natural to him, and he had a right to cry if he wanted to. Richard in a few words explained the cause of his sudden departure.

"You're quite right," nodded King cheerfully. "When you reach there you will be better able to plan for the future than you could do here."

Richard looked pleased. "I was sure you would approve of my going, Mr. King."

"Not but that I know what it means to you," answered King with a look that showed how fully he understood Richard's sacrifice. "You'll never regret it. Tom, what are you making it so moist here for, and taking the color all out of my study carpet with your tears? You would do the same thing in Dick's place, you know you would."

"Yes; but Dick has been all the world to me, Mr. King, for over seven years, and I don't know what I shall do when he is gone. I just know I'll make a fool of myself," continued Tom desperately. "It'll be just like me to fall in love, or some such nonsense, after Dick's gone."

Mr. King could not help laughing, and Richard laughed with him; but Tom looked disconsolate, and retired to the little hallway while his chum and the preacher said a few words in parting. Dick's eyes were teary as he joined Tom on the landing, and the two went out, followed by John King's hearty, "God bless you both, boys! Come in and see me to-morrow, Tom."

At the station Richard purchased his ticket, and found

that he had only five dollars left. Tom insisted on his taking ten dollars. He did so without any remonstrance. The money received for the book had been nearly spent, and Tom kept up a polite fiction about it, although it did not deceive Richard, who knew very little of that sum could be left, and his salary on *The Visitor* had not been paid yet.

At last the train began to pull out. Tom had not gone inside the gate, but from a position outside the railings he waved his hand to his chum as he stood on the platform, and then the night out beyond the end of the station swallowed up the midnight express, and left Tom standing alone in the great city with the most forlorn feeling at heart that he had ever known. It had all happened so suddenly that it seemed to him like a nightmare. When he reached the little room he felt almost as if Dick had died and he had just got back from his funeral.

If it had not been for the letters the next few weeks Tom would certainly have become very blue. As it was, he kept up a correspondence as faithful and almost as constant as that which lovers carry on. We have the privilege of reading a part of this correspondence, which reveals a great part of the life our two friends were living at this period.

From Richard to Tom.

"Dear old Tom,—I write first, as I promised, seeing I am the one to go into new things, and I know how you are situated, and you don't know about me until I tell you.

"Well, the first thing I have to say to you is what was said to his friends by the man who had just fallen into an old cellar half-full of water: 'Don't come here.' For of all the forlorn places, Tom, this one is the prize place for *forlornity*. I don't know that there is such a word in the dictionary, but I feel the need of having one,

and I made it. The boom here, Tom, went and busted (burst is too feeble to express the idea) about a year ago, and the pieces can be had for almost the cost of picking them up. If you have ever been in a western town that has been visited by a boom, and then swept by a cyclone, and then had a prairie fire go through it, and experienced a raid by cowboys, you will have a faint impression of the dull times in Colby at present. There are a thousand people here now instead of four thousand two years ago. I am not sure, but I think I saw a prairie dog village starting up in the open square in front of the post office; and unless I am much mistaken there is a cobweb as big as an umbrella stretched over the doorway of the once Metropolitan Hotel. The place isn't old enough to have any ghosts in it; but if it was, there are plenty of empty houses for them to tenant, and, judging from the impressions of the few real estate men left here, even a ghost could rent a very fine eight-room house for almost nothing a month if he would simply pay the insurance and keep up repairs.

"My Aunt Esther was glad to see me. She did not seem very much surprised; simply said, 'I thought somebody would come,' and then she seemed to accept me as if I had always belonged to the family, and had come to stay indefinitely. The three boys are named, curiously enough, Tom, Dick, and Harry. Aunt tells me it was not thought by any one at the time how it would sound. I took to Tom at once for your sake, and before I knew it I had the youngster on my knee, and he was putting the questions to me about Chicago and how it looked and what I used to do there. He is cut out for a newspaper man, I think. Well, the family is living in a very cheap two-story frame house on the edge of the town. Aunt says it is mortgaged, and so is every house in town, I should judge, from the remarks I hear. What the family has had to live on for a year past is a mystery to me, and what it is going to live on for a year to come is even a greater mystery. Aunt Esther is very feeble, and has ab-

solutely no means. There is not a cent of money in the house except what I have in my pocket. I am in a little room upstairs, and it is furnished comfortably; and I am seated here by the window that overlooks the town writing this letter, Tom, just twenty-four hours after my arrival. What I shall do here is a problem yet. I am going to call on Mr. Bascombe, the minister, and consult with him. I wonder if he is like John King. But, of course, he can't be; there is only one John King, of course. I must go downstairs now and get supper. Yes, Tom, I am the chief cook to this establishment, and I may yet apply to the head spider of the Metropolitan Hotel for a position. My lamp has gone out. It had not been filled. Good-night, Tom.

DICK."

From Tom to Richard.

"Nothing has happened in Chicago, dear Dick, since you left. The most thrilling event has been the receipt of your letter containing the pen picture of Colby. I take it from your description it is not exactly like Chicago. You are not in danger of being run over by the cable cars, especially in front of the post office and the Metropolitan Hotel. What on earth can you do in such a place, Dick? Not even your pluck can put a new bottom into a town where it has fallen out so completely. I still think it would be the wisest policy to bring the family to Chicago and let us unite our forces in their support. I don't see what you can do in Colby. I shall be interested to hear what you do. You must cut a pretty figure as chief cook. The old college experience will come handy, won't it? But I never knew you could cook anything but fried oysters and boiled eggs. I don't believe you know whether to use cornstarch or isinglass in mince pie; but judging from your description of poverty at Colby, it isn't likely you have mince pie more than once a day. The boarders at our old table, Dick, expressed their regret at your departure, and voted to send you a little

token of their regard. You will be surprised when you take a round box out of the post office, and, unless the cake is reduced to a mass of pulp by the United States mail agents, you will be pleased, I am sure, at seeing and tasting your favorite dessert. The landlady, Mrs. Grump, shed a few tears while mixing the ingredients (at least she said so to me), so if the cake is extra salt that will account for it. But the hard-working old lady had a tender regard for you, Dick, as indeed all the boarders had. I hope somebody will cry when I leave and send me a cake or a pie bedewed with affectionate tears.

Mr. King begins to hobble around with a cane. The details of the new paper are nearly completed, and the first issue will appear the first of next month. I am in receipt of letters every day, acting as secretary for Mr. King, which express great enthusiasm for the project. I believe it will be one of the great factors of this generation in shaping public opinion and helping spread Christ's kingdom.

Five hundred of us unite with Mr. King's church at the next communion. Think of that, Dick! Five hundred young men! You remember we talked of it before you went away. Mr. King desired all the young men to unite in a body. Most of them, in fact I suppose all of them, are the result of the great awakening. The other churches have also had large additions. It will be a great occasion for me, Dick. Truly if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature. I am as different inside as if I had really been born again. I thank God for the Christian life! It is life indeed.

Give me credit, won't you, for not retailing any newspaper news? I am anxiously waiting to hear from you again. I have lost my appetite since you left, and am using some patent bitters to tone up my constitution.

Farewell.

TOM.

From Richard to Tom.

Friend Thomas,—The one great excitement in Colby is the arrival of the daily train. Every mother's son gathers about the station about ten minutes before the schedule time, and for a little while there is a good deal going on in Colby. After the train leaves, the population adjourns to the postoffice and there is another little wave of excitement there. When the mail is distributed and given out, Colby has a reaction and takes to bed, only to get up and go through the process the next day. The diary of the average man in Colby would read like that one written by one of Mark Twain's boys: "Got up, ate breakfast, dinner and supper, and went to bed," and so for a week.

Well, Tom, I have been to see the minister, Mr. Bascombe, and I was agreeably surprised. He is a young man who came here right from the seminary at the time when Colby was beginning to boom, and he has seen the whole thing and had some heart-breaking experiences. His church numbered two hundred and fifty members, and they built a five-thousand-dollar building and had it nearly finished when the bubble burst. His church numbers forty-five at present, and the financial outlook is as clear as a London fog. But Mr. Bascombe has hung on at the entreaty of those who have remained here and who were unable to sell out or get away, and he is working as hard to save men now as in the old days of the excitement. He is a hero in his way, as great as John King, for he does not have John King's surroundings and encouragements. In fact, put John King into a place like this and it would test his Christian manhood pretty severely. Not but that he would meet the test all right, but there are heroes in this western country, Tom, whose names don't get into the papers very often, men who are leading lives of hardship and self-denial and heart-breaking disappointment such as the great explorers and captains of the world never knew.

I had a good long visit with Mr. Bascombe, and he thought the best thing I could do would be to get upon a farm with the boys and my aunt. There is absolutely nothing to do in town. There is a chance for me to work on a farm about three miles out, with a man who has lately been injured and needs help very much. Mr. Bascombe thinks we can make arrangements with this man so that aunt and the boys can go out there to live, and I can work for their support until something better presents itself. Thank the good God, Tom, my body is strong and well! And it seems wicked to have any rebellious thoughts when health and eternal life are in one's possession. I have been guilty, dear chum, of spending some time in wondering with myself why my uncle did not make provision for these helpless ones in his care, and I know he did not do right to leave them as he did; and yet there are hundreds of good business men right here in this town who have lost every cent they ever had in speculation. It has seemed a little hard for me to stop my writing and do physical work, and I have a struggle over it; but it seems to be my duty, and I cannot make it any better by complaining or trying to live over the past. No; it is no use to talk of bringing the family to Chicago. The income of a writer is too uncertain. I don't dare risk it. I have seen it tried too often. On the farm I can at least earn our living and incur no debt, of which I have a horror too deep to express.

"The cake came to hand, and very speedily came to mouth when I brought it home and let Tom, Dick, and Harry sample it. My best wishes to all the old boarders, and to Mrs. Grump, whose tearful affection for me did not injure the cake in the least. How I would love to see you all!

"Two days later. I have made arrangements to go on the farm, and shall move out there the first of the week. I will write as soon as I can after getting settled

there. Good-bye for the present. You remember I was raised on a farm, Tom, so I shall get on swimmingly. I shall sign myself hereafter,

FARMER DICK."

Mr. King to Richard.

"Now, then, my dear fellow, don't look surprised when you open this letter and see the check for fifty fall out of it, and don't you go to sending it back to me either, because I'm not sending it to you but to Tom, Dick, and Harry, of whom Tom has told me. It seems that one of my church members is acquainted with Mr. Bascombe, of Colby, and in the course of a correspondence the case of your uncle's family was mentioned. My parishioner came to me and insisted on doing something, and wished me to send the fifty on to you, to be expended as you saw fit or as the need required. So that is the history of that bit of blue paper. I have heard of Bascombe. He has written an occasional bright paper for our reviews. He will do you good. He is a true man. God bless you, Richard! You are young yet, and God means to make noble use of you in His world. Your life will not be wasted through the present sacrifice. Write me a line. Yours always,

JOHN KING."

Tom to Richard.

"Farmer Dick,—In my mind's eye I can see you going around in a pair of check overalls and flannel shirt, with an old straw hat of last season's growth on the top of your head and your back hair in need of trimming. Send us some butter and eggs, Dick, for the boarding table, and then we'll know they are not manufactured. I'll pay the express just for the fun of the thing.

"Have you heard of the scare we had here last week? Don't suppose you have very close connections with the

world on that farm. Mr. King had a handsome call from one of the largest churches in New York, to take the place of Dr. B., who died recently. The newspapers got hold of it in some way, and there was a sensation all over town. All this before Mr. King had said a word. Sunday evening he spoke of it, and announced his intention to remain in Chicago. It was so still that it was painful. And, Dick, the most remarkable thing is that after the announcement there was no attempt at applause. It was so well known by the people that Mr. King did not desire anything of the kind that they received the news of his decision to refuse the call with bowed heads. I saw many faces wet with happy tears, and Mr. King's hand was nearly wrung off after service. I never heard him preach better. Our communion is next Sunday afternoon. It will be a special service. I am anticipating it with great eagerness. But I want to hear from you again about the farm and the boys. I send you by mail a small box of candy, which you may give to my namesake, Tom. I will adopt that boy myself when I am an old bachelor with plenty of money. Mr. Bascombe must be a rare character. Glad you have such a man near by. I will send you the first copy of the new daily as soon as it appears. It is to be called *The Christian*. Good-bye.

"P.S.—Never try to raise chickens from porcelain eggs. It does not pay, besides being a dead loss to buy porcelain.

"P.S. No. 2.—If Tom will have his picture taken, I will pay for it. I want to see how he looks.

"Yours, CHUM."

From Richard to Tom.

"It has been two weeks, chum, since I had a chance to write. We moved out here under some difficulties, but it is no use to live them over. The people who own the farm are Mr. and Mrs. Clayton. They are better off

townspeople. Mr. Clayton fell and injured himself than most of the farmers in this vicinity, although the farmers have not suffered so much from the boom as the severely a while ago. It is just in the busiest season, and he was anxious for help to get in crops. Mr. Bascombe rode out with me to make arrangements with him. It was arranged that aunt and the children come out, and that our living expenses be met for the present by what I could do, with the understanding that we were free to make other conditions at the end of a month. Aunt made some objections to going, but finally yielded. Poor Aunt! She is very feeble, and has borne much sorrow. The boys were delighted, and Tom nearly had his head cut off by the binder before he had been there two hours. Mrs. Clayton is a beautiful woman, a real cultured, refined New England woman. She was pining for company, and that is one reason Mr. Clayton made the bargain with us. His wife is delighted with the children, and will prove good company for Aunt Esther. So I feel as if the move was a good one. I have been working in the harvest and hay field these two weeks, and your imaginary farmer in overalls, flannel shirt, and straw hat is not so far out of the fact. I sent the butter and eggs yesterday. You probably meant it for a joke, but I showed your letter to Mrs. Clayton, and she entered into the plan with great zest, and the unmanufactured farm produce is on the way.

"The first copy of *The Christian* reached me two days ago. I devoured it eagerly. It is a grand paper. I showed it to Mr. Clayton, and he was so pleased that he asked me to write, ordering it for him. I enclosed the amount and his address. So you see I am able to do some good still, Tom. The world seems a good ways off to me here. The work is hard and the life is apparently drudgery, but there is very sweet peace in my soul, Tom. Besides, I have found time already, after work at night, to do a little writing, and I find the old instinct is just as strong in me as ever.

"I gave Tom your candy, and the young rascal

divided evenly with his brothers. I hope you are pleased with the picture I send. The very day I received your letter a travelling photographer happened along, and I had all three of the boys taken, sitting on the hay wagon. Tom's the saucy-looking fellow on the left, holding a large slice of bread and sorghum in his hand. Write me about the communion service, Tom, and send me Mr. King's sermon if it is published. You know he occasionally has one printed, and I should very much like to see it. Love to your always, from

"THE FARMER."

Tom's next letter, written just after the communion service, was brief but full of feeling. He enclosed a copy of Mr. King's sermon, which had been printed in a memorial edition, and distributed among the young men who united with the church for the first time. We can give only a selection from the sermon, which was addressed almost entirely to the young men before the preacher.

The text was from John, the preacher's favorite author.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

"The Christian life, my brothers, uses strength, and demands strength and gives strength. Some of you have seen a game of football between two rival college teams; but unless you have been one of the players you do not feel the fierce determination, the glow of well-spent effort, the sweep of exultation in the victory. You may be interested in the result of the game as you watch it, and you may feel disappointment or delight in defeat or victory. But the players feel it all to the utmost. And one must be in the thick of it himself to feel the whole of the contest. It is just the way in this Christian life on which you have just entered. You are no longer spectators, but actors. It is your game now, this game of contest where eternity is at stake, and God is the judge, and the

life that now is is the field of action. Most of you were moral young men before this new life-giving force roused you into the action demanded of a Christian. What was there lacking in the old life? It was not desperately wicked. It did not abound in enormous outbreaks against God. It did many good things every day. But it was not positive enough in its moral energy, and it lacked the personal element of the Christian manhood. Now I think any one of you will say, 'I am more than a moral being in my feeling and purpose. There is a spiritual life in me now that has the divine germ in it. There is a strength in me now that is the strength of an actor, not of a looker-on.' Oh, I rejoice with you, my friends, that you are going to make the world's struggle yours hereafter. There is so much need of the hearty, unselfish, vigorous vitality of strong young men in the world! And it is a discouraging thought to me very often while walking through the streets of a great city like ours to see the crowds of young men flowing into our saloons, seeking places of questionable recreation or making the pursuit of money the one great outlet for their enthusiasm. The world needs heroes in our day just as much as it needed them in the days of Paul or Augustine or Luther or Savonarola or Wesley. The world always needs heroes. There never was an age when it did not have good use for them. Just because we live in the age of electricity, express trains, and mechanical wonders makes no difference. It is an epoch which demands as much strength of will and action on the part of the spiritual man as ever. And it is not enough simply to be good, my brothers. That man may be living a very narrow, selfish life who boasts of his goodness and criticizes the morality of other men. It is needful—it always was, it always will be needful—that every true man should be a contestant himself. The game must be his game. Its success or its failure must seem to him to depend on how well he plays his part. There is an immense amount of looking on, my friends. I rejoice for you to-day that

you are no longer of those who watch the struggle of humanity. Your own hearts are in it now, and your strength will be used nobly as those who actually strive for the victory.

"Then you will find that this Christian life not only uses strength, but demands it. This is no sentimental thing you have undertaken—something that an old woman or any pious and feeble-minded old man could do just as well; but you will find in the new life that all your powers will have all they can do. It won't be necessary for you to go into the ministry to feel this to be true; but in your different professions or business or trade you will find that all you have in you will be demanded in the service of the Master. The world has not understood this right. It has sneered at the Christian, and thought he was a weak, feeble-minded, sentimental religious being. That is because the world has not understood the graces of meekness and gentleness of a true Christian. Because bluster and swagger and boasting have been wanting, men of the world have thought the Christian weak and lacking in manhood. I want to see that impression removed by those young men who unite with the body of Christ to-day. You can impress the strong elements of a Christian manhood upon the world so that it shall see, even if it cannot understand, the power of the life within you. And as you put it to the test you will find this to be true—there is not a faculty God has given you which may not be used to His glory; not a latent power which may not be developed in the service of the Master; not a power of energy which may not be transformed into heat and light for the redemption of men. In fact, the Christian life is so glorious a life that it demands all you can possibly furnish. It is not a weak life, subsisting on what a man has left over after he has satisfied his own intellectual or professional hunger, but it demands the whole man—heart, mind, soul, strength—all of him, and then he will not reach the standard of achievement. That is what I look for in you, my dear friends : consecrated

young manhood, which shows that the source of its power is *power*, intelligent, enthusiastic, useful, untiring, patient, prayerful, strong.

"Then you will also find as you go on in this life that it not only uses strength and demands strength, but also gives strength. You will go from strength to strength. The very use of what you start out with will give you more. Do you know, the dearest Christians, those that give a pastor most trouble, are those who have to be carried along all the time? They don't exercise the muscles God gave them to use, and the minister and the church have to boost them along and provide them crutches and tone them up about just so often or they will fall out of the ranks altogether. Well, I have almost decided that is not what a church is for. We are to care for one another, and begin to feed the babes in the Christian life with the milk of the Word; but after they are grown and ought to be eating strong meat I think it is about time to throw away the milk bottle. And it is just as true in the spiritual life as in the physical that strength grows by the use of itself. That is what I want to see done by this splendid body of young men. Exercise. Go into the gymnasium of Christian service. Lift burdens off of other people, pull weights with those who are working to relieve the world of injustice, have some knock-out match with evil every day, and you will be astonished at the way your muscular spirituality will grow upon you. I recall when I was in college the case of a feeble-looking boy who had no organic disease, but was simply flabby and weak because he never exercised. Some ironical remark on the part of a classmate roused this boy into a spirit of determination, and he began to take lessons in a private gymnasium. In two years he had developed a new manhood. His muscles were as firm and hard as the strands of a rope, and to the astonishment of the college he was one of the successful competitors in the inter-collegiate games which occurred in the following year. You will find this in the Christian service no less cer-

tainly. Grow in the grace and knowledge of your Lord. 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength . . . they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.'

"I want to say a personal word to you on this occasion of your public confession of Christ, and your union with this church which represents, I trust, the spirit of the Master as He really was. You have seen with me a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this city. It has been the most remarkable awakening known to history, unless we accept the day of Pentecost. I once never thought to behold such triumphs of God's power among men; but I praise Him to-day that I have seen it. And you will, to the end of your earthly existence, feel that this experience through which you have passed and this occasion which we are now emphasizing are the most memorable in all your lives. The strong power of the Spirit has begun to cease its mighty strength as we have felt it. The flood that overflowed is beginning to subside; but let us remember that the Spirit never leaves us. He is as real in the still, small voice as in the mountain thunder peal. And I do not wish any one of you to imagine that because that tremendous, awful, exuberant Presence no longer animates you, therefore it does not exist. There will come moments of depression in your Christian life. When they come, recall this occasion and this thought: Although God does not always manifest Himself in the same degree of strength, yet He is always the same. His love flows in a constant stream. He will always remain the same. There is no change in His eternal care over you. The same power which has risen in you like an overwhelming tide still abides in you, and will meet the quiet demand of everyday needs just as completely. You will find your joy as Christian disciples growing with the years. I commend you all this day, my young brothers, to the loving companionship with the Saviour, which is never weary or distasteful or uninteresting. And as I welcome you into this church of

Christ, I do so in the glad belief that the relation between us shall be that of mutual helpfulness, forbearance, and companionship. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' And I know of no other more blessed thought to leave with you than that. For ye are strong this day for burden bearing. And I have written unto you because you are strong, and have overcome and shall overcome the Evil One, until he shall no more exert his power, until He shall reign King of kings and Lord of lords, even that One who said He had overcome the world, our Master, Jesus Christ, the Source of all living strength, to whom be praise in the Church, world without end. Amen."

In the course of our story we must let two years go by without recording the events which were a part of the history of our characters. We look into Tom's room at the end of that period and find him eagerly reading a letter from Richard; and as the privilege of the writer is one free from impertinence we will look over Tom's shoulder and read with him.

"Dear old Tom,—It is a very long time since I have written you, but I have been through sad times, and could not give strength to anything but the one task demanding my entire attention. Aunt Esther died last week after a very painful illness of a month, during which time no one seemed able to do my duties as a nurse. She demanded me night and day. Poor, troubled soul! She is at rest now! And with her last conscious breath she commended the boys to my care. Tom, I praise God that I have been able to lighten the burden of this frail, tender, helpless woman, and the past year on this edge of the world has been blessed to me!

"Mr. and Mrs. Clayton have done all in their power for me, and they could not be kinder if I were an only son. These two years have not been empty of results in any way. Mr. Bascombe has held service in the school-

house near us, and also held meetings from house to house in this neighborhood. The result has been that Mr. and Mrs. Clayton have both become Christians. This fact has made the friendship between us doubly strong. I am loath to leave them, and they declare that they do not see how they can get along without me. All this is very kind of them, and I feel it keenly, but Mr. Clayton has recovered his health, and I begin to hope that I can do better for the boys in the way of giving them an education by coming back to the city again. I do not know whether you know it or not, but the parishioner of Mr. King's church who sent fifty dollars to me for the use of the family, just after I reached Colby, has been anxious for some time to provide for the education of one or two of the boys, and has been so constant in the expression of his desire that Mr. King writes me advising me to come back to Chicago and put the boys into school there, assuring me that the means will be forthcoming to meet all expenses. I have about determined to act on his advice. I have perhaps been over-sensitive about accepting such help from other people, and I may not be serving the Master any better by refusing assistance in this case. I cannot deny that I long to be at my old work again, and I can certainly provide for one of the boys and do my work as well.

"You understand, Tom, I do not regret my two years out here on this farm. They have been two years of great joy to me. I have nothing with which to reproach myself. I believe I did just what was right. If I had not come, my aunt would have been forced to the dependence of charity from strangers, and the boys would have been lost, perhaps, to all true manhood. But I am now led to come back for their sakes. I promised Aunt Esther that I would be to them a father and brother as well as cousin, and I have come to love the little fellows very dearly. So if you can look up a cheap place for us, Tom, I will come on in about two weeks and begin the struggle in Chicago again. You will be surprised at me, perhaps.

I have grown a great, fierce beard, and I have the genuine Western tan complexion, but my heart is still as tender for you and all the old friends in the lake city as ever. Soon to see you, as always and ever,
Dick."

Tom executed one of his old-time war dances through the room, to the everlasting damage of one of the old-cane-bottomed chairs, through which he put his foot, and then, unable to contain himself, he rushed out to Plain Street to show the letter to Mr. King. The preacher was just stepping out of his house to go down town. Tom showed him Richard's letter. King smiled a little. "Yes? I had the news from him this morning. He is a plucky fellow. I can tell you where to find two comfortable and cheap rooms." King gave Tom the address, and Tom started off at once to secure the apartments. King called after him: "When did you say Richard would be here?"

"In two weeks."

"Why, that's Thanksgiving time. Write and tell him that John King and his sister will expect him and the three boys to take Thanksgiving dinner with them."

"All right, sir," replied Tom, who hesitated; and as Mr. King did not say any more, he moved away with a disappointed feeling at something. Mr. King called after him: "By the way, Tom, you may say in a postscript that you are invited to that Thanksgiving dinner also. Did you think I was going to invite David and leave out Jonathan, Tom?"

Tom's answer was not intelligible, and he smiled a very wide smile, with a teardrop at each corner of it as he glanced thankfully at the preacher and then hurried down the street, whistling to the quick march of his own nimble feet—

"The crowning day is coming."

CHAPTER XII.

But godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.
—Saint Paul.

Thanksgiving Day in the city dawned feathery with snow that filled the air and blew in great giant handfuls over the lakeside and river; but the crowd that came out to hear John King at his great church building seemed filled with the spirit of the day, and when ten o'clock struck every seat in the building was taken. It had been his custom for twenty years to deliver on Thanksgiving day in his own church a special sermon which had characteristics all its own, so that the occasion had come to be anticipated by all who knew him as one of the rare occasions in the history of that church. This morning, as the preacher walked up to the platform, coming from the audience instead of from the room at the rear of the desk, he seemed particularly happy and earnest, the very type of the best Thanksgiving ever known to a man—praise for souls redeemed from the powers of darkness into the light of the Gospel of his dear Master. And as John King turned and faced the splendid congregation, in all the strength of his prime and the height of his power and influence, he had reason to rejoice and give thanks. There sat hundreds of men and women who had been led by his strong, patient, enthusiastic, sweet-willed preaching into the kingdom of God on earth. There sat Adam Tower, who, in the course of his great work for the poor sewing women of America, had been all over the country during the past two years, and now was in the city where his sister had died to secure some necessary support from certain business men in Chicago. There sat, side by side, Tom and Richard, united once

more, and the three boys in the same seat, looking up at John King with the grave interest children feel in one who has been mentioned often in their hearing. Richard had arrived two days before, had found the rooms selected by Tom to be just what he needed, and with his old chum and the boys had come out to hear his old preacher again before going to the hospitable house on Plain Street to dinner.

The preacher's sermon had reference to the general condition of prosperity throughout the city, and was, in the main, a glowing description of the benefits of a practical Christianity to the world on all sides of its activity. His text clearly showed the meaning of his subject, which he stated to be "The Heaven of Earth."

"But godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

"We live in two worlds, my brothers: the physical and the spiritual. One is just as real as the other, and in the sight of the all-loving Father one is just as important and interesting as the other. And it is His will that the joy of the spiritual world should begin here in this world. It was our Lord's will that the human race should be happy here. He did not teach that all difficulties and troubles and sorrows would be sometime banished forever from the earth. He taught that even the righteous should have tribulations; but He also taught us to pray that God's kingdom would come, and His will be done in earth as in heaven; and He also taught that if men would first seek the kingdom of God they would have the necessities and comforts of physical life. In other words, we find the real and only answer to the problem of happiness in human society is *godliness*, which is profitable unto all things. We have only to look at our own city to see how true this teaching is. Consider the absence of poverty or hardship within our community compared with a period two years ago, or before the great revival blessed us so wonderfully. There are hundreds of men

in this audience this morning who will bear me witness that dissipation and intemperance had ruined them, destroyed their business and their homes, and left them wrecks on the social beach, dead, without honor. Nothing but godliness has made those men prosper again. But the city as a whole stands to-day at the highest point it ever reached in unselfish prosperity. There is a prosperity which is the result of one man's cheating or robbing another. That used to characterize our wealth two or three years ago. There were thousands of men making money in this city, but they were making it out of the distress of other men. They were robbers. They built splendid houses and invested vast sums in helping to give the city a palatial appearance to the stranger. But thousands of men were suffering from their unjust and selfish accumulations. To-day there are more happy and well-to-do men in this city than were ever before known, and of the great majority I believe it can be truly said they have honestly and unselfishly made their homes what they are. And this is one of the things I am thankful for to-day—that the breath of God swept over us and we paused in our feverish struggle for the almighty dollar and learned the lesson of godliness. That has done more for us than centuries of trade or political economy. I was talking with one of our strongest and most respected business men yesterday, and he said to me that he regarded that revival of more importance to our commercial prosperity and continued happiness than any event that ever occurred in all our history. He said the discontent of the wage-earners had grown so strong, the selfishness of the rich men in the city had become so unbounded, that the strike, which came so near precipitating a revolution, was but the forerunner of an uprising which would have spread all over the nation like a prairie fire swept on by a high wind. God spoke to us, and we heeded, and we have been blessed since then. Is it not true, my brothers, that we owe our present unparalleled freedom from dissatisfaction and distress to the regeneration of

our human nature that took place here two years ago?"

The appeal was made so naturally that half a dozen men in the audience spoke aloud, "Yes, it's true!" with an emphasis that provoked a series of "Amen!" from all over the house. John King smiled. He did not ordinarily desire interruptions or applause, but to-day he seemed to be on such familiar terms with his people that he could not well prevent the demonstration of feeling. As he continued, this feeling grew and gave itself expression, not in any noisy or vulgar form, but in the suppressed exclamation of some man or woman whose memory went back to the great revival and recalled the fact of personal conversion at that period.

"Our greatest reason for thanksgiving to-day is godliness in our nation and city. I look back over the period of my connection with this church, and it seems to me that goodness is the only thing, after all, that really gives us true happiness. The wages of sin is death, and happy is the people whose God is the Lord and not selfishness. I believe, as I stand here to-day and look into your faces, I can truly say that my heart goes out in praise for the life which I have seen grow up here; and I cannot help feeling that our nation is beginning to realize as never before the value of Christianity as effecting the daily condition of men. I have been charged with preaching an easy-going optimism. It is because I have always believed in preaching the Gospel of hope. That is the Gospel, as I understand it—glad tidings, not despairing tidings; the preacher who is not a cheerful, hopeful preacher is not preaching Christ, whatever else he may preach. I believe there is the possibility of a man's being finally lost because he will not accept the offer of free grace and be saved. But none the less I believe that salvation, not damnation, is the thing to preach. And I am glad to-day that salvation is so powerful in this world, in the life that now is, as Paul puts it. There has been a good deal of untruth taught about the meaning of Christianity. It is not simply a pleasant dream of a future life, it is a pro-

mise of the life that now is. I am thankful to-day not only for the heaven of the next world, but for the heaven of this. And just so far as the world will turn to God as revealed in Christ, just so far it will be blessed in food, clothing, shelter, comforts, sources of happiness.

"The world has been startled this last week by the report, which seemed to be well verified, that nearly thirty millions of human beings in the empire of Russia are in great danger of starving to death. If they do starve to death, what will be the cause? Lack of crops? Unavoidable combinations of circumstances? Nay; but let God answer and say to every man in Russia, from the proud Czar on his throne to the humblest subject in his wide realm, 'Your iniquities have been the cause of this gigantic suffering.' For the earth is full of plenty, and those who have must minister from their abundance to those who have not. And to that haughty ruler and his scheming ministers the God of justice will say, 'Great is your power, great will be your responsibility in answering for this evil.' Ah, we have been very eager in this country to search out schemes for overturning wrongs and hardship and abolishing poverty. But after all there is no better answer to all the desire of the philanthropist and the reformer than obedience to the Golden Rule. Godliness is profitable unto all things, and thanks be to Him this day we have seen that proved in our own history! You who remember when your hearts first beat to the rhythm of Salvation's hymn can bear me witness that your thanksgiving song to-day is the gladdest song you ever sang, because righteousness has come to be your daily breath. Yes, we sing praises to-day for a thousand blessings, but not one of them is equal to the one gift of Jesus Christ to the world. He taught the world the value of the inner life, the emptiness of earthly possessions without godliness. He made it possible for us to worship here to-day in hope of the life to come, because we already begin to feel that life here. And so let us all be preachers of that same Gospel to our neigh-

bors and to all the world. Let us emphasize upon the heart of the race the fact that at the base of all true and lasting prosperity is godlikeness or godliness.

"The best statesmanship, my young friends, you who are entering on political careers, is statesmanship based on eternal righteousness. Remember that when you are elected to Congress, and act accordingly. You will probably lose your seat at the next election if you act out your Christianity to the letter, but if every Christian young man who goes into public life persists in carrying his personal Christianity into legislation, the time will come when none but Christian men shall be making our laws, because they will be the best laws ever made. Let us be thankful to-day that a power does exist greater than the machine in politics. That power is felt even now by the politicians themselves. It is the everlasting power of God in history. It is the righteousness of everyday life in everyday men that the public knows is the right, and demands as right. We live under God's government after all. Sometimes we think we don't; but we do. And I am thankful for that above all things else, that into the schemes of selfish men and into the nervousness and irritability of the men of selfish ambitions God strikes silence in many ways, and in none so powerfully as by His Spirit. Men do not know what it is. They call it Public Opinion. They call it Expediency. They call it Moral Force. But by whatever name they call it, it is but one and the same always, everywhere. It is the mighty Spirit of God which always exists in history like the regular tide of an ocean, and its existence, like that of the tide, is shown in the regular pulse-beat of the waves as they rise and fall, irresistible, periodical, customary. But there are times when larger billows roll in and the tide rises over all marks that have been familiar even to the old men who watch the sea, and there is an awful majesty about the sweep of the waters; and louder and louder and more tremendous grows the thunder of the surf. The storm birds fly inland, and the eyes of anxious fisherfolk's

wives look through salt tears out through the salt mist and spray of their husbands' funeral shrouds as they wave in the gale. And the hurricane hurls the ocean on the land, and we bow our hearts in terror before its wild fury. But it was the ocean that did it all. That power was latent in it on a summer day, and after the tempest had blown itself out and swept the sky clear of every ray of cloud and it beat tranquilly on the beach once more, softly creeping up the sand and rocks so as scarcely to disturb a slender, delicate sea anemone from its hanging garden in a crystal pool left by the last tide upon a ledge—even then, the same power which abode within the spirit of the gray old sea when roused to a display of her might was in her still. Even so, the Spirit of God has always been present in the world. Men have not seen His might displayed as often as they have seen His quiet strength. But God's fair days are more plenty than His storms. The tempests are the exception in the spiritual as in the physical world. Old sailors will tell you that gales at sea are far fewer than the quiet days. Yet happy they who have passed through a storm. 'Tis well to see that power displayed. We then respect more fully the real existence of what perhaps before we half believed. Thank God on this Thanksgiving day that God bared His strong right arm and shook this selfish city with an earthquake shock of power that vibrates through our entire business and municipal life yet! And let us make this day vocal with that praise which thanks God for the past by making the present give large promise of the future. In our homes to-day, during the glad reunions of the families that reverence mother and home and country, and the Bible and the Christ, let us believe and act on the belief that it is God's great will that His kingdom come and His will be done in earth as it is in heaven, in the life that now is as well as in the life that is to come. And in that life to come we shall not be ashamed to join our voices in the new song which those shall sing who have overcome the evil in this

world. Let us rise and sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow'!"

Richard and Tom waited after the service to walk home with their host, and Adam Tower also lingered to shake hands and say Godspeed. John King had not seen his old enemy in the congregation, and he was delighted to greet him again. Tower had grown more than two years older in the two years past, but his frame was still rugged and his carriage erect. His face bore marks of sorrow and had stern lines in it, but his eye was peaceful with the inner rest that belongs to the new man in Christ.

"Now, then, Tower, you must come home with me and the boys and take dinner." Tower made some little remonstrance, but King would not hear to it, and marched him off, and after a brisk walk through the storm they reached Plain Street, and were welcomed by John King's sister, who always prepared for one more guest and had, indeed, placed three extra plates and chairs at table, knowing her brother's habits from long experience. The guests were soon seated, and it was during the dinner and after it, while seated around the one wide fireplace in the drawing-room, that the brief talks occurred which are so often among the brightest memories of Thanksgiving day.

"There is going to be trouble at this table before this dinner is disposed of," said John King gravely, as he began carving the turkey, "because there are two Toms and two Dicks and old Adam and young Harry. How will you fellows know whom I am talking to when I say, 'Tom, have a little more of the white meat'?"

"I don't think there will be any trouble about that, sir," answered the older Tom, looking across the table at his young namesake. "I shall pass my plate every time I hear my name called, and by the looks of the young Dakotian there as he contemplates the leg of that turkey I am much mistaken if he doesn't mean to do the same."

"I don't care for white meat," replied the younger Tom decidedly; "but I'd like a leg and some potato and turnip and plenty of stuffing."

Even Tower relaxed his stern features in the general laugh that followed this frank announcement, while King, delighted at the natural boldness of the request said, "By general consent of the house the younger members shall be served first, and in order to avoid possible confusion I will designate the boys as number one, two, and three. Tom, you are one, Dick, you are two, and Harry, you are three; so don't you reply unless you hear your number. I can't call the older boys anything but my old names for them, Tom and Dick. Here you are, number one, with your leg and potato and turnip and plenty of stuffing. Now, what'll you have, number two?"

"I'll have the other leg," replied number two promptly; and his order was filled by King, to the general applause of the now merry table.

"And now, number three, it's your turn," continued King with a twinkle turning to Harry; "what'll you have, my son?"

"I'll have a leg, too," replied the boy, with the most unbounded faith in the big man that he could give him what he wanted; and to the astonishment of every one except Harry, King stuck his fork into another leg which had lain concealed under one side of the turkey. There is no need of saying that John King's sister, who knew the weakness of small boys for turkey legs, had managed to roast two turkeys, and so put three legs on one platter.

"This was a remarkable bird," continued King with the utmost gravity. "We rescued it just as it was about to be sacrificed to the necessities of a dime museum for curiosities, for being the only turkey in the world ever born with three legs. It has always been something of a puzzle to me that turkeys were bipeds instead of quadrupeds. The supply, especially in a family of boys, is never equal to the demand."

The conversation became general. Richard had much

to tell of his experience on the farm. He was fully developed now, and his big beard gave him quite a distinguished air. Tom declared his intention to go into the beard-raising business at once. "It's almost necessary to look distinguished if you can, on the new daily," he said by way of explanation. "The corps of contributors is becoming so famous that any one connected with the paper is expected to be well known for something."

"The paper is a splendid success," said Richard. "You would be surprised to know how generally it is making friends in the northwest. It is by all odds the best general paper in the country to-day."

"That's true," added Tower. "I have been in every state and territory in the west, and there is a general demand for the religious daily all over the country. It has proved a great source of education and power to millions of people."

"It certainly has succeeded beyond my hopes, great as they were," remarked King modestly. "It is a great source of thanksgiving to me to-day that Christianity has captured this powerful servant of modern times and put it to work. The wisdom of the movement has been proved by the results. There will be an international issue begun next year. Simultaneous editions of The Christian will be sent out at the same time all over the world. Thus the press will supplement in a most powerful way the work of the pulpit and the home. One grand result of this enterprise has already begun to be seen in the growing popularity for strong, interesting, and thoughtful writers in religious articles. I predict a coming generation of the most enthusiastic and brainy writers of religious literature the world has even seen. Dick, we want you to give us a rousing good story for the daily soon. The directors authorized me to make you a good offer for a serial, and I saved it up for the Thanksgiving dinner. So you can begin to oil up your works just as soon as you recover from that chicken pie."

This was a characteristic of John King's—to surprise

his friends in this off-hand, unexpected manner. Richard looked his thanks and spoke them warmly.

"I had thought of applying for my old place on The Monthly Visitor as soon as I had the boys started off to school, and I have one or two articles that I hope to dispose of to keep the pot boiling at the start."

"We need you on The Christian, Richard, so you might as well get ready to join the corps of famous contributors of which Tom is one. But first give us the story, and then we'll see if we want you on the paper."

"All right; I'll do my best." And Richard almost lost his appetite in his exultation at the prospect before him, of becoming one of the writers for the best paper in the country, and reaching with his work more lives than could possibly be reached through any other medium.

King was in his merriest mood all through the dinner, but when the little company adjourned to the drawing-room he succeeded in getting Tower to tell his experience of the last two years. It was a thrilling story, and even the youngsters listened with open-eyed interest to a recital of adventures and escapes and fights with monopolies and selfish manufacturers. Tower had fought the evils of the sweaters' shops in almost every big city in America, and thousands of the despairing women looked to him as their deliverer. But the evil was not by any means done away with. Tower related in his terse, almost abrupt, style an incident of the week before in a neighboring city.

"I found," he said, "one man who made it his boast that he had the largest number of pairs of pants made for a certain low price of any shop in the city. I went to see him. He received me very politely until I gave him my name; then he looked black as a thunder cloud and ordered me out of his shop. There were poor creatures in that hell's tenement that crouched down over their work in terror at the man. I never felt more like choking the life out of a human devil. And I was powerless.

I had no law to put in operation against his case. He knew it and defied me. Yes," said Tower slowly, "he followed me to the head of the stairs and flung one epithet at me that touched the honor of the women in his employ, and even desecrated the name of my dead sister, and I turned back and shook him until he screamed for mercy. I could not help it. No; the old Adam is not quite out of me yet. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord'; but sometimes I cannot help feeling that perhaps the Lord will repay through a willing agent like me, or some other man who thirsts, not for vengeance, but for justice. That night, while going home from a meeting where I had spoken on the subject of the sweating system, I was shot at twice by some unknown person and a lock of my hair with a piece of the skin was taken off by a ball." Tower showed the place to the boys, who insisted on seeing the very spot. He then went on: "It isn't the first time I've been shot at; but if God wills that I give my life in this work I can say nothing but Amen to it. It is my life-work, and I shall stay at it until the condition of the sewing woman is a condition that cannot provoke the terrible vengeance of God on a people that through its cruel competitive selfishness makes possible in a Christian land one of the curses of the darkest paganism."

The conversation took a more serious turn from this narrative, and Richard had many questions to ask of Tower concerning his life, and Tom and King discussed a few of the newer features of the paper, until King suddenly jumped up and exclaimed:

"We are breaking the proclamation by indulging in our ordinary avocations. Let's have some games with the youngsters here, who can't understand all this serious side of life. Come, Tom, if you didn't eat so much that you are unable to move, start off something."

A simple game was soon in progress, and in the midst of it the bell rang. King jumped up off the floor where he had been lying down during some part of an absurd

tableau devised by Tom, while the younger boys walked up and down on his prostrate body, and, nothing abashed, went to the door himself. There stood a group of young men and women of Mr. King's church and parish, and the minute the door was open they rushed in on the astonished preacher, and, ranging themselves through the well-warmed hall, immediately began a Thanksgiving song, sung so sweetly and heartily that the house rang with it again and again. Then, before John King could say a word, one of the girls came forward and made a neat little speech, beginning it by saying: "This is not a donation party, Mr. King, but a Thanksgiving service which your church delegated us to render. You have been ministering all these years to the life of the city, and to none of it more happily than to the growing young life. We are very happy to ask you to accept this little Thanksgiving token from the church and the city through us, as representatives of the great numbers who have been taught the noble meaning of the Christian life by you."

The speaker presented King with a pen, the holder of which had once belonged to the most famous preacher of the last century. This holder, which had been in the possession of one of King's older parishioners, was given the young people, who knew that nothing they could buy would have such value to their pastor.

He was very much touched by the event; but mastering his emotion he replied simply but heartily. The delegation at once made a move to go, but John King, recovering his old-time humor, begged them to stay and have a few games. The invitation was accepted, and for an hour No. 56 Plain Street was the scene of some very animated fun. The storm without, increasing in fury as the day drew to a close, only made the wide old rooms and the gayety of the company within more attractive. At last the company departed, leaving the preacher and his dinner guests exhausted with laughter and ready to settle down around the open fire again.

Candles were brought in, although it was only a little

after four, and King went up to his study for a few minutes, excusing himself on the ground of some necessary preparation for the evening. When he came down, he was quiet, and all the others felt the change in him. He was not sad, but the mirth of the day had given place to a deeper feeling. He sat down by the side of Tower and spoke as he once did in Richard's hearing, almost as if he were alone and was talking to himself.

"My mother died on the evening of Thanksgiving day. I made a vow that every time the day came around I would, in honor of her blessed memory, make the day long to be remembered by some poor or needy or despairing soul. For the past ten years I have gone out on the street after dark on Thanksgiving and invited in to the house here a number of poor creatures who were apparently homeless and hungry and friendless. It is true we have an admirable system of charities; it is true we have not the hundredth part of the street misery we once ached to look upon; but spite of all that Christian charity has done or can do, there is still much suffering every winter. Will you go out with me to-night and help me to find some hungry guests? My sister will be preparing the dinner while we are gone."

In a few minutes the host and his guests were ready, bundled up for a long tramp. The storm was raging with greater fury now as darkness closed in over the city. The three boys begged to be allowed to go with the men, and John King was for letting them go, but on stepping out on the front porch he found the storm so serious that he had to tell the children that they must stay with his sister until the men returned. So he and Tower, Tom and Richard went out together into a very fierce storm that whirled the snow in fantastic wreaths from the corners of high buildings and caught it up into its weird dance and reeled it through the streets as if reckless and defiant of all man's civilization.

It was a wild night, and to Tom and Richard it had the sense of adventure in it. To the end of their lives

they could never forget that experience. They were under the spell of the storm and the cause that had brought them out into it; and they followed the tall form of King as side by side with Tower he plunged through the snow, gradually leaving the better-lighted and more crowded portion of the city.

They were in the neighborhood of the river now, and in passing by one of the cheap restaurants that was open for custom they saw three or four children near the lighted window in which were displayed a few articles of food. The preacher stopped and spoke to the children. They turned and looked at him with the sharp, inquisitive look of city-bred children who have been brought up in a hard school, which turns out premature shrewdness. King understood child nature as well as any man in America. He understood this kind of child nature, too—understood very fully how sharp and vulgar and cruel it could be. In the present instance he beheld the real suffering beneath the bravado and coarseness that the children assumed. Poor wretched creatures! He said a few words to them and they grew eager. Tom and Richard could not hear all that was said. The storm beat severely on the corner. But in a few moments the children seemed to place implicit confidence in the tall man with the wonderful dark eyes and the tender smile, and they moved along with him as he turned down another street, the others following.

It was two hours before the party appeared in front of No. 56 Plain Street. The storm was then at its height, and ten of the most wretched creatures in all that city were with King, Tower, Tom, and Richard, having been persuaded to accept the preacher's invitation to come to a warm place and have a Thanksgiving dinner. There were five children, three boys and two girls, one of whom, being a cripple, John King had carried all the way in his arms. Then there were two young men who had been found in front of a saloon. One of them was remonstrating with the other about going in again. During the

remonstrance King invited them both to come and take dinner with him. One of them was slightly intoxicated, but his friend thought he would be all right if he didn't drink any more. There were two older men who looked like professional tramps, and perhaps were, but they were hungry to the eye and sense of anybody, and the scanty garments they wore would not have kept a dog warm on such a night. And lastly there was an old and very ugly woman who had been discovered half lying and half sitting on the steps of a cheap hotel, and crying out something about her daughter who was at work in the hotel, and for whom she was waiting to speak a word and get a few cents to buy a little coal. She was so completely numbed from exposure to the storm that John King wrapped about her a heavy shawl which had been taken along for emergencies, and had assisted her almost every step of the way to Plain Street.

John King's sister was ready for the strange crowd as it came in, and the odd group of guests halted awkwardly in the hall, dazed at the experience, but beginning to feel already the delightful warmth and refinement of that Christian home. John King was equal to any emergency. Before the strangely assorted crowd had time to recover from their bewilderment they were seated at a long table covered with Thanksgiving plenty. The children were seated near the head of the table, over which the preacher presided, the little cripple at his right. Tom and Richard and Tower served with Mr. King's sister as waiters, and Tom, Dick, and Harry were sandwiched in at the table along with the street guests, at whom they cast many looks of undisguised interest, and seemed to consider the whole thing in the light of a show, but with great complacency, inasmuch as they were admitted to the table to share in the second feast of the day.

How those poor creatures did eat—the two tramps especially! One of them nudged the other with his elbow (*literally*, his elbow, as it stuck out through a rent in his

almost sleeveless coat) and said, "This beats all the free lunches we was ever to." And the other nodded, with his mouth full, a reply more eloquent than whole volumes of after-dinner speeches. It was not a refined assembly at all; but to the eyes of John King it represented humanity, the humanity for which his Lord and Saviour gave up His life on the cross; and many times during the progress of that hungry meal his eyes filled with tears and his lips moved as if in prayer.

When nobody, not even the two tramps, could eat any more, John King rose and said a few simple words. He said :—

"My friends, I have not invited you here simply to give you one meal and then send you out into the storm of life that always beats through a big city, but I wish to have you feel that from this night your precious souls have been redeemed from sin and shame by the Lord Jesus Christ. And all the rest of the year and for the remainder of your lives I wish you to feel that I, who am simply one of the servants of Christ, shall hope and work for your salvation and better living. I want to know, before you leave this house, if you are willing to tell me, what your great temptations and troubles and sorrows have been, and it may be that in the telling of them you may be led into a sweeter, happier and more blessed life than is possible for you now to know. You are my guests overnight if you choose to remain until the storm has ceased. And now I want you to join with me in prayer to the loving Master. O Jesus, look on us now in great mercy, as we offer up our thanks for this Thanksgiving day. It may be, our dear Lord, we have not lived the lives we ought to have lived, but we ask Thee to forgive us and accept us into Thy great and tender love. And so, in hope and faith that the mighty power of God is greater than the evil power of the devil, we beseech Thee, bless all these souls here to-night : the young men, dear Lord, for the sake of their mothers, who once perhaps

joyed over them and were proud of them in their innocence; we pray for them that they give Thee their strength before it is wasted in sin. The older ones, dear Lord, bring them to Thee. They may cry to Thee tonight in their need. Hear, Thou Almighty to rescue and regenerate all men. And, blessed Master, may the mother whom we found in such trouble calling her child's name in vain, be comforted, as she, a child herself, shall call on Thee and find an instant answer and her heart never be cold again from despair or neglect. And then, O loving Saviour, lay Thy hands again on these children and tenderly bless them, for Thou lovest them dearly. And may this feeble one here (John King laid his hand on the head of the little cripple with a gesture of infinite compassion) be carried in Thy arms, nearest to Thee because her need is greatest. Protect us all, dear Lord, from the bitter storms of life. May we all find refuge in the mansions of the Father's house. And when our work here has been done, when we have done what we can for Thee and for our neighbors, when we have shed our tears and borne our sorrows and carried the griefs of earth's troubled ones for the allotted time in the life that now is, receive us all into that glorious abode in the life that is to come, where we shall not hunger any more, and where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and God Himself shall wipe every tear from our eyes. We ask it for Thy dear sake. Amen."

All the heads at the table were bowed. The storm roared through the streets and the driven clouds of sleet and snow sifted up against the window and the wind shrieked as if longing to enter. But the long room, lighted with the candles on this one night in the year, contained, in the hush of that simple prayer, a humanity that felt the power of something greater than any outdoor storm. The earnest face of Richard seemed lofty with purpose to do great things in the world for his Master. The face of Tom was wet with tears, and his heart praised God for all the way in which his life had been led, and he looked out with hope for large service in the

world. Tower, standing back a little in the shadow, his stern face softened by his inner trust and his growing humility, was offering up a prayer that God would use him many days to do service for humanity. While John King, his hand resting on the little cripple's head, had a vision, as he closed the prayer, of his dead mother, and offered one more prayer in his heart that he might, before he had grown useless and feeble, join her soul in Paradise.

Can we do better than leave them all there? The future is bright with hope for all of them, because they will go on with the work of "the life that now is," looking forward in peace and joy to that which is to come.

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